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SEPT. 4,
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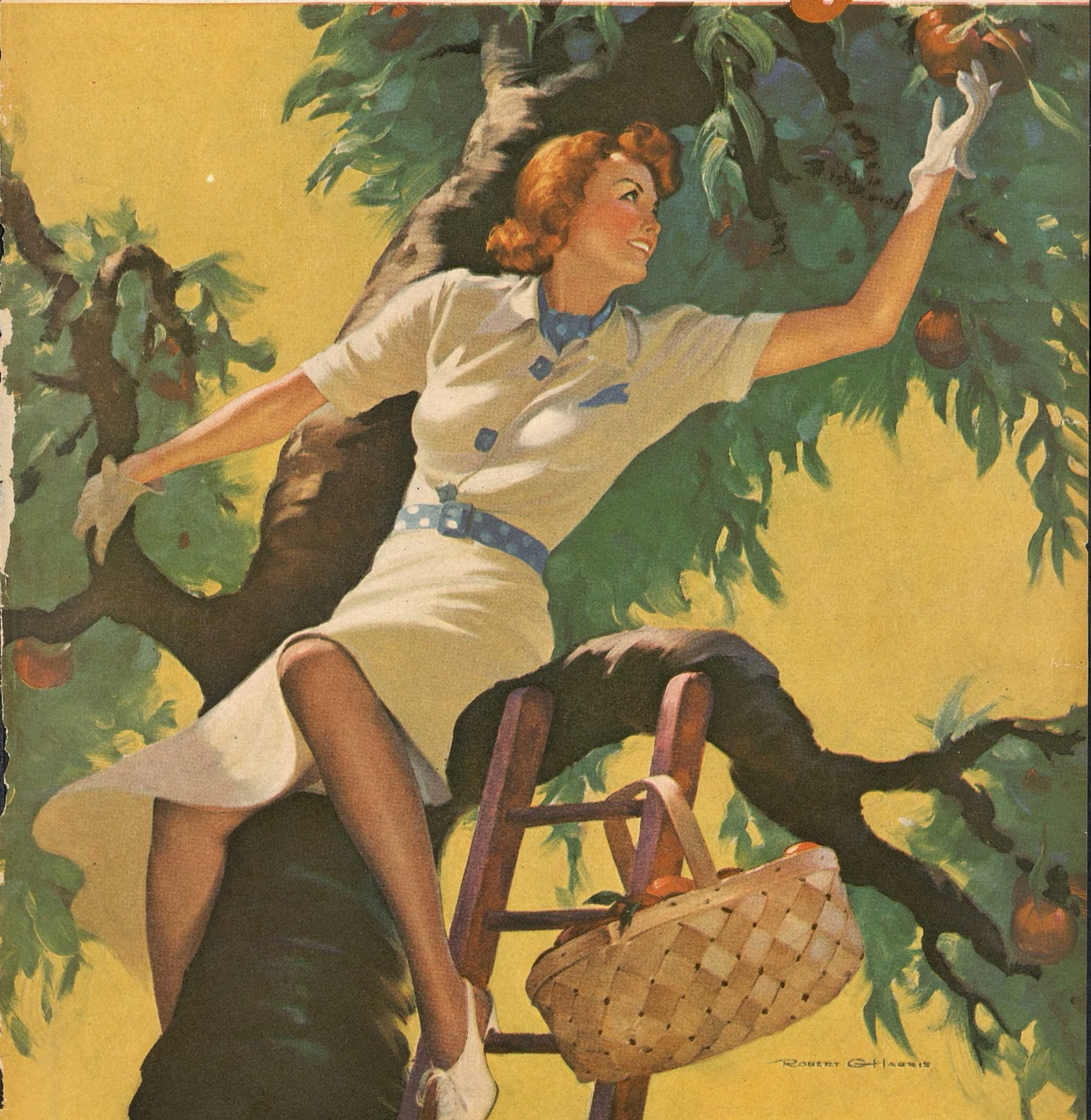

ROBERT G HARRIS

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SEPTEMBER 4, 1937

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VOL. 14, NO. 36

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

WHEN *Good Jobs* GO BEGGING

DURING the height of the depression, when the dole was necessary to save people from starving, there was a thorough realization of the dangers that would result from continuing these wholesale gratuities indefinitely.

It is comparatively easy for people to acquire the habit of living without work. Idleness is more contagious than disease, regardless of its nature.

Long before we adopted the dole system, the associated dangers had been evidenced quite clearly throughout England.

Public criticism of the dole, therefore, soon became severe and caustic, and the President finally requested his officials to find some method to make able-bodied citizens work for the money they received. Those who were able to work and who were unwilling could go hungry.

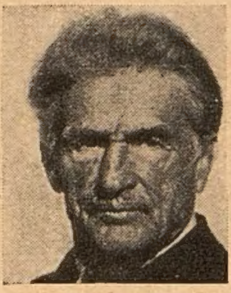
This demand for the elimination of the dole finally brought into existence the WPA, which was a decided improvement over charity handouts.

Everywhere throughout the country the federal government is still paying for work which is in the noncompetitive field . . . digging ditches, making roads, cutting weeds . . . all kinds of labor that create a reasonable excuse for paying wages.

This procedure represented an advantageous change. At least the workers were doing something in return for their rewards.

But at the present time in many parts of the country there are severe criticisms of the WPA jobs. Employers on farms, in factories, and throughout the labor market generally claim the WPA jobs have become seriously competitive.

The labor required of WPA workers can hardly be classed with that essential when wages are being actually earned . . . when they are making a profit for those who pay them. And when jobs are offered in some profitable activity by private individuals, although they may pay considerably more than the WPA, they require far more effort. What is termed " hard work " is usually essential. And complaints are being received from many sources that because of this situation many good jobs go begging—that the workers prefer to be on the WPA pay roll, where they can take it easy.



BERNARR MACFADDEN

In many parts of the country farmers are unable to get the number of " hands " they need to harvest their crops. And this year a bumper crop is expected throughout nearly all parts of the country. Farmers should have money to spend this coming fall, and that alone should assist materially in driving out the last shadow of the depression.

In the papermaking industry one boss stated that while ordinarily he hires two hundred woodchoppers, this season he could only manage to hire twenty-five, and that the shortage was due entirely to the easy jobs furnished by the WPA.

Prices of all kinds are rapidly advancing. A paper shortage is expected, which will undoubtedly mean a big advance in this class of merchandise. And the shortage of workers that are required in the manufacture of paper pulp will undoubtedly be one of the principal causes.

There should be a definite ruling which will enable a WPA worker to take a job when it is offered to him without losing his standing with the WPA officials in case he should lose the job. That is one situation that has caused many WPA victims to remain on this charity-work program. They are unwilling to take a job which might not be permanent, knowing they would be removed from the WPA pay roll and unusual difficulty might face them in trying to regain their status.

Here is a situation that calls for very serious consideration. The WPA charity jobs are interfering with industry . . . making the promotion of private business more difficult and materially adding to the cost of merchandise of all kinds because of the difficulty of hiring workers who are unwilling to leave their easy WPA jobs.

Bernarr Macfadden

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BEGINNING

BRIGHT DANGER

BY MAX BRAND

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

PART ONE—TERROR AT THE CURIO SHOP

A BIG cumulus cloud came up out of the southwest, that September night, and dragged the misty skirts of a rainstorm over Manhattan. No thunder caromed or rocketed among the buildings. There was only the rushing coolness of the rain which struck through the brown coat Hamilton had picked up in San Francisco and the flannel trousers he had bought in Colón.

He always had worked for such high stakes that he cared nothing about his battered appearance, but he stepped into a shooting gallery to let the strength of the storm go by. The smell of burning gunpowder meant several things to him, however, and he did not care to linger. Sighting into the southwest, he found that he was able to look through the downpour and see the glow of the moon, and he was enough of a sailor to know that meant a brief life for the squall, so he turned to watch the two people at the counter.

One was a girl who in a leisurely fashion was knocking over the top row of ducks, letting them slide into her sights one by one; the other was a big fellow with a flushed face who held his rifle on a spin wheel of clay pipes. He had the crouch and the shoulder hunch of one who drove his bullets at living game and a sweat of deadly earnest ran down his cheek.

So Hamilton measured again the big athletic frame overlaid with the flesh of half a dozen years of soft living. His own body was long and lean, with no sense of weight except about the shoulders and along the arms.

The marksman had money. A good tailor had cut the collar of his linen coat, and the gloves that lay on the counter beside him were the softest yellow-white chamois. He had turned from the spin wheel to the five gas flames, still shooting well, but though the little yellow flag of the first burner was shaken, it did not disappear.

The big man straightened and shook his head, turning aside impatiently. The fat attendant, casually reloading a rifle, regarded his patron with amused contempt.

Hamilton paid for a loaded rifle and lifted it to his shoulder. In the clear air of the Western desert, where he had done his shooting recently, three hundred yards was not a long shot at a deer that made the difference between a week of fresh meat and seven more days of frijoles and tortillas. In the sights of the rifle the gas flames looked as big as bonfires. He shot them out, one after another, and then knocked the gilded ball out of the dancing top of the fountain before he put down the gun.

The big fellow was staring at Hamilton.

"How d'you wangle it?" he asked.

"Shoot at the tip of the blue cone under the yellow part of the flame," said Hamilton.

The other shook his head. "No. You knew you couldn't miss. . . . What's your line?"

"Oil," said Hamilton.

"Ah, that so? Oil where?"

"Mexico."

"Things can be rotten bad for oil operators down there, can't they?"

"Yes," agreed Hamilton, and he turned toward the street, for the rain was dying off.

"Pardon me," said the big man, stepping up beside him. "I wonder if you have a minute to talk? . . . My name is Merriam," he added, chilled a little by the calm gray eyes of Hamilton.

"Hamilton is mine. I'm not pressed for time, if you want to talk."

They shook hands.

"Why not step around the corner with me and have a drink?" Merriam asked, and took Hamilton to a saloon where the noise of voices up and down the bar gave them privacy. Merriam ordered Scotch; Hamilton beer.

"Can I talk straight to you?" Merriam asked. "I mean, are you on your uppers for the moment?"

"I'm not in a bread line," said Hamilton. "But I'm fairly on my uppers. Yes."

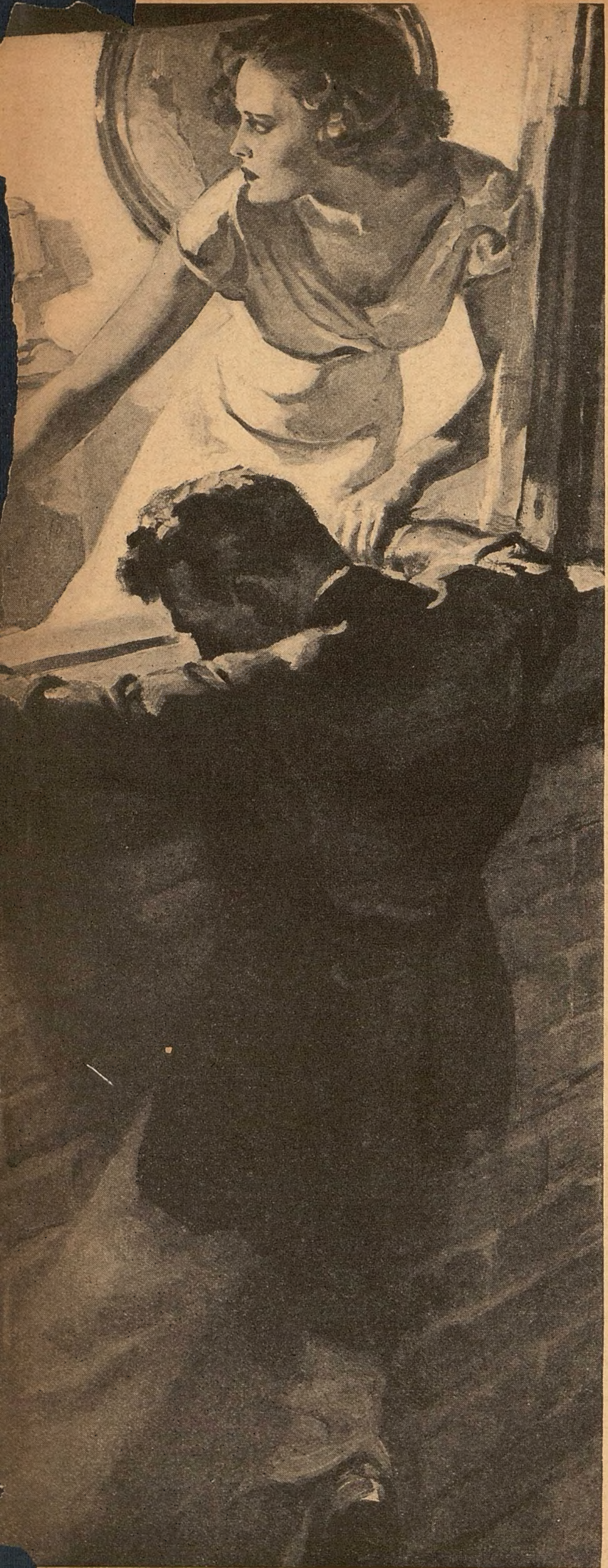
I KNOW," said Merriam. "In Mexico they don't like foreigners handling Mexican oil. Did they clean you out?"

Hamilton shrugged his shoulders and drank his beer.

"If you care to talk," said Merriam, "I'd like to know a bit about you. D'you mind?"

"I don't know what you want to hear," said Hamilton. "I'll tell you a few headlines. I'm twenty-eight. Did some geology in college. Followed oil for five or six years. Stand five eleven. Weigh a hundred and sixty pounds when I'm in hard condi-

He was hanging by his fingertips. He felt her fierce grip on his wrists and the groaning murmur that begged him to come back.



ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWIN

tion." He paused. "I weigh a hundred and sixty now."

Merriam laughed a little and nodded. "Thanks," he said. "Have another?"

"No."

"Not one more beer?"

"I've an idea that even beer doesn't go with what you want of me," answered Hamilton.

"Now, how the devil do you guess that? How do I show it?" asked Merriam.

"It's in your eyes," said Hamilton.

"What's in my eyes?"

"Fear," said Hamilton.

Merriam turned his back to the bar and stared. He finally said, bluntly: "What buys you, Hamilton? Fifty a week? No, a hundred. Will that do?"

"For what?"

"I'm in danger and I want help. By the look of you, you're my man. I need you. Not more than a week or so, I'd say. Mind you, I'm not in danger of the law. Probably you'd never have to lift your hand. You'd live well with me. Comfortable rooms. A bit odd, but very comfortable. A hundred and all expenses paid. . . . Money to buy you a decent outfit, too, and all that. . . . I mean, I'm not trying to save pennies."

"Guns and ammunition supplied?" asked Hamilton.

"There's not going to be any need," said Merriam. He reached back for his drink and tossed it down. He was shaking his head in vigorous denial. "It's only that I'm guarding against the chance and need a steady man—because my nerves are all shot."

Hamilton nodded.

"When can you start?" asked Merriam.

"Now," said Hamilton.

"Ah, good fellow! I'll take you there now. I'll send for your luggage."

"There isn't any," said Hamilton. "I've got my toothbrush and my safety razor."

"I thought so," said Merriam, and smiled briefly.

HE sloshed another half drink into his glass, tossed it off, and they went out under a clearing sky with fragments of the storm lunging down the eastern shoulder of the sky. There were plenty of stars in the west as they crossed the huge expensive canyon of Park Avenue, then modest little Lexington Avenue, and turned on to Third where the elevated knocks a tin-pan thunder out of the sky all day long.

"It's a queer place to live," said Merriam, "but Bombi . . . you know about Charles Dutton, don't you?"

"No," said Hamilton. "I haven't been in New York for five years."

"Well, I'm staying in the rooms above his shop. Curio and antique shop. . . . Absolutely top-hole. . . . Fashionable rage now. . . . No party is a go unless Bombi is there. Fellow that knows everything. Perfect connoisseur of what have you, from wine to pickpockets, from oil paintings to scarabs. . . . Here's his shop."

They had come to a closed darkened doorway with a lighted window beside it displaying a little golden Siamese god with straddling legs who stamped his feet and shook his fists, agape and agrin with fury.

At a narrow doorway beyond the window, Merriam turned quickly in and fitted a key into the lock.

After that he hesitated a moment. By the white point that appeared over the muscle at the base of his jaw Hamilton knew how hard the teeth were set. Finally he pushed the door open with a sudden violence, but then shrank aside, staring up the flight of steps that climbed into darkness above them. Still looking up, he fumbled

☆ **Thrills — suspense — mystery! A new and exciting novel of love, adventure, and a sinister crime** for and found an electric switch that set an old ship's lantern aglow. The entering breeze began to rustle the double row of Japanese prints that hung on either side of the stairs.

"I forgot," said Merriam, in a rapid, stumbling voice— "I forgot the seltzer for the Scotch. . . . Go up—make yourself at home—be right back."

His frightened eyes swept across the face of Hamilton as he handed over the key. It was clear that he feared a trap in the rooms above and trusted that his new friend might spring it for him. He was in such a panic that shame made Hamilton look away. He said simply: "Take your time. I'll be all right here."

He stepped inside, pulled the door shut behind him. He went straight up the steps rapidly, and stepped into the twilight of a hall at the head of them. At once he felt eyes watching him through the dusk. It was light enough for him to see two buttons on the wall. One merely buzzed the electric latch of the street door; the second turned on the lights, and he found himself standing on a floor crossed and recrossed by a profusion of Persian rugs, with more of them hanging like faded old tapestries on the walls. The eyes which he had felt through the dimness belonged to a Buddha which squatted in a wall niche, smiling placidly upon the barbarous Occident.

ONE wall space was cleared for a great frame of Oriental arms, from a pair of Moorish flintlocks to the arabesqued scabbards and jeweled hilts of curved knives and sweeping scimitars. Toward these weapons he looked rather curiously, but then he went on empty-handed through the apartment, lighting room after room. It was like walking through a half a dozen pages of the Arabian Nights. There was at least one carved and polished Buddha in every room.

On the left of the hall he found a living room, and to the right a big library, most of whose volumes were bound in time-yellowed vellum. A pair of bedrooms lay behind these, the beds almost lost in the sea of curios that filled even these rooms.

To the rear of all was a kitchen, but even this had a charcoal burner and a coal stove instead of the usual modern gas or electricity. Yet there Hamilton felt at home. He returned to the living-dining room and the one object in the place that he would have desired to own.

It was a rather large model of a stationary steam engine, as out of place in this Oriental confusion as a clenched fist at a tea party. It rated a place in Bombi's collection because it was apparently the work of some Eastern artist who had pleased his master by imitating the Western machine but who had to turn the three balls of the governor into three dancing figures, decorate the valves with elaborate chasings, and emboss a hunting scene upon the big wheel.

Hamilton studied the details, delighted, and, seeing that there was water showing in the gauge and alcohol in the lamp beneath, he lighted the wick to bring the engine to life. As the flame grew and steadied, a loud bell rang at the street door. He pressed the electric latch pull so that Merriam could enter, and returned to the little machine. It was heating rapidly. The steam gauge was misting when the lightness of the footfall in the hall made him lift his head. A girl in a dress of cream-colored satin with a furred cloak thrown over her shoulders stood in the doorway. It was plain that she was much more startled than he.

"But John Merriam . . . isn't he here?" she asked anxiously.

"He's gone out for a moment," said Hamilton.

She sank into a chair with a groan.

"I'll wait two minutes," she said. "It's terribly important."

Even two seconds of delay made her shut her eyes hard, and Hamilton took the blind instant to add up a few details. He knew that New York manners grow more and more casual, but for a girl to call on a man at eleven o'clock at night seemed a bit too breezy for a good reputation. However, she had a good brown, outdoor look that pleased him.

She was not much past twenty. Seven years ago, when he started out to crack the world open and get the meat out of the egg, she must have been a mere scrawny youngster, and there was still a childish softness about the mouth and a bloom to the skin which the battering of hard days and nights rarely leaves to a New York debutante after the first season.

Having made these observations, he began to wish for the blue of her eyes again, to go with the luminous brown of her hair, and at that moment, in fact, she looked out again. She took a deep breath and waved her impatience away.

"That's right," said Hamilton. "If you've only a moment to stay, don't waste it in fidgeting."

She accepted this advice with a slight frown.

"You have sisters, I suppose," she suggested.

"Three," said Hamilton. "They're all younger than I, but they all helped to raise me."

She looked from him to the model.

"I've wanted to play with that myself," she said.

"I brought an old stationary like this to life not long ago," he told her, "and rigged it to a pump that kept back the rising water in a mine."

"What sort of a mine was it?" she asked.

"Gold," he said.

"That's exciting," she nodded, adding up his clothes like a column of figures. "Did it pay?"

"Till the engine stopped," he answered. "The man who was taking care of it for me died. And the water flooded the mine."

"What a pity! Influenza or something like that?"

"A bullet," said Hamilton.

"Murder?" cried the girl, sitting up in the chair.

"In Mexico, so it hardly counts," he said. "Anyway, it was just something on the side. Oil is my regular line."

"You've done things," said the girl.

"H'm-m!" reflected Hamilton. "Yes. And things have done me. It's about fifty-fifty."

"Did you bring back a collection from Mexico to Bombi? Is that why you're here?" she asked.

"I don't know anything about *objets d'art* and all that," he replied. "It's tripe to me. How about you?"

"Bombi has taken me by the hand and led me through some understanding of it," said she. A sense of departing time made her glance nervously over her shoulder toward the open door. "You're here with John Merriam, aren't you?" she asked.

"Yes," he said.

"Where do your sisters live?"

"Mary is in Shanghai, Joan is in Seattle, and Arlyss is still in the old nest. Hamilton girls are marriers and they don't care how far they go from home."

"Arlyss?"

"We have a perennial rich old aunt who won't die, blast her, and somebody had to be named for bait."

SHE was laughing again when the doorbell rang and Hamilton went into the hall to press the latch release. Merriam barely showed his face from the dark of the street, but when he saw Hamilton he waved his hand in happy relief and came up the stairs with a clinking bundle under his arm.

"Lady waiting," said Hamilton.

"Who?" asked Merriam, coming to a full stop. "Ah, Beatrice, of course. . . ."

He went eagerly into the room while Hamilton remained in the hall, but he could hear the subdued voices clearly.

"Johnny, are you sober enough to understand?"

"Dry as a bone," he said.

"Uncle Henry has come back. He's found all about some night episode of yours with Grace Barnes—I had her at the house tonight for dinner. He treated her as though she were a leper. . . ."

"It wasn't anything . . . but he couldn't have found out," said Merriam. "How the devil—"

"I don't know what devil, but two cars were smashed, and a taxi driver filled full of glass. Uncle Henry's in a frightful passion. Don't dare to see him!"

"I will, though," said Merriam. "I've got news—"

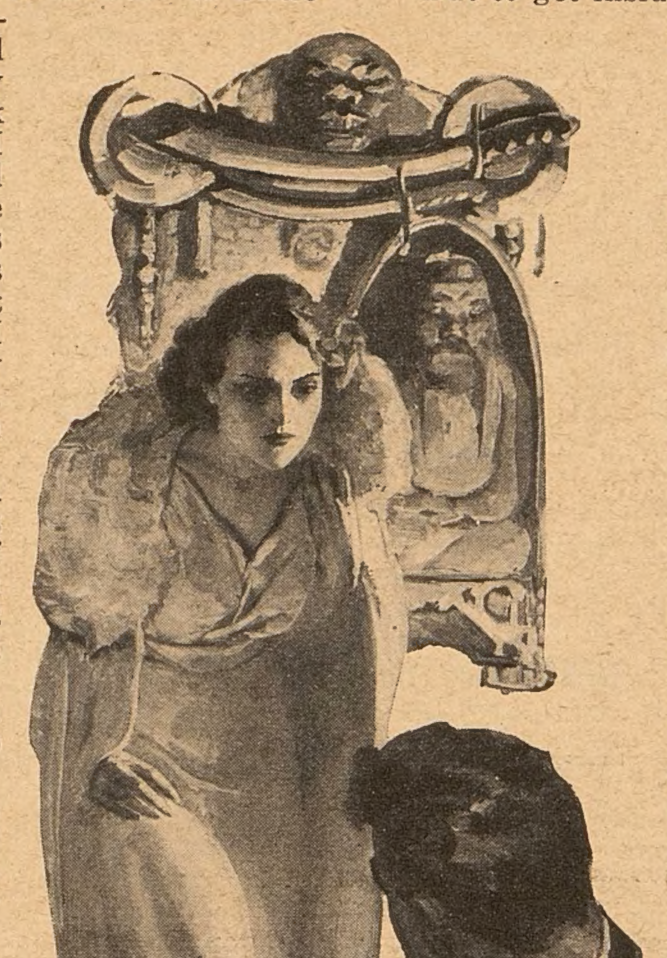
"Listen to me," said the girl. "Do I understand him or don't I?"

"All your tips have been worth the money, so far."

"Then don't see him for a few days. I don't know why you're hiding here like a rat in a trap, but keep on hiding until I give you the word. If you see him now, he'll disinherit you and slam the door in your face."

"Do I have to wait?" groaned Merriam. "Do I have to hang on here?"

"You do. I haven't time to argue. I've taken my reputation by the scruff of the neck to come dodging here to you in the middle of a party. If I'm missed—if Uncle Henry finds that I'm gone—he'll skyrocket through the roof . . . and now that I'm out of the house, only the angels know how I'll get back inside it without being seen. But I had to warn you. . . . He walked in by surprise in the middle of the party and he was looking black as night. He made me come up to his room, and accused me of holding out on him all these years because I must have known what a bad boy his nephew John has always been. . . . John, *are* you bad, or are you just a silly idiot?"



She was much more startled than he.

"God knows!" said Merriam. A chair squeaked a few noisy inches across the floor as he flung himself down into it. "But I'll tell you this," he added. "I've got news that will make even *your* hair stand on end."

"Perhaps," she said. "But will you give me a hand to get back into the house now?"

"I don't dare," said Merriam. "I've showed myself out of the door of this place twice already today. But Hamilton will. Hey, Hamilton!"

Hamilton stepped into the doorway. Merriam was sprawled, red-faced with more liquor and excitement, in a chair near the engine model and the girl stood close to him.

"This is Beatrice Shaw," he said. "Robert Hamilton. One of the best, Beatrice. He's keeping the scarecrows out of the place for a while. Take her home, will you, Hamilton?"

As the girl turned, one section of the little boiler of the engine model exploded and cast a spray of rusty water over the front of her dress.

"When they see this, I'm finished," she said calmly. "Johnny, what in heaven's name can I do?"

But Merriam, sodden with whisky and perplexity, raised hopeless arms and let them fall lifelessly back.

"Where are you in your house now?" asked Hamilton.

"Back in my room, or talking with Uncle Henry—and already missed by my guests," she said.

"You're in your room," said Hamilton. "Accident in the bathroom. Rusty water spat out of the tap and got all over your dress. You had to change. You're changing now. Come with me."

He whirled her away down the stairs. Merriam stood above, calling feebly: "And hurry back, Hamilton, will you? . . . This damned place is full of the kind of rats that eat a man's soul out!"

. . . . . .

When they reached the street, the girl ran around a big closed car and started to get into the driver's seat. But Hamilton followed her, saying: "Move over." She slipped obediently into the next place as he jumped in and started the motor. The address was between Park and Madison, and Hamilton hurled the car across town like a javelin.

"How long have you been away?" he asked.

"Four minutes coming across and—"

"Eight minutes since," said Hamilton. "In twenty minutes from the time you left the house, you've got to walk down to your guests in another dress, and curse the tap that spat on you in the bathroom."

"But to get inside—" she murmured.

"Leave that to me," said Hamilton. "That the house?"

"Yes, next to that fence around the excavation."

He parked the automobile at the curb beside a big construction fence and stepped on to the sidewalk with the girl. She was explaining: "The front door opens on a shallow hall, and right across the hall the living-room door is open with a contract table going in full view."

"How about the window at that dark room there in front? Locked?"

"Locked, with a special device, too. Uncle Henry—"

"We'll try the back," said Hamilton, and led the way down the windowless side of the house between the wall and the new wooden fence.

"That corner room in back is mine," said the girl.

The first story of the old house was very tall, and he looked up the smooth sheer face of the wall with a despairing eye. One room, at the side, made an angle with the rest of the wall. But it offered no solution.

"Wait here," said Hamilton, and went over the fence.

From the top he saw the deep pit of the excavation and the top of a ladder resting against the fence not twenty feet away. He was down to it at once and handed it up over the wall until its weight overbalanced on the farther side. A moment later he stood beside the girl with the ladder in place beneath the window of her room.

"Is it locked?" he asked.

"I don't know," she answered.

"I'll make sure for you," said Hamilton, and ran up the rungs to the top, which was three or four feet short of the window sill. The window gave instantly to the pressure of his hand. He pushed it up and pulled himself over the sill into an atmosphere of soft warmth with a sweet taint of perfume in it. When he leaned out and waved, the girl came swiftly up after him with her cloak flung over one shoulder. He reached for her hands to help her up the last difficult bit of the way, and she, giving a spring to lighten his burden as she stood on the last rung, caused the disaster. Even while he was drawing her in through the window he heard the ladder scraping across the wall slowly, then more swiftly. A loud crash followed on the ground beneath and the bridge of his retreat was cut away behind him.

"*What* can we do?" whispered the girl.

"Be still," said he. "Turn on the light and jump into another dress. You still have about three minutes left."

He leaned out and stared down. Even hanging by his hands from the outer sill, it would be a long, long drop.

The light flashed on and he side-stepped from the window. The girl was half inside a deep closet, reaching into a fluff and rustling of clothes. Two floor lamps laid bright circles on the greens and golds and reds of the rug.

“There's no back stairs in the house?” he asked. “There's only the front way out?”

She turned her frightened face toward him, with a green chiffon dress lying over the brown of her arm.

“If I could get downstairs first and close the door behind me into the living room—” she suggested.

“That's it,” whispered he. “Hurry!”

A loud rap came at the door. Hamilton got to it in two silent strides and began to turn the lock slowly.

“Yes? Yes?” panted the girl. “Who is it?”

“It's Tom,” said a strong young voice. “What's keeping you? Let me in, Beatrice.”

“No!” she shrilled.

“Why, great Scott, Beatrice,” said Tom, “why all the excitement? I'm not going to break the door down, after all.”

“But I'm changing,” said the girl. “Most ridiculous thing—rusty water from the tap spattered all over my poor satin dress.”

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Her eyes begged Hamilton for advice.

“Uncle Henry wants you,” said Tom. “Throw on a dressing gown and go into his room.”

“In half a moment I'll be ready,” she said, undoing snaps that ran up the side of the dress.

“Hurry!” said the departing voice of Tom.

“Did he hear the ladder fall?” her almost soundless lips asked.

“No. Who is he?” asked Hamilton.

“My fiancé—Tom Pittfield,” Beatrice whispered.

She disappeared into the bathroom. “Fiancé . . . Pittfield.” Vague headlines drifted across Hamilton's mind. The letters formed into “Pittfield millions.” Suddenly he remembered tales of the grim old ironmaster who had lived an independent life among gigantic corporations until he became a giant himself.

The girl came rustling back into the room.

“You've been glorious,” said her murmur.

Something moved, as dim in the outer darkness as a fish sliding among the rocks of a deep pool, but it had the vague outline of a man on the roof of the one-story projection at the rear of the house. Hamilton stepped quickly out of line with the window.

“Steady yourself,” he murmured, “but I think I've been seen by some one from the roof out there.”

“No!” she gasped. “Tom wouldn't—”

“I think he has, though,” said Hamilton, as a quick footfall came up to the door.

A hand struck heavily against it.

“Beatrice!” said the changed and deepened voice of Tom. “D'you hear me?”

“Be light—be easy,” whispered Hamilton. “Smile as you say it.”

“Yes, Tom?” she called cheerfully, with the smile which he had ordered. “Almost ready.”

“Open the door,” commanded Tom.

“Half a moment, Tommy!” she said.

HAMILTON reached the window before she overtook him with a rush and gripped him with a wonderful strength of hand.

“You can't! You can't!” her lips were saying. “You'll kill yourself!”

Tom Pittfield pitched his voice low, with an ugly distinctness of enunciation.

“Open the door, Beatrice,” he said. “I want to see you—and the friend you have there with you!”

“Friend?” said she.

“Let me go. I'll manage it easily,” murmured Hamilton.

“No—not if I die for it! You can't!” she said through her teeth.

She shook his arms and made her face savage.

“I know perfectly that there's a man in there with you,” said Pittfield. “I won't make a scene. Nobody shall know—except me!”

“What in heaven's name are you saying?” she demanded. And to Hamilton: “Don't, don't! You'll be killed.”

“You're glorious!” whispered Hamilton, and kissed her. And as she gave back a step in surprise, he was through the window and hanging by his fingertips. Even then he felt her fierce grip on his wrists and the groaning murmur that begged him to come back. But he let himself go. Then the ground slapped his feet as though they were bare and struck him solidly across the hips, the shoulders, the back of his head.

He still could see the figure leaning from the window. He stood up with the stars wavering in the sky above him and motioned with both arms to her before she would turn.

He steadied himself against the wall, and heard her saying: “Well, if you have to see for yourself, come in.”

Then the door slammed open and a heavy footfall entered the room above.

“Why don't you tell him to step out and face me?” demanded Pittfield. “Or does he want me to pull him out from the closet or from under the bed? . . . My God, Beatrice, have you always been this way? Have you been lying to us all, every day of your life?”

THEN a voice that boomed like a great five-foot gong came rolling softly down to the ears of Hamilton. It said: “Why, what's the trouble in here, Tom?”

“Bombi,” said Pittfield, “I saw a man in here—a man standing with his arms folded . . .”

“Naturally,” said the huge softened voice. “I've just been in and out again.”

It seemed to Hamilton that he was released from hours of agony.

“You?” cried Pittfield. “You, Bombi?”

“Just wanted to show her this bit of illumination. . . . Look at it, Tom. Beautiful thing, eh? . . . What was in the old Arabic mind? The only people who knew how to cover space with a fluid ease . . . those conventionalized petals . . .”

Hamilton lifted the ladder from the ground. There was strength in him to have lifted it had it been made of iron. He flung it like a clumsy spear over the top of the fence and heard it thud down into soft earth within the excavation.

Tom Pittfield was saying: “Beatrice, how in the name of God could I have been such a fool? . . . But I didn't think. . . . My brain whirled . . . that was all. Beatrice, forgive me now, with Bombi to hear you.”

“Don't be an idiot,” said the girl. “Of course I forgive you. I didn't know you were so interested, Tommy. It's rather a surprise. . . . It'll teach you not to make yourself so at home with the ladies, Bombi! I was only half dressed when the monster walked in on me, Tom.”

Deep music flowed again from the gonglike voice of Bombi. To Hamilton that unseen hero of the moment seemed like a heavenly deity; but as he slipped back toward the street he could hear the girl's laughter, and that was the sound which remained like a tremor about his heart all the way back to Third Avenue.

When he reached the place and pressed the bell, he had to wait so long that he rang again and yet again before the latch pull buzzed, and as he stepped through the doorway a husky, shrilling voice yelled down at him: “I don' wanna see nobody . . . go 'way! Who's there?”

Hamilton looked up the stairs at a rifle leveled by the uncertain hands of Merriam.

What sort of living nightmare has young Hamilton walked into? What is the terrible fear that haunts his eccentric employer? And where does Bombi fit in the bizarre picture? Guess as you will, you cannot imagine what is in store for you in next week's Liberty.

CHINA AND JAPAN—What is Going to Happen?

READING TIME
10 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Will the Manchurian coup be repeated, or will united China prove a stumbling block to Japan's dream of continental empire? An authoritative answer by

SOONG MAYLING

(Mme. Chiang Kai-shek)

THE ambition of the army leaders of Japan to establish their country as a continental power at the expense of China is by no means a new one. During the Great War, although she was one of the Allies, Japan presented to my country the Twenty-one Demands. The object of them was to obtain for Japan the master hand over the destinies of China.

Japan was frustrated then; and on other occasions that ambition has been compelled to endure setbacks. But the military mind of the country did not abandon its imperialistic designs. In recent years, as the world well knows, it has pursued them more intensely.

When "the Young Marshal" Chang Hsueh-liang succeeded his father as the ruler of Manchuria, he decided to follow his own liberal promptings. He meant to conceal the autonomy of Manchuria and put those provinces under the control of our government at Nanking. The Japanese went out of their way to warn him against doing anything like that.

Nevertheless, he flew our Chinese national flag in Manchuria, and, on September 18, 1930, boldly announced acceptance of Nanking rule over Manchuria. At this time the national government was involved in its last and most costly war against rebel armies. His intervention forced the collapse of the rebels. His army was then given the responsibility of garrisoning the whole of north China.

Thus, nine months before the Japanese struck at Manchuria, 150,000 of the Manchurian troops were stationed in China proper. The Japanese struck on September 18, 1931, the anniversary of the acceptance by the Young Marshal of Nanking control. Without a blush they told the world that they were menaced by 200,000 Manchurian troops who threatened to annihilate their forces and compatriots in Manchuria, and they succeeded pretty well in bluffing the world as to the truth of that story.

It was false!

However, China was then in no position to resist Japan, and Japan knew it. The main Manchurian forces were in China, and could not get back to defend Manchuria. More important, the central government itself was not prepared to undertake a major war with Japan. All of its physical resources were being employed against the Communists and in cementing the unity of the provinces, while its coffers were drained to the limit in consequence.

Thus the national government had to endure the scorn of the world for not fighting. Nevertheless, the leaders resolutely determined that before China could ever successfully cope with Japan she must put her own house in order. The first necessity was the extermination of the Communists, for when the first reaction to Japan's invasion of Manchuria prompted the national government to resist the invaders, the Communists promptly began attacking the government.

A knife in the back! That is Communism!

The Chinese government, under advice, put its Manchurian case in the hands of the League of Nations. China was horrified to find that the League was powerless. The treaty guaranteeing our administrative and territorial integrity was another scrap of paper.

Now, that Nine-Power Treaty had been contrived not at the instance of China but in spite of her. It was devised at the time of the Washington Conference because the nations knew that China was not in a position to defend herself. The Western Powers decided to protect her whether she wished protection or not.

But when the test came, and China was attacked, the undertakings of the treaty crumbled. A mockery was made of that much vaunted safeguard to national entity known as collective security. The League of Nations itself was riven to its very vitals. The pathetic pusillanimity of the Powers not only dashed the hopes of the weak and the small nations but recoiled and smote the Powers themselves. The whirlwind thus sown has since raged unchecked in corners and corridors of the world. In its wake debris lies strewn about for all to see.

As for the Chinese, they learned to expect nothing from any one. The wise regarded it as a significant and potent lesson to China—a lesson that would teach the various factions in their country that they must abandon stupidities and follies and learn to goose-step into a position of power which would gain them respect among outside nations. They learned, in short, that not only God, as Napoleon said, but every one else, was on the side of the big battalions.

The Japanese military leaders convinced themselves, and they have tried to convince others, that China was in

Below: Mme. Chiang Kai-shek and her husband. At left: Chang Hsueh-liang, who held the Generalissimo captive.

process of disintegration. No doubt they believe they were fully justified in hastening the end.

But they failed to understand that what they took to be chaos in China was more apparent than real.

They were not the only foreigners who misinterpreted the nature of the confusion which was the aftermath of the revolution. But the surprising thing is that they, of all people, should have been unable to discern the truth about it. They forgot, or it may be they were incapable of realizing, the basic strength of purpose inherent in Chinese character. It lay inert and mysteriously hidden during epidemics of tumult, beneath a seemingly endless turmoil. Because of it there is much in Chinese psychology and action that seems inexplicable to the foreigner.

How could observers overlook the probable influence of our centuries of culture? Surely a potentially great people, so influenced, could scarcely become so demoralized as to look contentedly on while their ancient heritage vanished before their eyes, or passed into the hands of strangers. Obviously, from this deeply underlying strength springs the Chinese power of passive resistance, their remarkable ability to endure.

So long as the Japanese refrained from laying rough hands upon the people's personal birthright in China proper, the people did little more than squirm in nearly silent protest. Why? Because of a lethargy that was in them. Because of their complete lack of political-mindedness, as the modern world knows it. But once they felt the shock of a hostile mailed fist descend upon their rooftrees, and saw the covetousness of strangers menacing the soil of their ancestors, something happened. The intelligent among them—and they are legion—began cautiously to take stock of the portentous problems developing around them.

The result was emergence of the true collective character of the Chinese, plain for all to see. Never before had it been so effectively shown. That it exists in the millions who live by the sweat of their brow equally with those who earn their bread with their brains can now be accepted as certain. They awoke simultaneously. They registered their resentment, thus asserting their nationalism. Patriotic impulses they had not realized they possessed determined them to safeguard their fatherland.

The climax came in the amazing demonstrations at the culmination of the Sian *coup d'état* last December.

Demonstrated unity then definitely came to China. Strangely enough, the Japanese were among the first to recognize its serious import when it did become apparent. They have always asserted that they desire a strong and united China. They have always worked on the assumption that a strong and united China would mean a weak Japan. They seem never to have been able to see far enough to realize that the *sine qua non* of strength and unity in China would be peace and prosperity—with increased purchasing power.

SOME of Japan's economists, financiers, industrialists, and merchants may have realized that legitimate pursuance of commercial activities and industrial co-operation could build up for Japan, on a basis of friendship, an increasingly vast and profitable trade with China. But if they did, they were unable to make their voices heard to any extent in the councils of the military. Those latter, flushed with relatively easy victory in so-called "foreign wars," coveted more than commerce. They wanted the soil of China and what was of it and in it.

They have provided the world with what competent foreign critics describe as a spectacle of successful achievement in three directions, all of them wrong.

In China, which should be Japan's greatest dependable market, they have not only sown the seeds of hatred; they have awakened a great population and inspired it to protect its hearths and homes. In their own country, political and economic conditions have been created which foreign observers describe as near-catastrophic; which have tended to shatter foreign belief in the substantiality of Japan's moral and material foundations. In the outside world, they have filled various nations with deep distrust and have awakened a dangerous and costly militant spirit.

By the end of the autumn of 1936 they could not refuse to recognize that we of my country could not be coerced into accepting the conditions they had hoped to impose to give them control of great regions in the northern part of China proper.

Just at the time the Japanese ambassador was endeavoring—vainly—to persuade China to accept certain demands, the Generalissimo was detained at Sian.

This act of folly on the part of the military officers in charge at Sian—Generals Chang Hsueh-liang, Yang Fu-chen, and others—seemed at the outset to have serious possibilities. China was shocked; the world nearly as much so. The pessimists everywhere had a few field days because of false reports; but the Generalissimo, after having been held in captivity since December 12, was released on Christmas Day.

The main aspects of that incident have already been revealed in a story published by me, entitled Sian—a Coup d'Etat. Excerpts from the Generalissimo's diary are included in that book. It is clearly shown that the motive behind the detention was not the result of propaganda issued from certain sources. The generals responsible violated military law and committed an outrage against a superior officer; and that renders them unfit to command. But they did not kill the Generalissimo, nor did they demand money or anything material.

The revolt of Kwangtung and Kwangsi provinces was directed toward the Generalissimo's discomfiture, notwithstanding that it professed to have the objective of developing a national campaign against Japan.

BOTH these incidents show, you see, that a new state of mind has been developing in China. There is a lack of fear of Japan, replacing the old-time terror; and there is an increasing desire for resistance.

In connection with all this, I must speak of an international development which presages significant if not far-reaching influence upon the Far Eastern situation.

There has been a sudden determined reversal of the attitude of Great Britain with respect to rearmament; an energetic demonstration that at all costs she intends to maintain her commercial status in the China market and the islands farther south. Those two phases of policy have had an immediate reaction upon the Japanese mind and, coincidentally, upon China's future. On the one hand Great Britain made overtures to China to explore avenues of possible economic co-operation. On the other hand Japan made overtures to Great Britain toward removing causes of recent estrangement. The center of conversations for both has been London. Toward it all Eastern eyes have been turned.

Since Great Britain has reiterated her intention to engage in no arrangement which would encroach upon or impair detrimentally China's sovereignty, rights, or status, the Chinese are able to observe the maneuvering with a certain amount of calmness and confidence.

Clearly this determination of Great Britain to revise her policy and furbish her sword was born of the tragic failure of the League of Nations. The full significance of that failure and its consequences dawned gradually upon a Great Britain virtually disarmed. Resolute decision to be ready to hold her own and assert her views brought her back on the stage armed *cap-à-pie* and full of potential menace.

Between British and Chinese representatives conversations are in progress, aimed undisguisedly at establishing a co-operative basis for assistance in the development of China. These conversations are not secret, mysterious, or significant of danger to any one. They may be repeated in the capital of any friendly country desirous of economic participation in China. There is room for all who seek opportunity to invest or to sell and buy goods, provided China be relieved of the dangerous consequences of external pressure.

My country asks sympathetic international understanding of her problems, not favors nor patronage. We would like a square deal and a fair chance to carry on, so that we may, in time, catch up with the countries of the world that are ahead of us in organized administration and life.

THE END

Is it TRUE what they SAY about MURPHY?

"Tool, Traitor, Communist!" shout his enemies: "Statesman, Saint!" cry his friends. Here's his own answer, too

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

"WHAT do you think of Governor Frank Murphy?" I asked. The man I addressed was a native of Michigan, a business executive long resident in Detroit, a political sophisticate, a student of modern conditions. I felt he could give me an enlightening answer.

"When's your birthday?" he asked me.

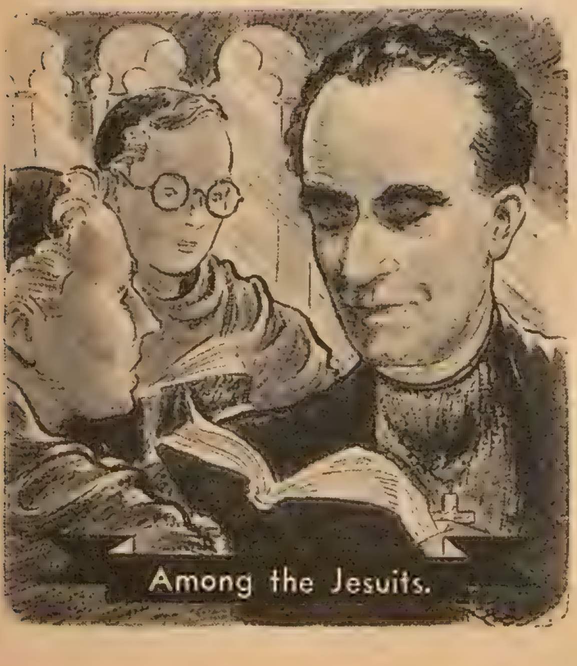
I told him the date.

"Well," he said, "for your birthday present I'll give you Murphy—if you want him. The whole State of Michigan will give you Murphy."

A few weeks before this, Governor Murphy had had an article published in Liberty, in which he set down his views on present-day economic crises.

That article had brought so many letters to the editors of the magazine that it was thought advisable to get a closer look at the man they both deified and reviled. According to those letters, Murphy was either a wishy-washy "tool of Roosevelt," a traitor to the people who put him in office, a Communist, and a fool—or he was the greatest statesman and the grandest saint Michigan had ever known.

"I gather you don't like Mr. Murphy," I said to the friend who was going to honor my birthday. "What's the matter with him? Come clean."


Among the Jesuits.

"Well, you asked for it. He's a fence straddler. He's a phony labor saint. He's little better than a racketeer. He's sold out his state to the Reds. He's a pale copy and a yes man of Mr. Roosevelt. He's an opportunist. He's the original Murphomaniac."

"How many Murphomaniacs are there in Michigan?" I asked.

"Millions," he answered. "Most every labor skate, most every poor man, most every guy in trouble."

That evening I went for a cruise on Lake St. Clair with some friends. There was plenty of fun until I asked the skipper what he thought of Murphy.

"Murphy!" he bellowed. The taut shrouds shivered.

"Irish politicians!" he roared. "Murphy, Farley, everybody in Tammany Hall, everybody in Chicago and San Francisco and St. Louis and St. Paul! You writing a story about Murphy?"

"Yes," I admitted.

"All right, then. Call it Michigan in the Middle. Show how we're caught between the racketeers of labor and the greed of industry. 'A plague o' both their houses!'"

Afterward, after we'd put in at the harbor, I asked one of the professional sailors on board to give me his opinion of the Governor.

"He's a great man," the sailor said.

"You're a Communist, aren't you, Alex?" the skipper demanded. "An Estonian Russian and Communist. Right?"

"You bet you my life," Alex said stoutly. "And I'm for Murphy. I vote for him for President, comes 1940."

In the heart of Detroit's hotel and shopping district there is a unique place known as the Wonder Bar. If you are looking for any celebrity in the city, any distinguished visitor, any important man from any part of Michigan who happens to be in town, you would do well to look for him first in the Wonder Bar.

It seemed to be the place to find out about Murphy. I talked to perhaps a hundred men in that place. Each one knew Murphy well.

I met friend and foe of the Governor. I assured each one I would not use his name. I asked each one to give me an honest appraisal of the man. And I believe I succeeded in each case in getting what I wanted.

It was an interesting experience.

"And what did he do while he was mayor of Detroit?" a man would be asking me—a man introduced as one of Murphy's friends. "I'll tell you what he did. He bankrupted the city. I love him. He's my pal. But he bankrupted Detroit. He raised taxes. He spent millions feeding the poor and the down-and-out."

"He's a physical and moral coward," I was told.

"He's not a coward," I was told.

"He's a Communist," one man said. "Maybe, on account of him, we'll have a Communist mayor in Detroit. I understand the C. I. O. is bringing $750,000 into Detroit to put O'Brien in office. John L. Lewis is Murphy's pal."

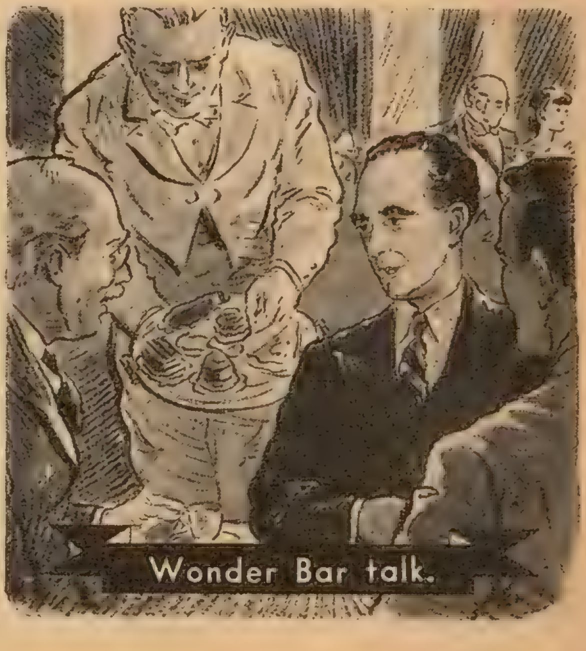
"And here's something else the C. I. O. is doing in Detroit," another man broke in. "Gangs of them are going around to the neighborhood tradesmen and telling them they better vote for O'Brien—or else. The same tactics they're using to club workingmen into joining the C. I. O."

"Is Murphy linked in any way with O'Brien?" I asked. "And do you know that O'Brien is a Communist?"

"Oh, he's a Communist all right, an avowed Communist. Murphy isn't linked to him directly—but his friends are."

"By dillydallying when he should have used force," said another man, "Murphy encouraged all the labor racketeers to come to Michigan. And they have a gold mine here. They're not only kicking the big industries around—they're kicking the laboring man around too, and the corner grocer, the butcher, the baker, everybody who depends for a living on the patronage of workingmen. The workingman goes on strike, or he goes on relief—or both. What's the answer? The rest of us have to kick in with higher taxes. That's what I've got against Murphy."

"The situation was this," one man


Wonder Bar talk.

said. "There were a quarter of a million auto workers in Michigan on strike or ready to strike. Thousands of them were holding certain factories. All Murphy had to do was send in the troops. But he wouldn't."

"Murphy," said a statesman, "has an inherent horror of bloodshed. That's what shaped his conduct in Detroit and Flint and Lansing."

"Murphy never does anything without first asking Roosevelt," a drinking companion said. "And he obeys orders. Roosevelt took him from the Philippines—where as High Commissioner he was getting eighteen thousand a year and perquisites—I mean, he could save nearly every dime of his salary—and got him to come back here and run for governor. Why? So Roosevelt would carry the state. He knew Murphy could win. What's Murphy getting now? Five thousand dollars a year, and not a nickel more. He's actually a poor man. And don't get the idea he's a grafter. He's strictly honest. I'll say that for him, though I hate him like poison. Now there's talk that Frances Perkins may resign as Secretary of Labor and Murphy will step into her shoes. Well—that'll be a break for Michigan. We've got a lieutenant governor here, Leo Nowicki, who won't temporize. With Nowicki governor, Michigan will kick out all the labor racketeers and gunmen."

"Murphy isn't a real two-fisted he-man," I heard. "I've known him for years. He doesn't drink. He doesn't smoke. He's a bachelor. I don't think he's ever so much as kissed a girl. He won't fight. He won't say an unkind word, except when he's making a speech. He loves to orate."

"Murphy, during his six months in office, hasn't made one appointment without thinking it over for a long time," said a gentleman from the Upper Peninsula. "His appointees are all good men, though. What I'm getting at is that it takes the Governor a long time to make up his mind. And you never can tell when he's going to change."

FOR three nights I sat in the Wonder Bar, hour after hour, and listened to friend and foe. The friends were few; the foes were many. For three days I questioned a different class of people—elevator men, stenographers, truck drivers, men and women on relief, men on strike, people who kept little shops and stores.

The great majority of these were Murphy's friends.

"He's a saint," they told me. "He's the biggest man in the country. He fed the poor of Detroit—three years before Roosevelt began feeding the poor of the country. He wouldn't let the soldiers shoot the people."

On the fifth day I met Murphy.

I heard him make a little talk in the House of Representatives' chambers in the Capitol.

He spoke of the "doctrine of human relations"; of government that should be patient, helpful, and just, that should not be misdirected by the spectacular, that should be competent and efficient, that should have integrity. He spoke of the dignity of human life.

I met him in his office afterward.

"Do you mind if I lunch while we talk?" the Governor asked me. "And have you had lunch?"

He pressed a button, called, "Miss Baumgarten," and ordered sandwiches, ice cream, cookies, and milk for me—a glass of milk and a few crackers for himself.

He was a tall, thin man, slighter than I thought he would be. His eyes were blue, and very tired. His eyebrows—one of his most prominent features—were red and shaggy, much redder and more abundant than the hair on the top of his head. His voice was low and sweet.

"Governor," I said, "without meaning to be impertinent, I've come to find out what sort of man you are. I've asked several hundred people. I got several hundred different answers. Now I'm asking you."

"I know what you have heard," he said. "You've heard that I am a Communist. That I'm playing politics. That I should have brought in the troops to kick the sit-down strikers out of the automobile plants."

"Yes."

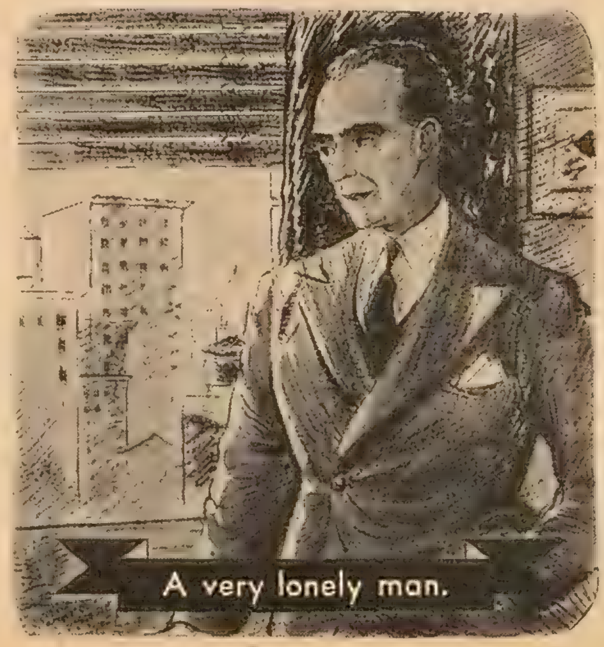
"What else?"

"That you are for Frank Murphy first, last, and all the time," I said. "That you are a fence straddler. That you are honest—even your bitterest enemies admit that. That you can't make up your mind. That you are a physical and moral coward. That you appoint good men."

"It's queer that people should think me a Communist," he said. "I'm a Catholic, you know. I go to Mass every Sunday. I taught for ten years in a Jesuit school. Like all Catholics, I detest Communism. What they mean by fence straddling I don't know. I thought I made my position very clear. I'm glad they know I'm honest. I think I can make up my mind. In fact, I have made it up any number of times—and nobody could shake me. As for being a coward—that hurts. I've never been afraid of doing what I thought was right. I was a soldier and saw service."

I ate while he talked.

"I admire and revere President Roosevelt," he went on, "but I, and I alone, am the governor of Michigan. It's true that I don't drink and I don't smoke and that I am a bachelor. I'm not what any man would call a 'good fellow.' I never learned how to be one. I'm a very lonely man. I have very few close friends. I belong to no clubs or organizations. I live alone. I'm a rather melancholy sort of man, I should say.


A very lonely man.

"When I was mayor of Detroit," he continued, "the streets around the City Hall would be full of people every night—hungry, begging for work, crying for bread—more people than Marie Antoinette saw when she said, 'Let them eat cake.' They told me to send the police into that crowd of wretched creatures—to disperse them with clubs and billies and guns. I wouldn't do it. I fed them. It cost the city millions of dollars. But it was worth it."

HE spoke of the strikes.

"Briefly," he said, "this was the situation. In one plant there were over six thousand workmen, most of them armed and determined to stay inside the walls until they won what they considered their rights. The unions began to bring in armed men to help the strikers. Quite a few of these reinforcements were ex-convicts, thugs, killers.

"At the same time a vigilante movement gathered headway. An antistrike army began to form. It looked like a bloody mess from any angle. And they told me I should call out the troops and send them into that plant with bayonets fixed.

"I got the big man of the plant here. And I got John L. Lewis here. And we talked it out. It was as simple as that. We reached an agreement. Now all the plants are open again—and the disputes are settled."

"They tell me, Governor," I couldn't help saying, "that there have been over one hundred little strikes in the General Motors plant since the strike was settled."

"Yes," he said. "Unauthorized strikes. But labor isn't fully organized as yet. There are still labor racketeers, men who advocate violence. But we're drafting a new labor relations act that will outlaw all wildcat strikes, prohibit mass picketing, establish a code of fair practices for employees and employers, and protect the rights of the man who wants to work, whether he belongs to a union or not.

"Neither labor nor capital will be supreme in Michigan. The people of Michigan will surrender no rights to either side—not so long as I'm governor."

I stood up, ready to take my leave. We shook hands.

"I hate Communism," Murphy said. "But then, I don't love the Bourbons either. Good-by. Glad you dropped in. It was nice of you to give me so much of your time."

What kind of a man is Murphy? Now I'm asking you.

THE END

TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

LEON ENKEN ought to be an expert name rememberer but isn't. Although he meets and greets a multitude of famous people, he can't remember their names. That's because of his early training. As a kid he worked at a restaurant where well known men about town dined and wined with ladies who were not their wives. The boss taught Leon to forget big names as soon as he heard them. Leon never has been able to outgrow the habit.

He and his partner, Eddie Davis, are now celebrities in their own right. Their place, Leon & Eddie's, is one of the leading eat-and-dance establishments of New York, favored especially by visiting stars from Hollywood. I asked Leon about their appetites; learned the following:

Lobster Thermidor for Robert Taylor. . . . Chicken, Mexican style, for Myrna Loy, and she makes one Scotch highball last the whole evening. . . . Arline Judge toys with veal scallopini, has a dance after each bite. . . . Rudy Vallée wants a piquant sauce with his steak; never refuses to get up and sing for the crowd. . . . The younger Roosevelts are frequent clients; create no stir. . . . Greta Garbo demanded five empty tables around her for protection. "But she spent plenty," says Leon.

Billy and Madeleine Gaxton, of musical-comedy fame, are the most devoted couple Leon knows among his steady customers. "Married eighteen years," he says, "and still on their honeymoon."

A firm believer in family life, Leon himself has been married twenty-six years. His son, now at Cornell, expects to follow in his father's business footsteps after college.

Leon Enken (lower left) and his partner, Eddie Davis.

● In a town I visited last month a conspiracy is going on between a bride and her mother-in-law. Before marriage the bride worked in a beauty parlor, never learned much about cooking, doesn't want her husband to know she can't bake a first-rate pie. So her mother-in-law bakes them for her. But secretly. In return, the bride gives her mother-in-law secret beauty treatments. Mama-in-law has mystified the town by suddenly looking ten years younger.

● If you live up in the hills, wear Scottish plaids with prevailing tones of red. Wear blue or green plaids if your home is in the valley. This is old tradition. The plaids, properly called *tartans*, were designed originally, I am told, as camouflage for Scottish warriors—red to match the highland heather, green and blue for the obscurity of lowland forests. Scottish plaids have been fashionable in America since midsummer, will be more and more in vogue through the autumn.

● Snobbishness keeps in step with social values. Social values have changed, but snobbishness is still in step. . . . Two women from Russia struck up a chance acquaintance in a beauty parlor here. Both were prosperously dressed, quick-minded, fashionable. They were total strangers. One was the best known grand duchess in the United States. She inquired into the circumstances of the other Russian lady—if she were married, if she had children, if she worked for her living. The other said yes, she did work; said she wrote for a Communist newspaper, was a Communist. The Grand Duchess stiffened, then laughed, and continued her talk in the friendliest way. Hoped they might meet again.

"Did you meet her again?" I asked the Communist lady, who happens to be a friend of mine (personal, not political).

"Of course not!" she exclaimed. "How could I risk being seen with a grand duchess? Think what the comrades would say!"

● This football story comes from far away, is absolutely true, and concerns ladies. . . . A white lady who runs a large plantation in the Malay States has taught her native workers to play football, aiming to keep them out of mischief in their spare time. She organized four teams among the men, two teams among the women. Offered a prize of one pig to the champion team. Games between the men's teams were sportsmanlike enough, as were those between the men and women. But the plantation lady soon had to stop all games between the two feminine teams. They took football so seriously that every contest of theirs ended in savage fighting, with most of the players left crippled or battered unconscious on the field. . . . Sugar and spice, everything nice, *that's* what the Malay girls are made of.

● Do you like novels about girls in business and the professions? If so, I can recommend Florenz Branch's new book, Woman Lawyer. (Published by the Phoenix Press.)

● Fresh quinces are in season now. Here's a fine old Connecticut recipe for quince-custard pie. . . . Peel and core 6 medium-sized quinces, cut them in half, arrange in a buttered baking dish, sprinkle with sugar and grated lemon rind, dot with butter. Bake 1½ hours in moderate oven (dish covered during first 20 minutes of baking, uncovered after that). Let cool, then lay the fruit in a baked pie shell. Now mix 1 scant tablespoon ground rice with 1 tablespoon water; bring 1½ cups rich milk to boil with ¼ cup sugar; pour this on the rice, return to fire, stir and cook briskly for 10 minutes. Stir in the beaten yolks of 2 eggs. Remove from fire, and when the custard is lukewarm pour it over the quinces in the pie shell. Sprinkle with sugar, nutmeg. Chill well before serving.

LOVE-IN-A-MIST

BY PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Charming . . . tender . . . gay: The poignant story of two young hearts and a tangled midsummer romance

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

BETSY sat staring steadfastly ahead at the straight back of Joe the chauffeur. The lump in her throat was almost unbearable, and the ache was more than just her heart; she felt weighed down with unhappiness and the sense of her complete helplessness—like a kitten, she thought, that has been put into a burlap sack with a heavy stone and thrown into a river. She had about as much chance of escape as a kitten, too.

Marian Drew's soft dark eyes were on her face; she put out a small cold hand and touched Betsy's fingers. " Don't make me feel like the cruel stepmother forcing you into a loveless marriage, Betts! " she pleaded.

Betsy smiled faintly, because Marian was so far from being a cruel stepmother. Just another kitten, tied in the same sack.

" It must sound—hypocritical of me to say that romantic love isn't necessary," said Marian. " Because you know how Tony and I felt about each other. But Paul's a good man, Betsy, and he'll be good to you. And—you've got to do something." Panic returned to her soft eyes; Marian Drew was afraid.

" Yes," agreed Betsy. She had to do something. " If only he wasn't so old! " she cried.

" Oh, darling," said Marian, " thirty-five isn't so old! " She knew; she was thirty-five. She felt as helpless in the face of life, now, as a small child.

" One more year and it will be twice as old as I am," said Betsy. " And anybody twice as old as I am must be a million."

Her stepmother did not smile. Betsy, in her black dress, looked smaller and younger than usual; with a pang, Marian Drew admitted to herself that she looked nearer fourteen than eighteen. Her cold fingers twisted together. She must not think that! Eighteen was old enough to marry, and Paul Carrington was a fine man. " You like him and you respect him," she said evenly. " And you're companionable. That's even more. I honestly don't think you'll regret it, Betts."

Betsy Drew did not answer. It was true that she liked Paul Carrington—or had liked him. It was true, too, that until this past Christmas vacation she had always thought that he came to the house to see her father and Marian. He had taken her out, often, to the theater, to concerts, to art exhibitions, and she had enjoyed being with him. But she had been shocked when he told her that he loved her—shocked as though a favorite uncle had proposed marriage.

And now she had to do something. She couldn't go back to school; couldn't go ahead to college. If she married Paul, she could go on as she had always gone—having the things she wanted, living as she had always lived. It was for her own sake that Marian wanted her to marry Paul; she knew that. And she knew, with all that was reasonable in her mind, that thirty-five was not senile.

Joe the chauffeur scratched his ear, and Betsy stared at his tanned young neck, at the curly reddish hair below his uniform cap, and the lump expanded and filled her throat so that she gasped. Joe was young.

They turned into Mrs. Clinton-Ewing's driveway, and again her stepmother's hand clutched hers. " What are you going to do, Betsy? "

" I think I'll have Joe take me for a drive. It's such a lovely day. I'd—sort of like to be alone." But not alone in the house, where nothing belonged to them any longer; not alone in the house where her father had died.

" I'll be back as soon as I can," Marian said. " She's going to send me home in one of her cars."

Betsy did not say, " Good luck "; it would have been too sardonic. She watched Marian's slight black shape move up the steps of the house, could almost feel her shudder as she pressed the doorbell. Darling Marian! she thought. She was so gentle and so tragic and so afraid. She did not want this job of being Mrs. Clinton-Ewing's secretary any more than Betsy wanted to marry Paul Carrington, but she probably would have it before tea was over. . . .

The summer sunlight made the freckles on Joe's fresh young face gleam golden as he turned his head. " Where do you want to go, Miss Drew? "

" Anywhere," said Betsy. " Somewhere where there aren't any houses or people, Joe."

She leaned back drearily against the soft upholstery of the car. It really was not their car any longer; nothing was really theirs. If she married Paul, of course . . . *when* she married Paul . . .

Joe had already left the main highway and was driving evenly along a narrow dirt road that wound and curved beside a swift brook. Betsy leaned forward.

" I think I'll get out and sit in the sunshine, Joe. Anywhere along here." She looked at him with sudden wistfulness, as he held open the door for her. She wished that he could stay and talk with her. " Isn't this near where you live? " she asked him. " Why don't you go home and see your mother? You can come back for me in an hour or so."

" All right," said Joe.

HE watched her as she climbed over a stone wall and walked aimlessly into the meadow beyond. His face was sober as he slid behind the wheel and drove off; and tears came into Betsy's eyes as she saw the car disappear.

In the center of the meadow a tall elm rose in Gothic curves against the blue sky, and she sat down and rested her head against its trunk. She pulled off her black hat, and her tawny sun-streaked hair tumbled about her face. The afternoon was warm and bright and very still, and she wished that she had not sent Joe away. It was too still, too lonely; she did not want to be alone, after all. Her mouth quivered, and suddenly, like a child, she rolled over on the grass and pressed her face into it, crying fiercely.

She did not hear the car return; it was not the sort of car that makes any sound. She heard Joe's voice, low and disturbed, and sat up. He said, " Gee—" and stood looking down at her helplessly. He held a gray rug over his arm. " I thought maybe you'd want this," he told her awkwardly.

For an instant she looked up at him, and then the sympathy in his young face sent her into a fiercer paroxysm of weeping. She wished that she had a brother. She was so lonely, so dreadfully alone.

" Gee," said Joe again. " I'm sorry."

Betsy gulped and found her handkerchief. It was dreadful to cry like this in front of Joe the chauffeur.

"My father died last fall," he told her. "I know how it is."

"I'm sorry," said Betsy. She was ashamed, too. Joe thought that she was crying because her father was dead, and she had not even been thinking about him. Suddenly she held out her hand. "Oh, Joe, sit down here and talk to me. Don't go away. I'll go crazy if I have to stay here alone. I'm in such trouble!"

He sat down and looked at her with grave blue eyes, and she looked back at him. He wasn't just a chauffeur—a paid servant; he was a human being, young like herself, the only young person near her. In a few more days she would never see him again anyway.

"I don't want to marry Paul Carrington!" she told him fiercely. "I don't want to, Joe!"

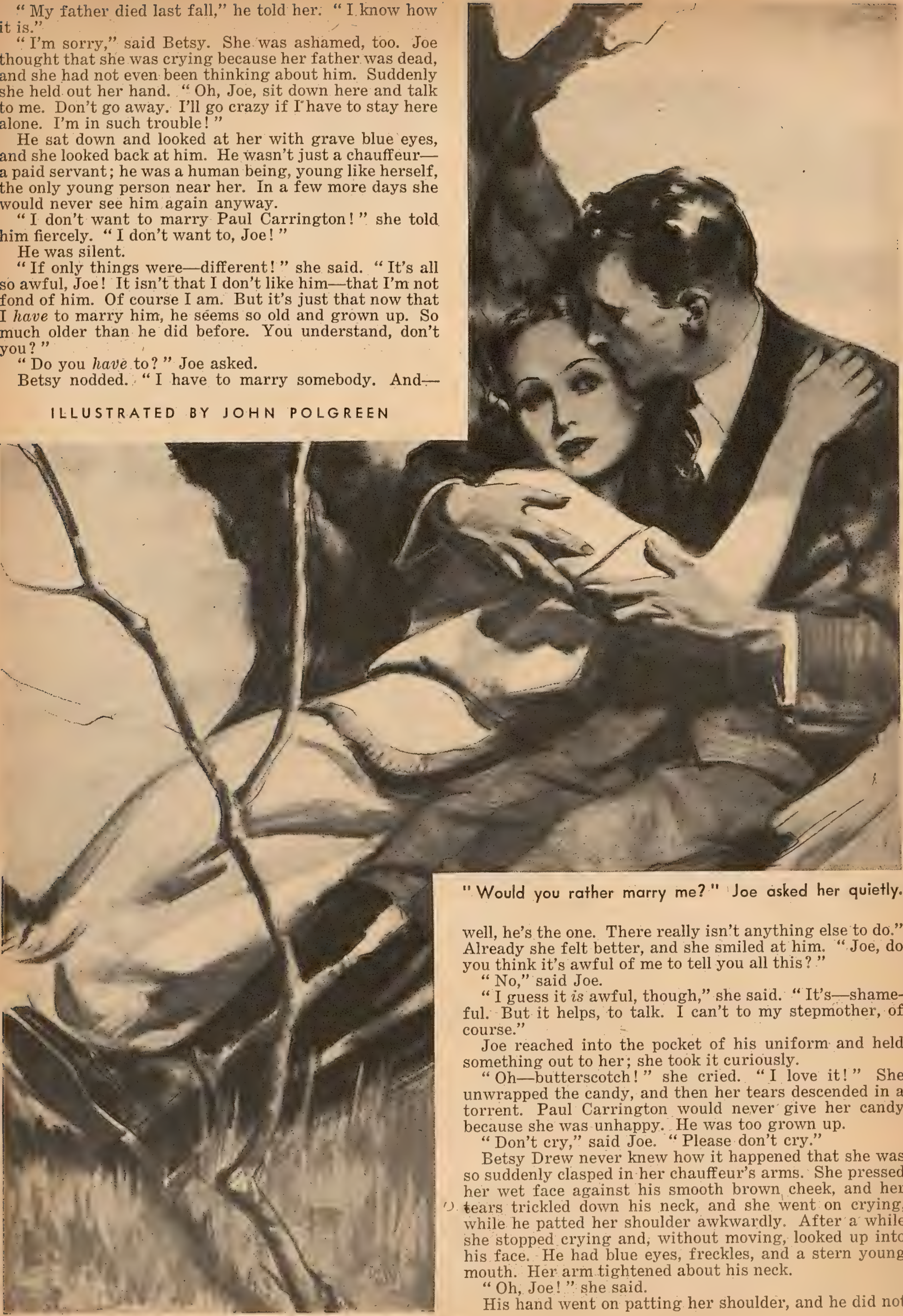
He was silent.

"If only things were—different!" she said. "It's all so awful, Joe! It isn't that I don't like him—that I'm not fond of him. Of course I am. But it's just that now that I *have* to marry him, he seems so old and grown up. So much older than he did before. You understand, don't you?"

"Do you *have* to?" Joe asked.

Betsy nodded. "I have to marry somebody. And—well, he's the one. There really isn't anything else to do." Already she felt better, and she smiled at him. "Joe, do you think it's awful of me to tell you all this?"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN POLGREEN



"Would you rather marry me?" Joe asked her quietly.

"No," said Joe.

"I guess it *is* awful, though," she said. "It's—shameful. But it helps, to talk. I can't to my stepmother, of course."

Joe reached into the pocket of his uniform and held something out to her; she took it curiously.

"Oh—butterscotch!" she cried. "I love it!" She unwrapped the candy, and then her tears descended in a torrent. Paul Carrington would never give her candy because she was unhappy. He was too grown up.

"Don't cry," said Joe. "Please don't cry."

Betsy Drew never knew how it happened that she was so suddenly clasped in her chauffeur's arms. She pressed her wet face against his smooth brown cheek, and her tears trickled down his neck, and she went on crying, while he patted her shoulder awkwardly. After a while she stopped crying and, without moving, looked up into his face. He had blue eyes, freckles, and a stern young mouth. Her arm tightened about his neck.

"Oh, Joe!" she said.

His hand went on patting her shoulder, and he did not kiss her. "Would you rather marry me?" he asked quietly.

She sat up and looked at him incredulously. "Marry *you!*" she cried, and then caught his hand fiercely and pressed it against her cheek. "Joe! Oh, Joe, I didn't mean it like that! Honestly, I didn't! I was just so surprised. You—you're a darling, Joe." She looked at him with wide eyes, marveling that she had never before realized that he was a darling; never thought of him at all except as Joe the chauffeur. "But—why would you want to marry me, Joe?" she asked.

"Anybody would," answered Joe simply.

She smiled at that, smiled, and for an instant felt almost happy. "But—" His eyes were on hers, young and blue and steadfast.

"If you'd rather marry me than him," Joe said, "I'd like you to."

Betsy felt a strange lightness about her heart, and she smiled slowly, wonderingly.

"I'm—all right for you to marry," said Joe. "My father was a doctor. My people are good people. And I'm going to be a rich man some day."

Betsy laughed, and her own laughter sounded strange in her ears. It was so long since she had laughed.

"Are you, Joe?" she asked indulgently. She wanted to ask him what he meant to be when he grew up. She wanted to laugh at him and tease him and hear him laugh back.

But he was not smiling. "I could take care of you," he told her soberly.

She nodded. Somehow Joe looked as though he could take care of her.

"If you'd rather—marry me—" he said again, and looked at her pleadingly.

The lightness about her heart was incredible; the lump, the weight were gone. "Why—I *would,* Joe!" she answered.

His fingers tightened about her hand. "Then, let's," he said, "before you change your mind."

Betsy caught her breath. "You mean—now?"

He said, "Yes," and she stared at him. He stood up and held out his hands. "Come on," said Joe, and pulled her to her feet.

The rest of the afternoon was like a dream. All the reality of her life—her stepmother, Paul Carrington—was wiped away. She felt as though she stood outside her own body, watching this sober red-haired young man, this pale girl as one watches the hero and heroine of a motion picture move across the screen. All the terror, the unhappiness, the dreadful uncertainty of the past month were gone, and there remained only a boy and a girl and a summer day.

SHE sat on the front seat of the car beside Joe in his chauffeur's uniform while they drove into the little white village. She went with him into a little white courthouse with small-paned windows and old dark paintings on the walls, and wrote her name where Joe told her to write it, answered the questions asked her. She followed him back to the car and, still in a daze, got out and walked beside him up a brick path, between beds of Canterbury bells and pink larkspur.

She listened, silent and breathless, while an elderly man in a clerical collar patted Joe's shoulder and said, "Well, Joey, it's good to see you! You're looking fine." She heard Joe's steady voice saying, "Dr. Snow, this is Betsy Drew. We want you to marry us." She stood beside Joe, caught deeper than ever into the dream, while the minister's voice asked her, "Do you, Elizabeth, take this man, Joseph . . ." and she said, "I do," in a voice as clear as the bright day outside, while her heart clamored in gratitude that it was Joe, and not Paul Carrington, who responded to the questions beside her. Then the minister had her hand in his; he was smiling at her. "I don't know a better boy than Joey, Mrs. Turner, or one who will go further," he was saying.

Betsy caught her breath with the incredible realization that until that moment she had not known Joe's name. She was Betsy Turner! Then they were outside again, in the slanting sunlight.

"I'm going to take you home," said Joe. "You'll want to tell your stepmother and get your things together."

Betsy looked at him silently. Her stepmother! The thought of Marian was like the first faintly heard sound of an alarm clock biting into the dream.

"I'm going back to tell mother," he said. "She—I'll have to explain to her why we did this so suddenly. She'll understand." The angle of his chin was proud. "She'll be ready for you to come home tomorrow," he said confidently.

Joe's mother! Betsy stared at the man she had married.

"It's going to be all right," he told her. "It may be—strange at first, but you mustn't be afraid."

Grave blue eyes, steady blue eyes . . . but it was not their gravity or steadiness that comforted her so. Young blue eyes in a young face, young brown hands on the wheel of the car . . .

"Oh, Joe!" said Betsy. Would Marian ever understand? Would any one understand?

"It's going to be all right," he repeated.

He had to tell his mother. Joe's mother. Another Mrs. Turner. He was going to take her home tomorrow to another Mrs. Turner! Panic rose in her throat and gleamed in her eyes. Oh, perhaps it would have been better to have married Paul Carrington!

Joe stopped the car abruptly. "Betsy!" he said. It was the first time that he had ever called her by her name, Joe the chauffeur, Joe Turner, her husband.

"Why—you're nothing but a little girl!" she said.

"What?" she asked faintly.

"We're doing everything backward," he said, "but it can't be helped, any more than—" He stopped short. "You meant it, didn't you, when you said you'd rather marry me than him?"

"Yes," answered Betsy. "I meant it." When he looked at her like that, serious and intent and young, she was certain.

"I'll never say this again," said Joe—"that I'm sorry it's like this. We don't want any being sorry. Remember this, Betsy—that I've wanted to marry you for a long time. I've thought about it." She stared at him. "I fell in love with you," he explained. "I'd rather have had it happen differently, of course. But I'd rather marry you *any* way than not at all. Will you always remember that?"

She nodded, her eyes clinging to his; her face was upturned to him, her lips parted, but still Joe did not kiss her. He started the car, and because he was silent, she did not speak, and they neither of them said a word until they reached her house, with Betsy, like a pretty governess or lady's maid, riding in the front of the car beside the uniformed chauffeur who was her husband.

"I'll come back for you tomorrow morning," said Joe. "Good-by."

"Good-by," said Betsy faintly, and went into her house.

Marian was walking up and down the stripped living room, her black dress fluttering against her legs, her white hands fluttering against her dress. "Oh—Betts!" she cried, as Betsy came in. "Sit down, darling, and listen to me!"

Betsy sat down.

"Mrs. Clinton-Ewing is sailing for France on Saturday," she said, "and she wants me to sail with her!"

She paused, and into that pause Betsy heard her own voice leap, small and faint. "That's all right," it said. "I was married this afternoon."

Her stepmother's face, bright with relief, seemed to swim like a toy balloon in the air before her. "Darling! Oh, Betts, I'm so glad!" She kissed her, hugged her tight. "I *am* so relieved, Betts dear. Where's Paul?"

"I don't know," said Betsy. "I married Joe."

Marian Drew stared at her stepdaughter. "Joe? *Joe*, Betsy? Who is Joe? I don't understand."

"He drives our car," Betsy answered.

There were only herself and Marian, but Betsy felt as though the room were filled with people all talking at once, clamoring and shrilling, interrupting one another. This was another dream, but a dream not simple and sweet like the afternoon's. Deepening shadows, dark night coming, and this was its nightmare, already here before it. Finally they were both crying, and then they were clinging to each other, while Marian demanded, over and over, "But, darling, why didn't you *tell* me? Little Betsy, how could I know you felt like that? You needn't have married Paul, baby. Why didn't you *tell* me?"

Betsy dried her eyes first. "It's going to be all right," Joe had told her. "I'll come back for you in the morning," he had said. And the minister had smiled and said, "I don't know a better boy than Joey, Mrs. Turner."

Marian's voice was going on now, a little calmer, trying to be soothing. Annulment, it was saying now.

Annulment, thought Betsy, listening. And then what? "Please, Marian," she interrupted, "you don't understand. I *want* to be married to Joe!"

No, Marian could not, or would not, understand that, and it began all over again, that nightmare of talking. Hours of it; but in the end, because she was the stronger, Betsy emerged triumphant—if her trembling uncertainty could be called triumph. She knew that she was not in love with Joe. It was not love but youth for which she was fighting. Everything about the future frightened her—new places, new people, being married; but Joe would give her a piece of butterscotch candy and pat her shoulder. Everything was terrifying, but Joe was young. She did not expect Marian to understand that; she was too grown up. And in the morning Betsy Drew Turner was packed and ready, waiting for her husband to come and get her.

JOE'S mother stood in the white doorway, wearing her smile of welcome as though it were a frill she had taken from her bureau drawer and pinned into place.

"This is Betsy, mother," Joe said needlessly.

Betsy lifted her frightened eyes from the smile to the eyes of her mother-in-law.

"Why—you're nothing but a little girl!" exclaimed Joe's mother almost angrily.

Betsy tried to think of an answer to that, failed, and did the most sensible thing under the circumstances—she burst into tears. Joe dropped his bags and rushed up to her, and for the second time in two days Betsy wept against his shoulder and found comfort. Anne Turner, for thirty years a doctor's wife, took immediate charge.

In less than half an hour Betsy was lying in a soft bed with a pink-and-white patchwork quilt drawn over her, and the summer wind blowing the pink-and-white window curtains into the room. She had drunk a cup of broth and a glass of milk and had her face washed.

"Now, then," said her mother-in-law briskly, "you go to sleep. You don't have to get up until next week, if you don't want to. You're tired out, and no wonder!" Her eyes were like Joe's, blue and very bright, and they were puzzled as they rested upon the bride her son had brought home.

Betsy knew that she could not sleep; she lay quite still, her gray eyes moving about the room. She wanted to cry some more, but she was too tired. She was too tired even to wonder about anything. She looked at the furniture, at the framed sampler hung above the bureau, at the three hooked rugs on the spotless floor. Then she looked at the pink-and-white patchwork, because it was nearer and took less effort, and then she was abruptly asleep, and she slept without stirring for twenty-one hours.

"Betsy, I'm going to say this now, and then I won't say anything more," Joe's mother told her when she was downstairs again, eating her breakfast from a tray in the living room. "Naturally, I can't say I'm pleased with this marriage. Joe's my only child and—well, what's done is done. I don't know how you feel about him, but he loves you. He's talked about you ever since he went to work for your family. I—well, I guess what I'm trying to say is that I hope you'll appreciate him!"

Betsy looked up at her mother-in-law earnestly. "Oh, I will, Mrs. Turner!" she said. "I do! I know how crazy it must seem to you—how dreadful! But—"

"We'll say no more about it, then," Joe's mother interrupted her shortly. "Talk never did any good yet." She walked briskly into the kitchen and brought back another glass of milk. "Joe's gone," she remarked.

GONE!" Betsy echoed.

Mrs. Turner nodded. "Mr. Kittredge, down at the Neck, has been trying to get an extra hand to go on a month's cruise on his schooner. He'll pay Joe well, and it seemed a good thing to do. Joe wanted to wake you up and tell you good-by, and I wouldn't let him."

"Oh," said Betsy.

Joe was gone, and she was here, alone, for a month with a strange woman whose eyes were hostile in spite of her kindness; who did not even pretend to be pleased at having her for a daughter-in-law. She drank her milk and carried her tray to the kitchen, washed the dishes and wiped them on a clean blue-and-white-checked towel.

"What can I do now, Mrs. Turner?" she asked politely.

The days that followed were stranger than anything Betsy had ever imagined. Everything that had been her life was wiped out as though it had never existed; except for her clothes and the few things she had brought with her to her husband's home, there was nothing to remind her that there had ever been anything else.

Her stepmother telephoned to say good-by; she had kept her promise not to tell Paul Carrington where Betsy was. None of her friends—the girls with whom she had been in school the preceding winter—even knew where she was; the people who had come in to see her father and Marian may have wondered what happened to Tony Drew's daughter, but none of them knew. She was Mrs. Joe Turner, a separate and distinct identity from Betsy Drew; sometimes she felt as though she had died, and returned to living in another incarnation.

The only bond between herself and this woman with whom she spent her days was Joe, and Betsy listened and asked questions, while Anne Turner talked about her son. She looked at albums of his baby pictures, listened to endless stories about his childhood. She had not even known that she was the wife of a college graduate, that Joe had graduated only two months before from Massachusetts Tech.

"The reason he took the driving job with your people was because this engineering position won't be open until September," Mrs. Turner explained. "And Joe's never been a boy to loaf." She looked at Betsy with that strange mixture of dislike and sympathy which was always in her eyes when they rested on her daughter-in-law. "You didn't even know about that—that he's going to Chile in September?"

"I didn't know *anything* about Joe!" Betsy answered.

But Joe's mother at least did her best to increase Betsy's knowledge of her husband. Betsy read his grammar-school compositions; admired the medal he had received for Latin; exclaimed gravely over his baby curl, carefully unwrapped from its tissue-paper casing.

And she learned all the things she had never known:

how to cook and to keep a New England house shining and orderly; how to mix the spray for the rosebushes and soften the earth about the zinnias and delphiniums.

"What's this one, Mrs. Turner?" she asked one afternoon, her finger supporting a blossom of palest cerulean.

"Love-in-a-mist," her mother-in-law answered, and Betsy smiled.

Love-in-a-mist! Life-in-a-mist! The days had no reality at all; only Joe, as his mother added proudly to his autobiography day after day, seemed alive, and Betsy dreamed of him as girls have dreamed of their lovers from time immemorial. Because Joe did love her. He had said so, and his mother said so. And Betsy had never had a man in love with her before, except, of course, Paul Carrington, who did not count.

Until her father married Marian, when Betsy was sixteen, she had spent all her summers at camp, contentedly swimming and playing tennis, riding and going for hikes in the unbroken company of her own sex. And the summer before this one, when she might have met young men, they had taken her with them to Europe. Marian, her arm about Betsy, had said, "No, Tony, she's too old for camp now. She's a young lady! And besides, I want to know her—I want to be a good mother to her." Darling Marian. . . .

But it was Joe's name that Betsy whispered into her pillow at night. "Joe!" she would say, and remember the smoothness of his cheek, the soapy smell of his neck, the firmness of his shoulder, and the feel of his young arms about her. When he came back he would kiss her, she thought, and her cheeks would grow hot.

Mrs. Turner was baking, for Joe's return, and Betsy had an apron over her prettiest dress. Gingerbread and Banbury tarts; Betsy's cheeks were flushed with heat and excitement as she spooned out the filling under her mother-in-law's directions.

"I wonder what sort of food they eat in Chile," Mrs. Turner murmured.

Betsy laughed. "Joe'll have the same kind he's always had!" she answered confidently. "I've learned a lot, Mrs. Turner. Don't you think I've—" Her words froze as she saw the expression in her mother-in-law's eyes.

"But, Betsy," Mrs. Turner said, "you're not going."

BETSY stared at her. "Why—what do you mean?" she demanded.

Joe's mother sat down in one of the kitchen chairs and her face was strange. "But, my dear child," she began, and paused, and Betsy heard the quick intake of her breath. "I've been waiting for you to say something about it yourself. Surely you know that Joe told me?"

"Told you what?" asked Betsy.

Her mother-in-law was looking at her intently. "Betsy, aren't you going to have a baby?" she demanded.

"A baby!" There was no doubting the genuineness of Betsy's astonishment. "A baby!" she repeated. "But—how *could* I?"

Anne Turner's breath came out in a long sigh. "Betsy Turner," she said, and it was the first time she had called her by that name, "did you or did you not tell Joe that you had to be married?"

"Why-y-y—"

Anne Turner's laughter interrupted her. "Of all the idiotic things I've ever heard of in my life!" she cried, and her voice was full and rich and warm. "Here I've been looking at you and thinking about you, and every bit of common sense and knowledge of people I possess told me—"

Betsy interrupted her: "Do you mean that Joe thought—" She could not go on; her cheeks were flaming and her words choked in her throat.

Her mother-in-law was still laughing. "The country doctor's son!" she exclaimed. "You're just a pair of babies yourselves!"

I HATE him!" Betsy cried. "I never want to see him again as long as I live! I hate you, too!" She fled from the room and straight out the front door.

Two hours later she sat up in the tall grass of the field where she had run so blindly, and wiped her eyes. She could never go back; never face Joe Turner or his mother again. Her mother-in-law's laughter still rang in her ears, and her face flamed afresh at the memory of it. And she remembered, with a new wisdom, herself and Joe in another meadow, and Joe's voice, grave and low, asking, "Do you *have* to marry him?" and her own answer, "I have to marry somebody!"

Well, she didn't have to marry any one now! She was not the helpless, frightened girl she had been a month ago! She could get a job as a cook—as a maid, anyway. She'd do anything rather than go back. She would wait here until dark, and then walk into the village. Some one—perhaps Dr. Snow—would take her in for the night. Perhaps if she told him, he could unmarry them.

When she heard Joe's voice, calling her name, she dropped flat on her stomach and lay still. She should have gone farther from the house.

"*Betsy!*"

His voice was right over her, and then she felt his hand on her shoulder.

"Go away," she said, without stirring.

Relentlessly he turned her over, picked her up, but she would not meet his eyes, would not look at him.

"Oh, my darling!" said Joe. "Oh, Betsy—don't cry!"

"I'm not," she said. "I hate you!" But she was crying; and she closed her eyes again, and then something brushed her face, and she looked through her lashes, because Joe was kissing her cheeks, kissing the tears with his soft mouth.

"How could you?" she wailed. "Oh, Joe—" And she stopped talking, because his lips had found hers and her arm had somehow gotten close around his neck.

"I know," Joe murmured. "I don't see how you can ever forgive me, darling. I hate myself."

She sat up indignantly. "Hate yourself! When you're the kindest, goodest, most generous—" She took his face in both her hands and looked at him. So young, so grave, so tender. . . . Suddenly she slid one hand down into her apron pocket, and her fingers closed about a small paper-wrapped square. She smiled. "Butterscotch!" She unwrapped it quickly and held it out to him, and obediently he opened his mouth and bit. "Don't take it all!" she protested. "Pig!" And suddenly they were struggling, rolling over in the grass, laughing together.

THE END

☆ GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT ☆

★ ★ ★ SUNSET AT NOON by Ruth Feiner. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Ruth Feiner always produces a story and characters that you can "get your teeth into." This book—like her others—is vivid, red-blooded, real, and satisfying.

★ ★ ★ CLAUDE by Genevieve Fauconnier. The Macmillan Company.

This exquisite plotless story of the life of a woman's soul won the French award—Prix Femina. It contains breath-takingly beautiful passages describing Claude's responsiveness to her French farm world.

★ ★ ★ HIGHLAND RIVER by Neil M. Gunn. J. B. Lippincott Company.

A strange book that is a philosophical experience to read. It tells of boyhood beside a Scottish river and of how that river became part of the boy's being. Filled with a pagan beauty so soul-searching as to be disturbing, yet so kindly, humorous, triumphant as to be reassuring.

★ ★ ★ THE FIFTH HORSEMAN by Robert W. Chambers. D. Appleton-Century Company.

The late Robert Chambers' last but not least book. The novel of a woman who, at the end of the road of unhappiness and sin, finds her own particular pot of gold.

FREE AIR *from a* TAXI PILOT

Romance and riot; our hero casts a mournful eye on a thankless world

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

HELLO there, Mazie old dear. How's the lunch wagon racket? Swell? Atta kid.

Listen, Toots, what'sa big idea of stepping out with that redheaded dock worker, hey? It seems to me you and him are getting pretty clubby these days. Gosh, I don't mind you cutting up a whirl with him now and then, but when he starts matineeing you, they's more to it than plutonical friendship, if you ask me. After all, what's *he* got that *I* haven't? Listen, I'm not conceited or anything, but I'd make a swell husband to an eye-filler like you, don't think I wouldn't. I may not be a Roberts Taylor for looks, but when it comes to dishing woo, Jack Barrymore has nothing on me. After all, Mazie, why *shouldn't* we go against the matrimony? We're young, healthy, and r'arin' to go, hey?

Listen, kid. I know a swell two-room flat in a six-story walk-up that's a honey. We can grab it for twenty slugs the month. As for the view, it's a pip. The rear overlooks Dugan's brickyard and the front looks down on the Second Avenue L. In case you get lonesome, you can watch the choo-choos roll by. When it comes to furniture, what do we need? Nothing but a bedroom set, a couple of chairs, and a good stove. Come to think of it, I know a cut-rate furniture outfit that squawks on the radio. For sixty bucks we can win a ten-room suite of Grand Rapids that will make the lobby of the Waldorf look like a real-estate office. They call it the Louie the Fourteenth Special and they toss in a wash boiler free to a bride. The yell is, all we have to pay is a buck down and the balance goes on the cuff. Get it? As for dishes, we'll get them in the 5 & 10, or maybe you can pinch a few in this here lunch wagon. After all, Mazie, why should a cute job like you wrinkle and age slinging hash in this trap when you could be reclining on a shays lounge or playing bridge with the janitor's wife? Of course, if the housework gets too tough, you could invite your old lady over for a weekend to do the laundry and bathe the floors. Gosh, that would be duck soup for her considering she hires out by the day.

What's that? You *don't want* to get married yet? And where did I get the *black eye?* Holy mackerel, you *would* ask me that, wouldn't you? Well, it so happened I tried to do a feller a good turn and this is what I won for my trouble. Move over, Toots, and I'll tell you all about it!

The other night I was parked on Forty-fifth Street when three funny-looking birds hailed me—two guys and a dame. The men were half crocked and the frail was in the middle propping them up. As soon as she lamped my cab she poured them in.

"Drive through the park!" she said. "These two birds need an airing."

Seeing that she was loaded with sparklers, I figured I'd make some dough. Well, everything went along kayo until I got opposite Seventy-second Street. Then, all of a sudden, the little guy called "Red" started beefing and cutting up.

"For two shents I'd poke you in the nose!" he yelled at the other guy.

"Aw, pipe down!" squawked the gal. "You caused enough trouble for one night. If it hadn't been for *me* and *Happy*, those gorillas would have murdered you."

"Who, me?" yelled Red. "Shay, if the bouncer hadn't thrown me in the street, I would have cleaned out the joint."

Well, this line of chatter kept up for about fifteen minutes and I knew something was going to happen. Here I was trying to make an honest dime and I pick up a pair of palookas who were threatening to wreck the cab. Instead of them cooling off, they started battling worse than ever. Finally the guy named Happy yelled:

"Stop the cab! We'll settle this little matter right here and *now!*"

A second later they were out in the bushes swinging at one another like they were in Mr. Madison's cauliflower garden. Holy smoke, they made Dempsey and Louis look like they were cripples. The frail yelled so loud I thought we'd all land in the bastille.

"Hey, cut out the comedy!" I roared, trying to break it up. But instead, they made a couple of brutal passes at *me* and t'reatened to lump me up if I butted in. This little tater-tate went on for about ten minutes until the two of them looked like they worked in the business end of a ketchup factory. At last Happy planted a wicked roundhouse on Red's button and down he went as cold as a raspberry ice. Instead of bringing him to like I thought, the other two got back in the cab and told me to beat it for the nearest subway.

"What about the little guy?" I panted.

"Let him sleep!" yelled Happy. "He likes to hear the birdies sing."

Seeing that I couldn't reason with him, I lined it for Broadway and got rid of the pair. As I sat thinking the matter over, I began to feel sorry for the little guy who was laying in the park, so I decided to go after him before the coppers put on the pinch. Leave me have a copy of that angel cake, Mazie, and clip the wings off it, eh?

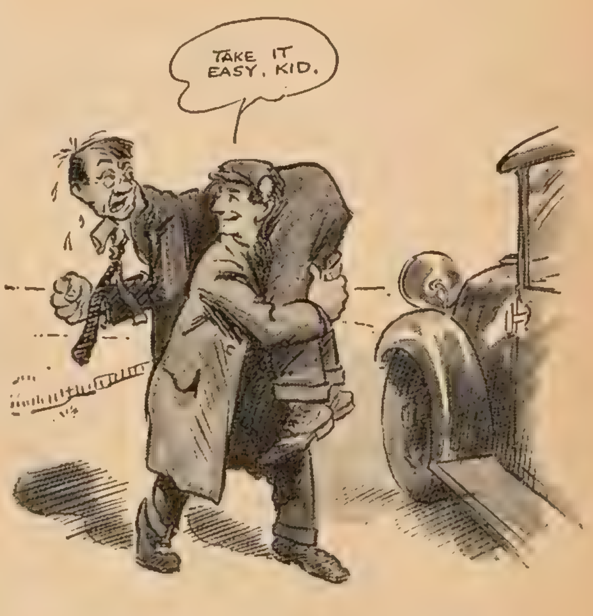
Well, when I found him, he was still out—colder than a pawnbroker's heart. Thinking he was going to kick off, I tossed him over my shoulder and started over to the cab. Just as I opened the door the little stiff came to life and took me for the *other* battler.

To top the fun, he let go a murderous right swing which I very foolishly blocked with my eye, and from then on I knew nothing.

Three hours later—when I came to—they's a big cop and a horse standing over me. Without opening his trap, the cop hands me two tickets, one for *obstructing traffic* and the other for *disorderly conduct.* To make matters worse, I've had to wear a *steak* on my lamp for a week to keep the thing from swelling.

Listen, kid. I'm going over to Zilche's to lay a buck on the line for that Louie the Fourteenth Special, so you'd better change your mind about marrying me. So long, Sweetie. I'll meet you in the license office.

More of the hilarious adventures of our taxi-driving hero will appear in an early issue of Liberty.


TAKE IT EASY, KID.

I tossed him over my shoulder and started over to the cab.

Words and picture

BY BERT GREEN

Danger stalks on deck! A vivid novel of a blonde and a baffling mystery at sea

THE GLASS

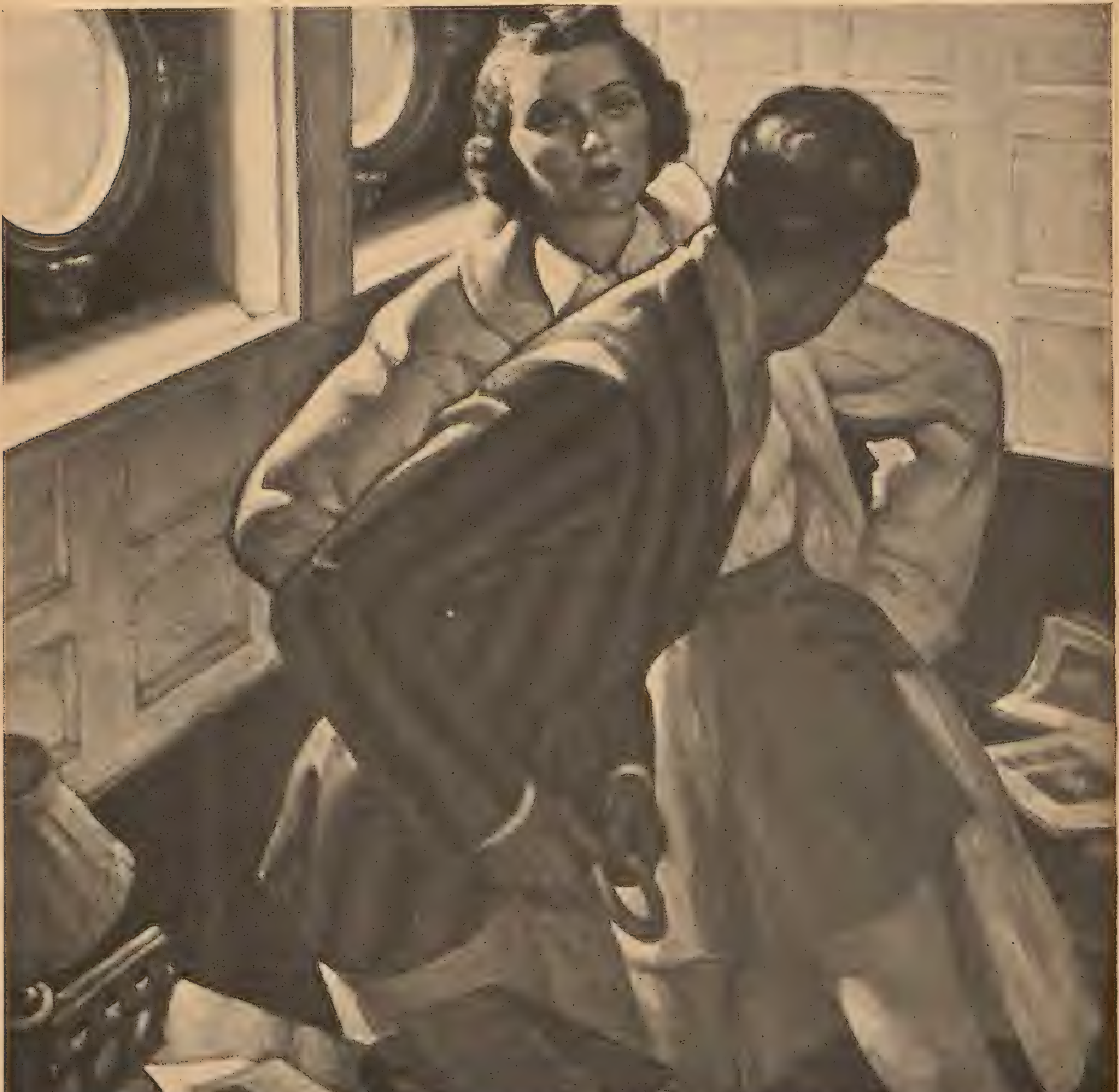
READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

STRANGE things were happening on the American liner, Star of Alaska. When Jeff Corning, son of the owner, boards her at Naples, he expects to investigate the claim of Lady Moray that she was held up in her cabin by a masked man with piercing black eyes and a limp, and robbed of a green glass bracelet which she got in Yokohama. Jeff disbelieves her tale until he receives a cablegram from the line's London office, informing him that the theft is significant. According to the British and the American secret services, others wearing the same kind of ornament may be in danger. On top of this comes the news that a Mrs. Terrill is missing. And it is discovered that, at the time of her disappearance, she was wearing a green glass bracelet!

Among the passengers on the Star of Alaska are Mr. and Mrs. Jay Montrose. Mrs. Montrose, once Connie Hope, jilted Jeff to marry the dissolute millionaire, just after her ne'er-do-well brother, Winston, was dropped in disgrace from the diplomatic service and disappeared. Connie seems different, harder. Jeff sees that she is unhappy. Montrose is drinking heavily and paying marked attentions to Betty Weldon, a moving-picture actress.

On the evening the ship stops at Monaco the dining room is almost deserted, most passengers having gone ashore. Jeff is alone at his table, and near by, the Russian Princess Dalakhine, who usually keeps to her suite, is dining with her attendants.

To Jeff's surprise, Connie, who was to have gone to Monte Carlo, appears in the doorway. As she comes toward him, Jeff notices with alarm that she is wearing one of the mysterious and dangerous green glass bracelets!



Connie's lips were tense. "What are you doing with my bracelet?" she asked coldly.

BRACELET

BY LLEWELLYN HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

PART TWO—THE PROWLER STRIKES AGAIN

WHEN Connie saw him, her eyes widened in surprise, partly losing their strange apprehension. "I thought you were going to London."

"I am," he replied tensely. "But"—he pulled back a chair for her—"mind if I join you for a moment?"

"Of course not."

She spoke with a certain amount of difficulty, almost as though his appearance had frightened her. Corning's own breathing was none too even—first, because of that ill-omened bracelet she was wearing; and second, because her loveliness cast a spell over him. He managed, finally, a ragged inquiry:

"This afternoon you seemed to be looking forward to a trip to Monte Carlo."

A strained smile came and went. "Yes, I was. But—well, I persuaded them to go without me."

Sensing a disagreement of some sort, Corning couldn't very well pursue the topic.

"When you dropped out," she conveyed to him, "that left me in the position of being—well, let's say superfluous. It was thoughtful of you to send me the roses," she said. "Did you remember it was my birthday?"

"No," he admitted truthfully.

"I'm disappointed." She tried to say it lightly. "I thought that at least you—" She laughed, displaying small white teeth. "Jay, of course, is a bit confused by his wives' birthdays. So many to keep track of. Yes, Mr. Corning," she announced, "I'm twenty-two today."

Something she left unspoken revealed a weakness in her armor, and he came to a swift decision. "If you'd still like to see the Casino," he told her, "I'd be very happy to take you."

"Aren't you forgetting your appointment with an airplane?"

"I've changed my plans. I'm staying on board until we reach Plymouth." And he took a silent oath that while she was in danger he'd be a passenger on the Star of Alaska until the end of the cruise.

"Of course," she said, "I'd love to go."

"Then give me five minutes to put on a black tie, and we'll have dinner ashore."

She rose. "I'll meet you in the lounge."

He was loath to leave her unprotected even for a second. "No," he said; "wait for me in your stateroom. I'll call for you there. And," he tried to warn her offhandedly, "I'd keep my door locked, if I were you. There's a sneak thief prowling around here somewhere."

She smiled. "Yes, I've heard the rumors—but you can't frighten me."

As they went out, he again glanced in the direction of the Princess Dalakhine. Her greenish eyes were trained superciliously on Connie's graceful form.

In his stateroom he changed hurriedly into dinner clothes, and, his pulse racing with a strange elation, went down the corridor to Apartment 135.

His rap on the door was answered by the double turning of a lock. Jeff Corning breathed easier. She had obeyed his instructions.

"You were always so prompt, Jeff," she smiled at him.

She had, he noted, discarded the aventurine bracelet for a circlet of sapphires.

"With you in a second," she said, disappearing into a room where, in a mirror, he watched her raise lovely symmetrical arms to arrange her brown hair.

Then, in fear that she might have observed his look of devotion in her mirror, he pretended to straighten the several disarrayed publications on the table . . . and in so doing uncovered a small blue revolver!

A chill ran through him and his fingers seemed numb. Clumsily he replaced the periodical over the gun, and fumbled for a cigarette. A revolver! Yet she could not know her critical need of it!

Once more the cabled message he had received rang a warning bell through him; but the desire to protect her superseded all else, and he heard himself saying:

"That was a somewhat unusual bracelet you wore in the dining room."

"Just glass, you know," she called from her room.

"May I ask where you got it?"

She came in, a white satin wrap trimmed with sable about her shoulders. "Let me see," she reflected. "Some one of the Eastern ports we visited. Shanghai, I believe. Shall we go?"

Jeff Corning looked deep into her lovely eyes. "Connie," his eyes said, "although I can't understand why you did this to me, although your marriage put a stop to my happiness, I want you to know that if ever, at any time, I can be of any help to you—"

The hoped-for telepathy got as far as that before her eyes evaded him and she turned and opened the door.

They took the elevator to E Deck, from which a protected gangway led to a waiting launch. The air was warm, the sepia bay a shimmering mosaic of red, gold, and green shafts of light.

It was, he found, still difficult to make conversation, and periods of silence between them were frequent.

"Tell me about Margaret Dowson?" she asked suddenly.

He felt a rush of blood to his face. "There's nothing to tell that you don't know already."

"No heartache, then?"

"Not," he mused, "for Margaret."

She put on an expression of light curiosity and a smile. "Another girl? Really, Jeff, you've turned out to be quite the philanderer."

He said nothing.

At the telegraph office Corning sent a cable in code, reporting his discoveries and suggesting a check on the passengers, particularly those boarding the ship at Athens and Naples. Then they dined at a small restaurant.

It was late when they entered the Casino. Jeff managed to get a chair for Connie at one of the tables, quietly explaining the several ways of betting on a turn of the wheel, and risking a few hundred francs himself. She had no luck with her birthday number 22. She soon exhausted the money she had brought with her, and Jeff's offer of a loan was declined.

At the center table Montrose seemed to be having a run. While holding his liquor fairly well, he gave the impression of being full to the gullet. Beside him Betty Weldon was pungently attractive in blue; but she too, Corning discerned, had a flushed look, and needed a spice of attention to her hair, her face.

Montrose showed little surprise at seeing Connie.

"What ho!" he said. "How's the luck, Corning?"

"So-so."

"Betty is twenty-five thousand to the good," he grinned.

"But, Jay," she fawned on him, "it's your money." The sight of Connie induced her to lose interest in the wheel for a moment, while she powdered her nose. "I love that dwess of yours, dear," she lisped. "But Jay ought to have bought you orchids instead of woses."

"Jay didn't buy me these," Connie smiled.

Corning couldn't let the opportunity pass by. "So far," he mentioned, "Mrs. Montrose has had no luck at all on her birthday."

The effect on Montrose was marked. He looked deflated, slapped.

Leaving the table, he took Connie aside. "Good Lord!" Corning heard him say foolishly. "I'm sorry. That's a hell of a note. Why didn't you tell me?"

Betty Weldon was also constrained to make some amend. "Many happy weturns of the day, darling," she offered.

Montrose appeared to need something to bolster him up. "Connie," he said, "what can I do?" At that moment Betty Weldon grabbed his arm. "Jay!" she whispered excitedly, "17 came up again! And you took my chips off!"

Montrose pulled his arm away from Betty with definite annoyance, and, taking up a stack of 500-franc chips, offered them to his wife.

"This is about all I can do now," he said. "Happy birthday!"

She took the chips, and Montrose tried to make a place for her at his table.

"Too crowded here, Jay," she declined. "The other table got my money, and I want to see if I can get it back."

But for the remaining hour and a half of her birthday luck was not with her.

After midnight, playing less recklessly, she began to do better. She had changed her last 500-franc chip for stacks of twenties, and was doing very well playing the third block of numbers, when Montrose touched her elbow.

"Connie," he began, "may I see you for a moment?"

"Oh, Jay!" she wept. "It was awful! Hold me!"

Connie rose. "Keep your eye on my chips, Jeff."

He watched Montrose pilot her out of the room and on in the direction of the gardens. Corning was amused. The erring husband was about to beg his wife's pardon! And she would probably forgive him and, remembering his millions, permit him to kiss her, and tomorrow—heigh-ho!—everything would be hunky-dory once more and Betty Weldon in the doghouse for a while.

A judgment that was to prove staggeringly wrong! Yet Jeff Corning trusted it to the extent of going to the window and cashing in her remaining chips. She wouldn't be back.

He would give her the money in the morning.

At one of the tables he saw the two Southern girls. Both were deep in the doldrums. He paused to rally them:

"How's the Agua Caliente system working out?"

"Lousy!"

The approach of Betty Weldon engaged his attention. A quivering annoyance had widened her nostrils.

"Mr. Corning—will you do me a favor?"

"Only too delighted."

"Then please take me back to the ship. I'm weally so tired I can barely keep my eyes open."

He got his hat and drove her to the water front.

SOMETHING, Jeff knew, had greatly upset her, and at last it came out.

"How long have you known Mrs. Montwose?" she began.

"About four years."

"Weren't you engaged to her—or something?"

"Just something," he grinned.

"She's pretty. But she's a little naïve."

"Oh, very," he placated her.

"Jay dwinks too much. When he dwinks he doesn't know what he's doing. Tonight, for instance. I thought it most impwoper of him to leave me like that."

Impwoper! "Well, I suppose," Corning tried to soothe her, "he had to put on a bit of a show with his wife, you know, considering it was her birthday."

"You're very understanding, aren't you?" she said almost tearfully, sitting a little closer to him.

"Very," Corning replied with enthusiasm. And, preserving an impassive countenance, he helped her aboard ship, accompanied her to the door of her stateroom, bowed, and left her to her own reflections.

Before turning in he visited the upper deck. He wanted, if he could, to put Connie completely from his mind; but now any consideration of the mysterious happenings on board ship directly converged upon her.

In danger of imminent death! Corning got a crumb of comfort from the realization that with Montrose attending her she was more or less guarded. Lady Moray and Mrs. Terrill had had no such protection.

Corning settled down to a vigil on deck, scanning each arriving launch for the appearance of Connie. It was not until 3.25 A. M. that she returned, and—with shocked alarm—he saw that she was unaccompanied!

He wanted to call to her to wait until he came down; but she disappeared up the gangway.

With the ship due to leave Monaco waters at ten in the morning, Jeff Corning was up early. But he did not see Connie until lunch.

She was wearing that infernal glass bracelet again, and she waved to him as though she hadn't a care in the world, going to a table alone. He, Corning, was not alone, as the incessant chittering of the two Southern girls—Doris Schummil and Edna Waterman—proclaimed to the universe a bloodthirsty appetite for more news about Mrs. Terrill, whose disappearance had become known, and had been interpreted as suicide.

THE moment he could conveniently do so, he joined Connie, suggested an afternoon game of tennis, and said he would call for her at 135 with almost a thousand francs of her roulette money.

The tennis court he engaged for three o'clock. A little before three he knocked at her door, was told to enter, and found her in tennis shorts and white polo coat. Montrose didn't seem to be around.

Corning laid the money on the table and she casually put it away in a drawer. "Why," she asked quietly, "did you leave me last night?"

"Well, I thought—" He felt extremely embarrassed by the question. "The fact is"—he reddened—"Miss Weldon asked me to see her to the ship."

Connie Montrose looked at him without speaking for a while. Then she said:

"It's all pretty horrible, isn't it, Jeff?"

He had no answer, but her statement had a clear meaning. She was dreadfully unhappy with Montrose.

"I'll get my racket," she said, going into her room; and she called back: "There's a box of new balls in the top right-hand drawer of that bureau behind you. Will you bring them along, please?"

He turned, went to the bureau, and found himself staring at a light-green aventurine bracelet conspicuously hooked over the top of the reading-lamp stand.

For one second he thought of taking her into his confidence and begging her to put the cursed thing in the ship's safe. In the next instant, however, he reached for it and thrust it into his coat pocket.

"Jeff, what are you doing?"

He swung around. She was standing in the doorframe to her room, her lips tense.

"What are you doing with my bracelet?" she asked coldly.

To his bewilderment, he saw that she was quite serious. He felt helpless, cornered. *Preserve utmost secrecy!*

He shot a look at the door, went to the deck porthole, closed it, and crossed the room to her.

"Connie," he ventured with

(Continued on page 24)

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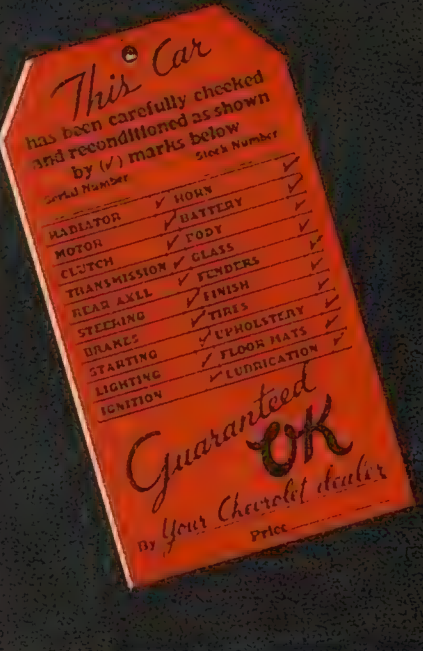

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(Continued from page 22) desperate earnestness, "I must tell you something in great secrecy." And he proceeded to relate what he knew, quoting the cable, telling her about Lady Moray and his discovery that Mrs. Terrill's disappearance was significantly related to her ownership of a similar bracelet.

She heard him out, then broke into laughter that, Corning was inclined to believe, was not quite genuine.

"Of all the crazy things I ever heard," she laughed, "this surely must be the craziest! Jeff," she continued to laugh, "somebody is stringing you. Now put that bracelet back where you found it, and let's hear no more about men with weird eyes and—"

Utterly flustered by her amusement and refusal to take him seriously, Jeff Corning could find nothing more to say for the moment. He replaced the bracelet on the lampstand and followed her to the tennis court, where, displaying a scorching backhand, she took the first set 6-2 and the second at 7-5.

Thereafter, although he tried to keep track of her, he didn't see her again all afternoon, nor during dinner. Around eleven, as the passengers were leaving the picture show, he thought he caught a glimpse of her going up in the elevator. But when he called her cabin on the phone, he could get no reply.

He went out on the unlighted deck, dropped into a sheltered deck chair, and waited in the hope that Connie might pass in her nightly walk.

He had been there two or three minutes when he heard what appeared to be an altercation between a man and a woman on the opposite side of the shuffleboard space. He recognized the woman's lisp, and her free use of the name Jay tabbed her companion. Betty Weldon and Montrose!

Corning would have stolen away, for the revelation of their argument sickened him. He was a little afraid, however, that a movement on his part might expose him, and he was forced to listen on to her peevish accusation of the man for leaving her at the Casino.

"After I . . . and I twied so hard not to give in to you . . ."

". . . can't talk here . . . wanted just a word with you . . . I'll come to your stateroom . . ."

"No, I won't—I won't . . . never permit you again—"

". . . crazy about you," Montrose was saying. "Now don't act so absurdly, Betty . . . any privilege you give me . . . won't regret it. If you are frightened, don't unlock your door before one o'clock." . . .

The conversation ceased.

A nauseating business, and, because of Connie, Jeff Corning was seized with a savage desire to smash Montrose into pulp. Why couldn't the pair of them air their passions where they couldn't be overheard?

HE rose, and in that instant was aware that some other person had chosen the same moment to move away. Corning walked up to the man and asked for a match.

The man, tall, hatless, responded at once. He too, it would seem, was curious as to Corning's identity.

"*Avec plaisir, m'sieur*," he said—and struck a match, holding and shading it in such a way that he could see Corning's face.

He was the Princess Dalakhine's Russian secretary.

"The famous Mr. Montrose," the Russian observed, "is once more, I think, headed for divorce court."

Corning preserved silence. There was no further observation to make.

He reached his stateroom and slumped into a chair. He would have given a lot to circumvent Montrose's nocturnal prowl to 141—but what was the use! His heart ached for Connie. No wonder she had changed; was, in the main, capricious and sophisticated and unaccountable. Any person in the train of a man like Montrose was bound to become smirched, tarnished. The small blue revolver he had seen in her room took on a more profound, a sinister meaning. God! the whole thing was hellish!

He remained graven, giving himself over to morbid reflection on the damnable twists of his life; then, on a thought, looked at his watch. Less than two minutes now, he saw, before Montrose would furtively steal along the corridor and—

Swearing savagely, Jeff Corning ripped off his coat and vest, determined, if he could, to blot everything from his consciousness in the oblivion of sleep.

He was in his shirt and trousers when, apparently quite near, a woman's screams gave him a pricking sensation at the base of the skull.

Yanking open his stateroom door, he looked up and down the corridor. Other doors were being timidly opened, and two or three pajama-clad men were hurrying up forward. Jeff Corning ran after them.

The screams came from Betty Weldon. When Corning reached the door of her stateroom, she was standing outside it, leaning against the corridor paneling, stammering incoherent replies to people's questioning.

For a while all was confusion. First Officer Kane came along with Detective Rainey. Jay Montrose appeared on the scene. Corning flung a glance at him. The man's face had come loose with consternation and anxiety. His little mustache seemed ready to fall off.

"He—he came in! I thought—I was expecting—" This was her mouthing to a question put to her by Rainey. Then she saw Montrose. "Oh, Jay!" she wept. "It was awful! Hold me," she appealed to him, "hold me!"

THE purport of that, leaving all stress of panic and hysteria aside, must have been understood even by the most obtuse ears, and Montrose placed a very reluctant arm about her.

"I had kept only one light on," she was saying. "He—he came in—"

"Who came in?" Rainey interrupted her.

She turned on the little man like a pantheress.

"You fool! Don't you understand I've been robbed?" It wasn't "wobbed" any more; her lisp, Corning noted, had been forsaken. "He had a gun," she said.

There was an audible gasp from the passengers around her.

"Miss Weldon," First Officer Kane said, "we are trying to find out—"

She stamped. "Well, why don't you do something?" she screamed at him. "While you're all gaping at me he'll get away. It happened only a second ago."

Corning now put in his word: "Miss Weldon, will you kindly explain as calmly as you can just what happened?"

She was trembling. Something had given her a severe scare. That much was certain.

"I was lying down. I heard a noise—looked up—and saw a strange man in the room—a gun in his hand."

"Then your door was unlocked?" Corning said.

"I think so—I generally keep it locked."

Montrose, his lips pale, said: "Calm, dear—think clearly. Was your door unlocked?"

She looked at him. "No—no, I don't think it was. No, I'm sure it wasn't unlocked."

"Then how," Rainey demanded of her, "was the man able to enter your stateroom?"

This muddled her. "I don't know—he got in some way. A small dapper little man—darkish skin and black hair. In a tuxedo. He walked with a limp. He had a muffler over the lower part of his face—and his eyes were horrible—horrible!" she repeated, covering her own with her hands.

Rainey spoke crisply: "What were you robbed of?"

"I haven't had time to discover. Not any of my jewels. He didn't touch them. He threatened to kill me if I made a sound. He simply ransacked my room—threw all my things on the floor. I don't know what he was searching for. Oh, Jay!" she sobbed, "why didn't you come?"

"Steady, dear." He swallowed. "You're a little hysterical—"

"If—if you'd been here—it wouldn't—wouldn't have happened!" she persisted.

The implication was plain. Was this pure hysteria, Corning conjectured, or was it a grab for some of the Montrose millions? He wasn't sure, but wanted to laugh at the man's dilemma before a dozen witnesses. She certainly had him dangling from the wall of a divorce court as securely as a moth with a pin through its gizzard.

But Montrose wasn't looking at her now, and his arm slid away from her supple waist. He was looking beyond Detective Rainey and First Officer Kane as though staring at a menace.

Corning turned his head and saw Connie. Her face was quite calm, and there was about her a suggestion of latent power, resolve.

For some reason the look in her eyes associated itself with the revolver he had seen in her room, and suddenly Jeff Corning went icy cold.

Is there a guilty secret behind the strange look in Connie's eyes? What does she know about the sinister events that have been happening on the Star of Alaska? Don't miss next week's chapter in which this thrilling serial of love and hate and mystery leaps to a startling climax.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—It may mean little to you that the subject of this week's early photo discovered the origin of floebergs and paleocrystic ice, for he's chiefly famed for finding a terminus of the earth's axis, disputing the claim of a man who was jailed. Who was this United States rear admiral?

2—American Indians used to shave with what?

3—In the Bible, what woman "opened a bottle of milk"?

4—What are the four stages of the life of a moth?

5—How does the monotype chiefly differ from the linotype?

6—Did Wallace, May, or Will Irwin write Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy?

7—Cleveland, Ohio, was named for whom?

8—How much was a picayune worth?

9—What is the only true American sporting dog?

10—Which country holds the world's contract-bridge championship?

11—When did the war in Spain start?

12—East St. Louis and East Chicago are in which states?

13—Who married the Dauphin of France, Lord Darnley, and Bothwell?

14—What ship, in transatlantic service, was once the Imperator?

15—About how much brighter is sunlight than moonlight?

16—Translated from the Indian, "Missouri" means what?

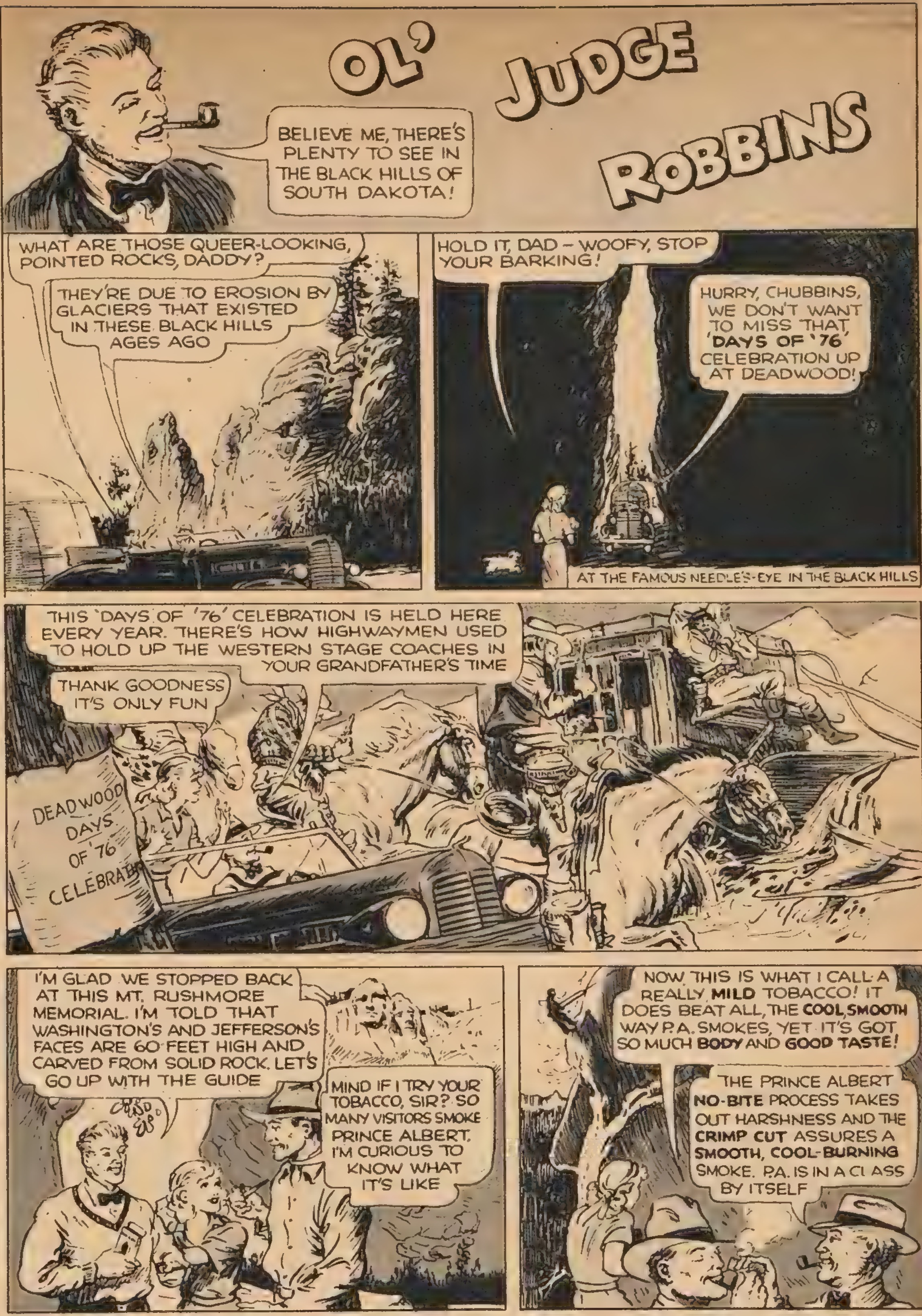
17—John D. Rockefeller willed about how many millions?

18—What important seaport is on the Gulf of Georgia?

19—In a battle between a razorback hog and a rattlesnake, which should win?

20—Who composed The Marriage of Figaro?

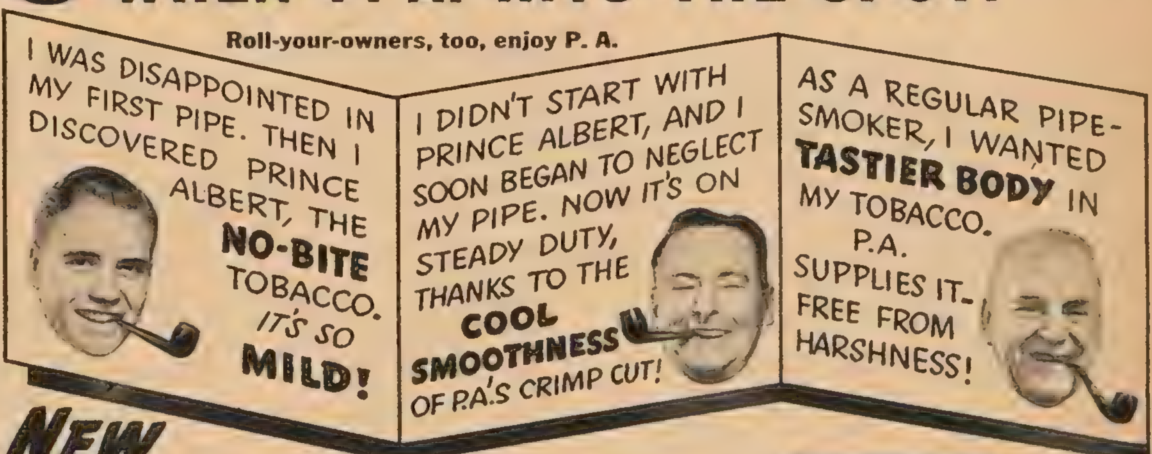
(Answers will be found on page 30)


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
BELIEVE ME, THERE'S PLENTY TO SEE IN THE BLACK HILLS OF SOUTH DAKOTA!
WHAT ARE THOSE QUEER-LOOKING, POINTED ROCKS, DADDY?
THEY'RE DUE TO EROSION BY GLACIERS THAT EXISTED IN THESE BLACK HILLS AGES AGO
HOLD IT, DAD – WOOFY, STOP YOUR BARKING!
HURRY, CHUBBINS, WE DON'T WANT TO MISS THAT 'DAYS OF '76' CELEBRATION UP AT DEADWOOD!
AT THE FAMOUS NEEDLE'S-EYE IN THE BLACK HILLS
THIS 'DAYS OF '76' CELEBRATION IS HELD HERE EVERY YEAR. THERE'S HOW HIGHWAYMEN USED TO HOLD UP THE WESTERN STAGE COACHES IN YOUR GRANDFATHER'S TIME
THANK GOODNESS IT'S ONLY FUN
DEADWOOD DAYS OF '76 CELEBRA
I'M GLAD WE STOPPED BACK AT THIS MT. RUSHMORE MEMORIAL. I'M TOLD THAT WASHINGTON'S AND JEFFERSON'S FACES ARE 60 FEET HIGH AND CARVED FROM SOLID ROCK. LET'S GO UP WITH THE GUIDE
MIND IF I TRY YOUR TOBACCO, SIR? SO MANY VISITORS SMOKE PRINCE ALBERT. I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE
NOW THIS IS WHAT I CALL A REALLY MILD TOBACCO! IT DOES BEAT ALL, THE COOL, SMOOTH WAY P.A. SMOKES, YET IT'S GOT SO MUCH BODY AND GOOD TASTE!
THE PRINCE ALBERT NO-BITE PROCESS TAKES OUT HARSHNESS AND THE CRIMP CUT ASSURES A SMOOTH, COOL-BURNING SMOKE. P.A. IS IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

3 STAGES IN PIPE-SMOKERS' LIVES WHEN P. A. HITS THE SPOT!

Roll-your-owners, too, enjoy P. A.


I WAS DISAPPOINTED IN MY FIRST PIPE. THEN I DISCOVERED PRINCE ALBERT, THE NO-BITE TOBACCO. IT'S SO MILD!
I DIDN'T START WITH PRINCE ALBERT, AND I SOON BEGAN TO NEGLECT MY PIPE. NOW IT'S ON STEADY DUTY, THANKS TO THE COOL SMOOTHNESS OF P.A.'S CRIMP CUT!
AS A REGULAR PIPE-SMOKER, I WANTED TASTIER BODY IN MY TOBACCO. P.A. SUPPLIES IT—FREE FROM HARSHNESS!

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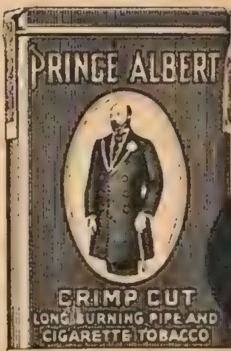
(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.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THE BIG 2-OUNCE RED TIN
SO MILD!

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

WATER HAZARD

Romance in the rough! A gay, engaging tale of love and laughter on the links

BY WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

MILL CREEK cuts across a corner of the Maplecrest Golf Club and a deep pool makes a nasty hazard in front of the fourteenth tee. There are fish in the pool and old golf balls and the buried hopes of many pars. Also, on this morning, there was a redheaded young man.

The redheaded young man held a piece of soap with which he lathered his head and shoulders. A worn pair of khaki trousers hung from a maple branch.

Kit Magoon, coming up, said, "Oh!"

He elevated his pale eyebrows and stared impersonally at her through the soapsuds. About twenty-five, Kit guessed. Not bad-looking.

"If you must play golf before the sun is up, you mustn't be surprised at what you find in water hazards, Cissy."

The early breeze pulled at Kit's hair. She knew that she was extremely good to look at as she sat there tapping the head of her driver against the tee. It provoked her a little to see that he wasn't looking.

"I could scream for help," she suggested unpleasantly.

"Yes," he said agreeably.

"Or I could phone to the local constabulary and have you locked in a nice dry cell."

"It has been done," the redheaded young man admitted.

He splashed water vigorously across his face. Kit Magoon scowled and whistled a small tune between her teeth.

"Good-by," the young man suggested. "It's been nice to see you."

"I haven't gone," Kit said tartly. "Perhaps you'd better explain why you chose one of Maplecrest's water hazards for your morning tub."

He grinned. He had a nice grin.

"Have you ever ridden the rods of a fast freight, Cissy? One bathes after riding the rods of a fast freight. Now trot along, Cissy."

Kit's eyes darkened dangerously. The sun was beginning to crawl lazily above the trees, and as she stood up her shadow reached almost to the edge of the bank where the other stood with the water lapping at his shoulders.

"I like the cell idea," she told him coldly.

"You aren't bad-looking when you're angry, Cissy. I have never cared a great deal for ladies with snub noses, though. As a matter of fact I have never cared a great deal for ladies anyway. Go away, Cissy. I wish to dress."

Kit's lips tightened and she was glad that she had told Alex to meet her here this morning. He was coming now from the direction of the clubhouse. Alex was tall and dark and filled with arrogance. He had once told her that all of the Karenoff men were filled with arrogance.

In Maplecrest the women thought that Alex was a woolly lamb on a Christmas tree. Men considered him a called strike. MacDougall, the club pro, admitted that his swing was flawless and his approaches deadly.

Kit waved. Alex was bareheaded and polo-shirted. He quickened his pace—not for nothing did old Buster Magoon have a million dollars in gilt-edged securities.

"There's a hobo in the creek," Kit said with tight lips. "Do something about it, Alex!"

"You are very lovely this morning." All of the Karenoff men used beautiful English, Alex had once said.

"If," a weary voice interrupted, "you lovebirds will bill and coo somewhere else I'll get dressed. This water is cold."

Alex Karenoff jerked as though a golf ball had hit him. He stalked to the edge of the tee and peered down.

"So it's *you*," he said.

"In person. Hello, Steve."

"My name doesn't happen to be Steve," Alex said in a voice which was flat and metallic.

The young man lifted his eyebrows. "How interesting!"

Alex Karenoff's fingers were tightly clenched, Kit saw.

"It happens that there are vagrancy and trespass laws in Maplecrest, my friend. You'll be in jail as soon as I can get to a telephone—if you're not out of town first."

The redheaded young man looked bored. He turned purposefully toward the khaki trousers. Alex stared for a moment. Then he turned angrily; picked up Kit's bag of clubs. She almost had to trot to keep up with him.

"It would seem that you two have met before."

"Absurd!" Alex said irritably.

"Does meeting strangers always upset you so?"

Alex dropped the bag and turned toward her. His voice was melting and that sad, stern look had come into his eyes.

"Let's not quarrel, lovely. I am mad about you—crazy about you! Why should we wait? Drive with me to Springfield. We'll be married this afternoon!"

His fingers were possessive against her wrist and she took them away gently and shook her head.

"Then you didn't mean what you said last night?"

"I think I *did* mean it, Alex—but I mustn't be hurried."

"Why not?"

"Well, there's dad, for one thing. I hate to say it, darling, but you and a slice are in the same category as far as dad is concerned."

"I'm not marrying your father," he told her sulkily. "I like *him* about as well as he likes me!"

Kit's shoulders stiffened. Then she smiled—touched his cheek with her fingertips.

"Dad's a good egg. If there's one thing that he would be proud to have in the family, that thing would be an amateur champion."

"Drive with me to Springfield this afternoon and I'll take care of the champion part."

Kit shook her head and smiled at him again.

"Ask me again after you sink that final putt," she told him softly.

* * *

Old Buster Magoon scowled over his grapefruit as Kit came in.

"Hi!" he said in a voice which had ended strikes. "I been waitin' for you!"

"I played fourteen holes," Kit told him.

Old Buster smeared currant jelly on a piece of toast and glared fondly at her. When he had been Kit's age he had taken a pick and had dug large quantities of lead ore out of a mountain while he lived on beans and occasional bacon.

"Good girl!" he growled. "I've got no time for people who lay in bed till noon. Play alone?"

"Alex came back with me."

Old Buster's eyebrows crawled together. "I don't like him! He reminds me of a lead dollar!"

"Dad!"

"He improves his lie," old Buster insisted doggedly. "I've seen him do it. I'd like to be sure he ain't just lookin' for a meal ticket for the rest of his life. What's he prince of?"

"Haute-Bergen, darling—it's in the Balkans somewhere." Kit sat on the arm of his chair. A good time to change the subject, she thought. She said, "There was a hobo taking a bath in the water hazard at the fourteenth. He had red hair and nice eyes."

"Ummmm," and again, "Ummmm. Red hair. Ugly-lookin' face—like a horse had stepped on it?"

"You put things so well, darling."

"Little white scar on his chin an' a nice personality?"

"Rule out the nice," Kit said. "The scar was there."

Her father was, she saw, oddly excited.

"Where is he, girl? This is important!"

"In jail, I imagine," Kit told him sweetly. "Alex mentioned vagrancy and—oh, yes—trespass."

"Arrrgh!" he said. "That selling plater!"

Gravel spewed out in a curtain and a yardman jumped for cover as old Buster took the car down the drive.

. . . . .

"It would seem," old Buster remarked to Kit with considerable satisfaction two mornings later, "that our good committee is in a stew."

He yanked the low-slung roadster into the space reserved for Maplecrest's oldest and most cantankerous member and grinned wickedly as he climbed out and headed for the spot where several white-flanneled committeemen argued violently with a redheaded young man.

"Come on, baby. There's going to be a fight."

Fillmore Collier was saying, "I'm sorry, young man. Your entry has not been approved."

Alex was leaning against one of the pillars of the veranda and looking on. There was something smug about him, Kit thought. She resented it a little.

"My impression was," the redheaded young man said, "that this was a tournament to determine the best amateur golfer in the Valley. Perhaps I'm wrong."

"I'm sorry. I have told you three times now . . ."

"Four, and this will be five."

"Oh, no, no," Mr. Collier said in a tone of voice. "I'm sorry, but you can't play. The committee has learned that you were arrested for vagrancy. You have been in *jail!*"

"And a very poor jail, too," the young man agreed. "I have been in much better. The dark gentleman on the veranda wouldn't have had a hand in this?"

Alex Karenoff looked down and smiled faintly.

Fillmore Collier began, "You understand that it's quite impossible. Some of the other entrants have threatened to withdraw."

"Let 'em!" old Buster snarled. "Let 'em *all* withdraw!"

"But, Mr. Magoon . . ."

"Don't 'but, Mr. Magoon' *me*, you old billy goat! This boy plays, or there won't *be* any Valley amateur—not on this course there won't!"

The committee dissolved under old Buster's glare. He snorted triumphantly and turned to Kit.

"His name's Handrahan, baby—Johnny Handrahan. Take care of 'im while I make good Indians out of a couple more of these old grannies!"

Johnny wore a faded pair of golf knickers and no stockings. The golf bag which lay at his feet was exceedingly worn and shiny.

"Well, here we are," he observed cheerfully.

"You seem to be a stormy petrel, Mr. Johnny Handrahan," Kit told him in a calm voice. Somehow she didn't feel calm. "I suppose it goes with your other—habits."

Johnny Handrahan lighted a cigarette. He said, "A prince, is he? Tie a can on to him, Cissy."

He lifted the cigarette with a twitch of his lips and stared at her through the smoke. It was a quarter to nine. The qualifying round started at nine.

"It would be difficult to tell you just how much I dislike you," Kit said.

"Hate away," he told her. "I still advise you to tie a can on to that phony prince."

She *did* hate him now. She stared for a long moment and then turned slowly.

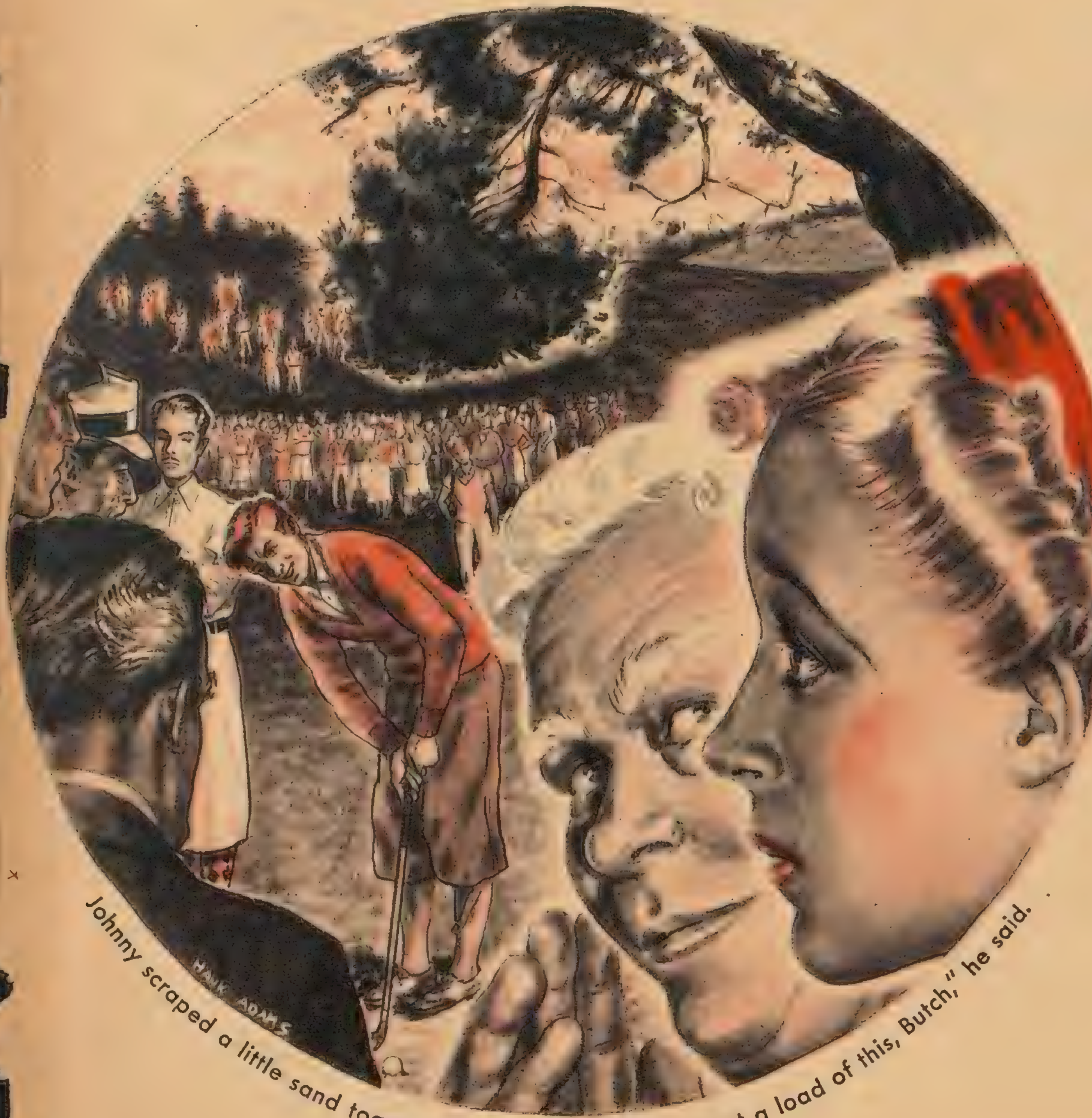
"Alex!"

He came across the grass, his steps lagging a little. He didn't look at Johnny Handrahan.

Kit placed a hand on his arm; stood close to him.

She said, looking at Johnny Handrahan, "You asked

ILLUSTRATED BY HANK ADAMS



Johnny scraped a little sand together; dropped his ball. "Get a load of this, Butch," he said.

me to drive down to Springfield with you, Alex. Do you still want that?"

Alex nodded sullenly but didn't answer. Johnny Handrahan was applying the flame of a match to a cigarette and paying no attention. Kit's anger deepened.

"I've changed my mind, Alex. I'll go with you."

"When?"

"Now—if you want me to."

Alex Karenoff's full lips lifted in an unpleasant smile as he stared at Johnny Handrahan.

"I'll have my car here in five minutes!"

"Oh, no," Johnny Handrahan said. "Never mind the car, Steve. The tournament must go on, eh?"

Alex said angrily, "Come on, Kit! Let's be off!"

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THIS IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND GRATITUDE TO THE AUTHORS WHO, OVER A PERIOD OF YEARS, HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO LIBERTY THE BEST SHORT SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN ANY LANGUAGE.

"No, it just won't do, Steve," said Johnny. "I insist that you play. I *insist!*"

A sudden metallic note had crept into Johnny Handrahan's voice and there were hard points of light at the back of his eyes.

"And if I won't?"

"You will, Steve," Johnny said softly. "You can run along now."

Alex went, and Kit faced the other with a red flag of anger in her cheeks. She looked remarkably like old Buster Magoon at the moment, Johnny thought.

She said icily, "Apparently you don't understand. Prince Karenoff and I are going to be married—*now*—this morning! You have no right to meddle!"

The hard flare of light in Johnny Handrahan's eyes was like a physical blow tingling across her face.

"Meddle?" he said in his flat voice. "Marry whom you please and when you please, Cissy—only count Steve out until this tournament is over. Steve is going to stay right here. Maybe you understand."

He turned away. A committeeman stood on the first tee and scanned a sheaf of papers with pompous importance.

"Handrahan," he announced. "John Handrahan of Clinton!"

Kit was shaking with anger. She tried to get away but the crowd had packed in behind her and she had to watch.

A fat man in checkered knickers said down the back of her neck, "*He* don't look like so much—ain't got any socks even."

Strangely enough, that made Kit even angrier. Johnny Handrahan was stepping up to the tee. He kicked together a mound of sand; dropped a ball carelessly on top of it.

The ball left the tee flatly; it began to lift with the trajectory of the perfect drive. It struck in the middle of the fairway, two hundred and sixty yards out.

"Hah!" the fat man said. "I'll take off *my* socks!"

. . . . .

The sports sheets said in big headlines:

PRINCE KARENOFF AND JOHNNY HANDRAHAN BATTLE IN FINALS FOR AMATEUR TITLE TOMORROW!

Kit Magoon crumpled them moodily and went down the steps and across the lawn and through the hedge. Moonlight was soft and white. She turned into the path through the maples along Mill Creek and sat on a rustic bench below the fifth green. Voices reached her. She saw two men standing below her, at the bank of the creek.

"Friend," one of them was saying, "you're this guy Handrahan that's playin' in the finals, ain't you?"

"The newspapers couldn't be wrong," Johnny told him.

"Funny, ain't you?" the other said sourly. "Karenoff will beat you. See?"

Johnny said indifferently, "Come to the point."

"Karenoff'll take you easy—but there's been money bet here an' there. The boys don't like to take chances, see?"

"So what?"

"It's worth a grand to the boys, just to be sure."

"So Steve's up to his old tricks," Johnny murmured. "Go on—you interest me."

"Well, what about it, guy? All even on th' first round. Karenoff four up an' five to go at th' fourteenth on th' second round. Then he takes th' fourteenth an' wins."

"You could dump me in an alley tonight and save yourselves money," Johnny suggested.

"Naw," the other told him earnestly. "There's angles, see? We don't want no rough stuff—everything refined. It's like this: Karenoff wins tomorrow an' he marries old man Magoon's girl. Then all th' boys take a cut out of the shakedown when Papa Magoon finds out this an' that about his new son-in-law. See?"

"Neat," said Johnny. "Very neat indeed."

"So you gonna play ball with us, friend?"

"And if not?"

The stranger took a flat gun from his pocket, and Kit caught the flash of the moonlight along the steel.

"Brother, there'll be a couple of us followin' you around tomorrow, see? We wouldn't like to have to get tough."

Johnny Handrahan yelled excitedly, "Don't hit him on the *head*, Joe!"

The stranger spun about, and then Johnny had him by the back of the neck and the seat of the trousers. There was a splash in Mill Creek and Kit remembered how the muscles had rippled across Johnny's shoulders.

"Brother," Johnny Handrahan was saying, "I'll give you some good advice. Copper those bets you've made for tomorrow. I've played with Steve before."

He came up the path whistling, and Kit faced him under the shadows.

"A quiet little place—Maplecrest," Johnny murmured. "First a hoodlum and now *you!*"

She stood close to him, a little frightened but feeling safe somehow. There were splashings in Mill Creek; then headlights shot away down the Springfield road.

"Was that true—what he said about Alex, Johnny?"

"Ask Alex, Cissy."

"Then it's true. Johnny, don't play tomorrow—"

He grinned down at her. "It's a nice night for walking. Let's walk."

THE crowd was already pushing about the first tee when Kit arrived. Old Buster made a place for her.

Johnny Handrahan came through the crowd. He grinned and waved at Kit and shook hands with Alex Karenoff. Alex looked a little sick.

Somehow she wiggled through the crowd and was close to him. She said, "Don't do it, Johnny. Please."

"Watch me, Cissy."

He went on toward the tee. An ugly youth, with freckles and big hands, stared solemnly from the edge of the crowd. An insignificant man pared his fingernails with a preoccupied air. Kit went back to old Buster.

"Who *is* Johnny Handrahan, dad?"

He patted her shoulder. Alex Karenoff waggled his club and sent a long drive screaming down the fairway. It lay within easy pitching distance of the green.

"He's a good boy," old Buster said. "I hoped maybe you'd like him—his dad and I once punched cows together."

"You sent for him?"

"I guess maybe I did. It used to be that whenever either Abel Handrahan or I got into trouble we'd send out a call for the other—so I sent for Johnny."

"What trouble?"

"Well," old Buster said sourly, "maybe he's a prince of Haute-Bergen to some, but he's a pain in the neck to me."

Johnny Handrahan had stepped up to the tee. It seemed as though that fine carelessness had gone from him and he looked worried.

Crack!

The crowd groaned a little, for Johnny had become a favorite. He had hooked his drive and the ball had disappeared into the rough a scant hundred and fifty yards down the fairway.

. . . . .

All even at the end of the first eighteen! The word passed in an excited ripple through the crowd.

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Kit smiled miserably as Johnny waved at her and walked to the first tee to begin the afternoon's round. A phrase went around and around in her head:

“All even on the first round, see?”

That was what that squat youth had said down there on the bank of Mill Creek. Alex was smiling maliciously; she wondered how she had ever thought his smile attractive. His perfect drive was within yards of the green.

“Four up, folks,” the fat man in the checkered pants announced as they went up to the fourteenth. “Looks like it's all over, folks.”

Prince Alex Karenoff four up and five to go. His face was a strained and yellow mask. Johnny Handrahan was smiling unconcernedly and Kit thought *that* strange.

Karenoff's honor and his drive went straight and true down the middle of the four-hundred-and-ninety-yard fairway. Johnny Handrahan stepped up. A swarthy youth in a tight double-breasted coat stood at the edge of the crowd watching Johnny with a hard intentness. Johnny looked at him—waggled his driver casually.

“Get a load of this, Butch,” he said.

Crack!

The ball screamed off into the blue of the afternoon; dropped squarely in line with the pin and three hundred yards away. It rolled on. The crowd was noisy and Alex Karenoff's face was tighter and more yellow than ever.

He took a six-foot putt for a par five. Johnny Handrahan dropped his ball for an eagle three. It was the first time that any one had seen an eagle on the fourteenth.

Three up and four to go!

The fifteenth then. Par four and a wicked hole! Two hundred yards from the tee and in line with the hole a patch of trees waited for the unwary. A perfectly placed drive to the right-hand edge of those trees gave an easy par to the hole beyond—but it took a perfect drive.

Johnny didn't get it. He cut it too close and his ball nicked a limb and dropped dead a scant hundred and fifty yards away. Karenoff's drive rolled safely beyond the edge of the trees. The sallow youth smiled tightly.

“A stroke gone,” the fat man said sadly.

Johnny Handrahan walked out to regard his ball with an appraising eye. He took a Number Five iron from his bag and the crowd ceased to breathe.

Crack!

KIT saw it—it was boring up like a bullet. Johnny Handrahan hadn't cared about playing it safe; she had known, somehow, that he wouldn't. The ball cleared the tops of the trees and a caddie was yelling against all rules:

“He's on th' green! Hey, he's on th' *green!*”

The tight look deepened about Alex Karenoff's mouth. He waited for a long minute. Then he swung. His approach bounced into a sand trap beyond the green.

The insignificant man, still pruning his nails, moved on with the swarthy youth in the double-breasted coat. A dozen yards away a youth with freckles followed thoughtfully behind another double-breasted coat.

. . . . .

“All even,” the fat man said nervously. “All even an' one to go. What a match! What a match, folks!”

Karenoff's ball lay on the eighteenth green, thirty feet from the hole. Across the green and twenty-eight feet from the hole was another shiny new ball. All even on the eighteenth and both lying two. Karenoff's honor.

He bent over. Perspiration beaded his forehead. The putter moved. The ball dribbled forward, stopped. Three feet short! Panic was in Karenoff's eyes. Johnny, grinning, tapped his own ball carelessly. It, too, stopped short of the hole.

Kit had difficulty in breathing. At the edge of the crowd she saw the swarthy youth whom Johnny had called Butch. He looked as though he were strangling.

Karenoff's fingers were trembling as he stepped up. He, too, looked at Butch. Then he stabbed wildly at the ball and it missed the cup by inches.

Johnny Handrahan's grin was wider. He waved his putter at the swarthy young man. The lad with freckles chewed gum and looked at the back of Butch's neck.

“He sold you out, Butch,” Johnny said. “Watch this.”

He tapped the winning putt into the hole.

THE crowd exploded into a bedlam of excitement, and nobody noticed Butch coming across the green. The other man in the double-breasted coat came too. Behind them all came the insignificant man.

“Smart guy, ain't you?” Butch's teeth showed. “There's ways of takin' care of smart guys.”

The insignificant man tapped Butch on the shoulder and the freckled youth linked his arm into that of Butch's companion. “Just let your arms hang natural,” the freckled youth said earnestly. “We been lookin' for you an' Butch for quite some time.”

The insignificant man was departing with two customers. The first wore a double-breasted coat buttoned tightly; the second was Prince Alex Karenoff, who talked in an arrogant voice.

. . . . .

They sat on the bench by the fourteenth tee. The moon was up, and Kit was, she knew, extremely easy to look at in the moonlight. Johnny was looking this time.

“Was he a prince, Johnny?”

Johnny grinned. “He might have been, Cissy. When I first saw him, five years ago, his name was Steve Ostrowski and he was a timekeeper in a mine I was running down in Mexico. We built a golf course out in the cactus and I taught him to play. He got to be a wonder. One morning he left with a thousand dollars which belonged to the company and a dusky lady who belonged to the freight agent.”

“Tell me about his impulsive friends in the double-breasted coats. I love stories.”

“They fixed tournaments,” Johnny Handrahan told her solemnly. “Very reprehensible. They induced suckers to bet on this and that. Then Steve met you and decided to cross them up and cash in on you. Certain gentlemen with stars on their suspenders have been looking for Steve and his pals for some time. Does that answer your question, Cissy?”

Kit came of a piratical stock which took what it wanted.

“You wouldn't have changed your mind about snub noses, Johnny?”

“Maybe.”

“We'll name our first daughter Pamela.”

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 25

1—Robert Edwin Peary (1856-1920).

2—Sharp flints.

3—Jael, Judges 4:19—“And she [Jael] opened a bottle of milk, and gave him drink, and covered him.” The bottles of those days were leather bags made from skins.

4—Egg, caterpillar, cocoon, and adult.

5—The monotype casts separate type for each letter; the linotype casts a line of composition.

6—Wallace.

7—Moses Cleaveland, Connecticut lawyer and soldier of the Revolution (1754-1806).

8—Six and one quarter cents.

9—The Chesapeake Bay, an excellent retriever.

10—Austria.

11—July 18, 1936.

12—Illinois and Indiana.

13—Mary, Queen of Scots (1542-87).

14—The Berengaria.

15—About 618,000 times.

16—“He of the big canoe,” according to the Smithsonian Institution.

17—Twenty-five—about half of which will go for taxes.

18—Vancouver, British Columbia.

19—The hog, which seemingly is invulnerable to the attacks of a rattler. Even a domestic hog is said to be generally safe in a poisonous snake's company, due probably to the toughness of pig hide and the layers of fat beneath.

20— Mozart

GASOLINE

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PART THREE—CONCLUSION

The smashing climax in a vivid novel of a town rocked by tragedy and a girl stirred by romance

YES," Miss Mallory reassured the prisoner; "I'll tell them. . . . When I started off to Redfield yesterday afternoon, I overtook this boy, on foot, just outside of town. I'd talked to him downtown earlier in the day. He'd been looking for work, couldn't find any— So I stopped the car and gave him a lift. I—I was sorry for him," she said, apparently ashamed of her weakness. "And I don't see"—her voice was slow, reflective, almost weary—"I don't see how he could have murdered Roy Mitchell."

"What?" Les Foltz exploded. The others were dumb.

"I'd turned the radio on in my car," she said, "to listen to King Edward's broadcast. This boy listened to it too. I dropped him where the road turns off to Redfield—he was going to Centerburg. The broadcast wasn't quite over when we came to the fork of the road, so I stopped the car and we heard it out. Then I dropped this boy—at four ten. Oakus Meade saw Mitchell's car at four thirty, six miles farther on. . . . I don't see how anybody could walk six miles in twenty minutes."

. . . . .

An instant of stunned silence. Then the prisoner staggered back to his cot and slumped down on it, sobbing hysterically. Jud Miller came out of his daze.

"Come back here, all of you!" he rasped. "Not another word in this fellow's hearing!" He herded them before him. In the office, he glared into the steel-gray eyes. "Miss Ada, you're—" His voice died out. He had talked down a mob, or what he thought was a mob, but he didn't dare tell Miss Ada that she was crazy. "You don't know what you're saying!"

"Jud Miller, there never was a time in my life when I didn't know what I was saying. I don't say he didn't kill Roy—I only say I don't see how he could. Roy left town ahead of me—ten or fifteen minutes. I saw him. I'd stopped to call on old Mrs. Ashwell, at the edge of town. She saw him too; we were talking about him." (Wondering if he was going out to see Irma Fenley; but no need to mention that to Irma's brother.)

"Anything could have happened!" he insisted. "Anything—" He broke off, his eyes contemplating something unseen, horrible.

"Roy was found at a quarter to five," persisted Miss Ada. "Six miles on foot, even in thirty-five minutes—It doesn't make sense."

"But—" Jud broke off. "Then tell me," he demanded savagely, "how this fellow got Roy's money?"

"I don't know, Jud. All I know is where he was at ten past four."

"Your watch was wrong! You're mistaken about the time—"

"Everybody knows when King Edward finished his broadcast."

"Look here, Miss Ada," the sheriff protested. "There's got to be some mistake—got to be! Here we got a fellow who certainly got Roy's money—"

She walked out. Carol half rose to follow her—then looked at Les, and settled back in her chair. His eyes, regarding Jud and the sheriff, were not at all triumphant; only grave and rather sympathetic.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "I suppose I may take it that you're going to look into the whereabouts at four thirty yesterday afternoon of Frank Fenley and Virgil Bass?"

Jud Miller leaped up from his chair. "Darn you, Carol, if you've told him—"

Les' eyes hardened. "She didn't need to tell me. On every street corner you can hear people saying that if you hadn't caught Alias Jim Jones it would have looked bad for Frank Fenley or Virgil Bass. And you needn't think I'm the only reporter who's heard that. They've all heard it."

"I don't care what you've heard! We've got the man who took the victim's money! That's the central fact in this case. Whoever tells a story that doesn't square with it must be mistaken, that's all!"

Les rose. "You said you'd have a statement for the press at four o'clock, Mr. Miller. Is that still a date?" Jud nodded. "And I take it that you'll cover this—this latest development too?" Again Jud nodded, unable to trust himself to speak. "Then we might as well be going," Les concluded.

"Carol!" Jud exploded. "You're not going with this fellow?"

"Yes, Jud; I'm going with him. I'm a reporter too." She felt as if she were resigning from Branchville.

THE outer room of the prosecutor's office was full of waiting reporters and photographers—seven or eight from the city, three or four from neighboring towns, Hanselman, and Carol at Les' side, the only woman—when Irma Fenley came in. She swept past them, her stony face white between her black hat and the upturned collar of her black coat, opened the inner door without knocking, and closed it behind her. Jud was alone.

"You?" He started up, furious. "What the devil have you come here for? Those newspapermen will ask you—"

"Well, I want to tell you," she said desperately, "what you wouldn't listen to this morning. Roy did stop in at my house—for just a few minutes. We—we listened to the broadcast. He left right afterward—"

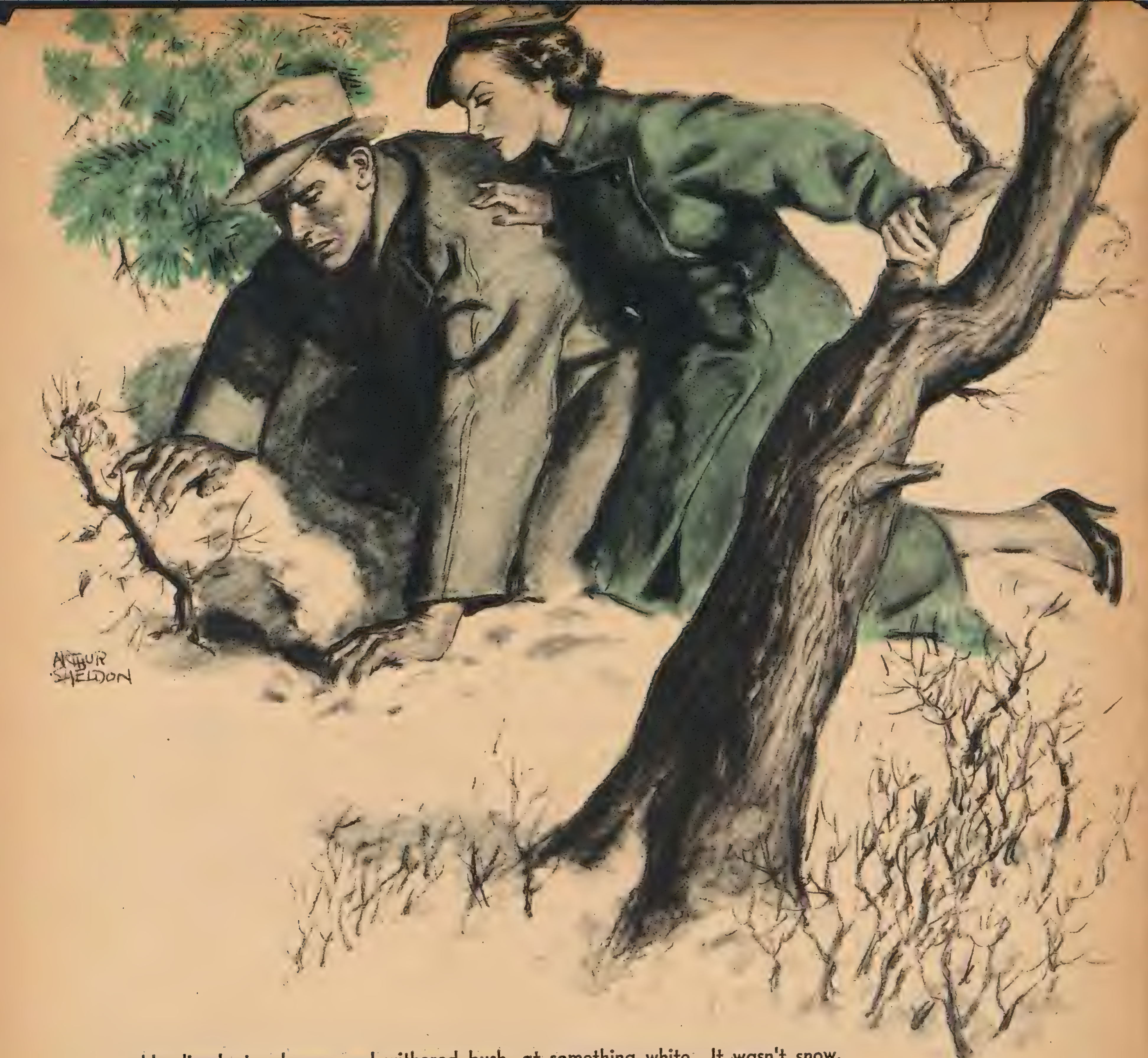
"Right afterward? At four ten? . . . The very time Miss Ada says she set down the hitchhiker four miles down the road! Where was Frank at four ten?"

"I don't know. We—we haven't talked much since he came home yesterday. But say what you like about Frank, he wouldn't— Jud, I've been thinking. I know I'm not as clever as you are, but it seems to me—"

"Never mind how it seems to you! We've got a good circumstantial case against the hitchhiker. Just how and when Roy picked him up may not be quite clear—but he obviously did, for the fellow had Roy's money. If you go gumming up that story you'll only get Frank in a jam!"

"But," she persisted, "isn't it just possible— I've got to tell you—"

"Don't you tell me anything! If you do, you might have to tell it to a jury! Don't tell anybody anything! Don't you open your trap! Let me do the thinking! . . . Now run along; I've got to talk to these



He dived at a brown and withered bush, at something white. It wasn't snow.

reporters. They'll want you to talk too, but tell them you've got nothing to say."

As she came out, flashlight bulbs flared in her face. Beyond the crowd of insistent men she saw in the background a woman's face—distressed, sympathetic. And that gave her courage.

"No," said Irma; "I don't know anything about it. I had to talk to my brother about—about a family matter." Her eyes were on that one sympathetic face in the background. "Carol!" she said. "Come out to the car with me. I want to talk to you."

. . . . .

Irma clung to Carol's arm as they went out into the chill of dusk. They came to a car. Irma motioned to Carol to get in; got in herself. Then, reviving a little in that warmth and seclusion—

"I had to talk to somebody," said Irma. "It's absurd to think Frank did this; but if Miss Ada says the hitchhiker was at the Redfield road at four ten, the very moment when Roy left me—"

Carol gasped; Irma smiled pallidly.

"Roy came in yesterday—just before the broadcast—and wanted me to run off with him then and there. Said he couldn't stand it any longer. He was in money trouble, he said, but he could work out of that if he had me. But he couldn't stand both worries any longer. I was terribly sorry for him, but I had to say no . . . Then we listened to King Edward's broadcast, and Roy said he knew exactly how Edward felt—couldn't carry his load any longer without the woman he loved. And then he drove off— Oh! When Jud first told me I was sure Roy had shot himself. I'd think so yet if he hadn't written that down in his notebook."

Silence for a moment; then Irma gathered herself together.

"Well, I feel better. Maybe you can tell Jud, when he's in a mood to listen. You probably don't understand it all now; you haven't been married. But some day it may help you. When you feel bored—and you will sometimes—don't let yourself start something that—that somebody else might take seriously. . . . Now I've got to take the children home. . . . Thank you, Carol."

Carol, walking slowly across the square, reflected that Irma hadn't even asked her not to tell anybody but Jud. . . . But she knows I wouldn't. . . . A group of men rushed past her—the city reporters on their way to the

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telegraph office. Les Foltz, last of the group, recognized her in the twilight, and stopped.

"I've got to have my story on the wire by seven o'clock," he said. "We go to press early on Saturday night. After that I'll have the evening free. May I—may I hope that you have the evening free, too?"

Jud would probably want to see her; she might have a chance to tell him Irma's story— But she didn't want to spend the evening with Jud.

"Come around after supper," she said.

"Thank you." Then, a little uneasily: "You had us all worried, Carol. People thought you were getting Mrs. Fenley's exclusive story."

"Did they?" She forced a laugh. "That's flattering. . . . She was only talking to me about—about some private matters."

"Oh," he said. "Was she? . . . Well—you'll see me after supper."

. . . .

At seven thirty, at eight, at eight thirty he hadn't come, and she began to worry.

"Why are you prowling around like a nervous cat," Miss Ada demanded, "and smoking more than is good for you? If anybody in this house has got a right to be nervous, it's me. I feel as if I'd set a fire that burned half the town. But I had to do it—and now I'd like to read a book and forget about it, if you'd only quiet down."

The doorbell rang, and there was Les at last. Carol brought him in.

"Sorry I'm late," he said, "but I had to write a new lead. Frank Fenley, when he heard about your story, Miss Ada, said he had an alibi. He stopped to listen to the broadcast in a beer parlor at Centerburg, and sat around afterward talking it over with the crowd till half past four. He says a dozen men will back him up. And I don't see how he could have driven fifteen miles in fifteen minutes and had time enough left to commit the murder. I believe he's clear."

WELL, thank heaven!" said Miss Ada. "Why didn't he tell somebody last night and save us all this worry?"

"He said he had no reason to mention it last night; that he had no quarrel with Roy Mitchell—no grounds for a quarrel at all. Said that with his chin up and his eyes steady. You could see he wasn't protecting himself; he was protecting his wife. Very effective. Last night, he said, it seemed obvious the hitchhiker was guilty; but now that Miss Ada's evidence had ruined that theory, he thought he'd better tell his story."

"Aha!" said Miss Ada. "Well, I'm going to bed; I guess I can sleep now. I'll leave you two reporters to sit around and figure out who really did kill Roy Mitchell."

"It seems to me," said Les, grinning, "that enough brain power has been spent on that for the moment; I was hoping Carol wanted an evening off. I've rented a car; maybe she'd let me take her somewhere to dance."

. . . .

It was lovely dancing with him in the roadhouse twenty miles down the highway—yet she couldn't quite shake off her preoccupation with Irma's story. The incomprehensible, terrifying troubles of older people—But she was older people herself now. Jud's sister expected her to marry Jud—and to be bored with him sometimes. Yet apparently you could get yourself so tied up with a man, even with a man who sometimes bored you, that you couldn't think of marrying anybody else.

"Well, all the suspects seem to be clear," said Les. "Bass, who was hunting, Fenley, even the hitchhiker. Miller's theory that your aunt is mistaken doesn't seem to be getting anywhere in Branchville, from what I heard this evening."

LES!" She stood still so suddenly that he lost step, clung to her to keep his balance. For just an instant she was conscious of herself in every warm drop of her blood, standing here with his arm tight around her, her hand tight on his shoulder. Then—"I've got an idea," she said. "Let's get our coats and go out to the car."

In the car he turned on the heater—and the lights. She was glad of that; she didn't want anybody to think— She lit a cigarette; then—

"Les," she began uncertainly, "you're a good reporter—and a good reporter never violates a confidence. Am I right?" He nodded. "Well, I'm only a dub reporter—" He began a protest. "No, that's all I am," she insisted. "I'm going to violate a confidence—trusting you to do what I'm not doing and keep it to yourself. Irma Fenley told me this afternoon—"

Once started on the story, she wished she had kept still. It was so appallingly personal—and it was so plain, must be so plain to Les, that Irma would have told this only to the woman whom she expected to be her sister-in-law. A family matter—and here she was giving it all away.

His reporter's mind went straight to the vital point. "Money trouble, eh? And the woman he loved had just said no. . . . Carol, tomorrow morning, when it's light enough to see, you and I are going to do a little sleuthing."

"But you've looked around where the body was found—"

"Exactly. So we'll look somewhere else this time. And yet—that item in the notebook: 'Ev Wilks—hitchhiker' . . . Why, of course!"

"What?" she asked. "Maybe I'm dumb, but I don't see—"

He grinned. "It's only a guess; I'd rather keep it till tomorrow . . . Let's go back and dance. Now I believe we can keep our minds on it."

. . . .

It was half past one when he brought her home; but she was up at eight—rested, refreshed, feeling better than she had ever felt in her life. Throwing on a negligee, she came down to breakfast; and even the mathematically minded Miss Ada caught herself reflecting that it would be a lucky man who could see her across his breakfast table every morning.

"How'd you like to go to church with me, Carol?" she asked.

"Les and I were going out to look for some evidence; but—"

"That's all right; you go with him. I can go to church alone."

"But, Aunt Ada, this is one time when your family ought to stand by you."

Miss Ada's face softened about as much as it ever could. "Thank you, child. But if you and this young man can find out what really happened, it's the best thing you could do for me and for all of Branchville. I shouldn't be surprised if he could find something; I've read his stories and I can see that he's got a mathematical mind."

HALF an hour later, Carol was at Les' side, driving out the highway.

"Where are we going, Les?"

"That hitchhiker told a very poor story," he mused. "Nobody has yet acted on the hypothesis that it just might be true. Suppose it was; and suppose the bus driver was telling the truth, before Miller bulldozed him into changing his story. He saw Mitchell's car beside the highway, just this side of the woods road. When the headlights of the bus flashed on it, whoever was in the car drove around the turn. . . . The prisoner says he never left the highway; but when a motorcycle came past he ducked into the bushes beside the road, saw something shiny in the headlight's glare— There don't seem to be many bushes along this road."

They rolled along between bare fields lightly powdered with snow; past the Redfield road; past the old Fenley place. . . .

"This looks like the place," Les muttered as he stopped the car. "Look along the roadside, Carol, and in the bushes. Anything that we find may mean something."

She took the roadside, where dried leaves had matted; he went into the bushes. She was the first who found something. Excitedly she called him—showed him the stub of a cork-tipped cigarette. Before he had joined her she found another.

"City Athletic Club Turkish," he said, peering at it closely. "I know the brand. Who in Branchville—"

"Only Roy Mitchell, Les. Everybody knows he got his cigarettes at his club in the city."

"Then the bus driver was right; Mitchell did stop here! Long enough to smoke two cigarettes—half-smoke them, rather, throwing the first one away half finished and then lighting another. Nervous— That squares with Mrs. Fenley's story. . . . Come on! Help me look in these bushes!"

On her hands and knees she scrabbled in the dried leaves and twigs, shuddering now and then when a bit of snow fell cold on her neck— He straightened up with a bark of elation, showed her something shiny.

"Mitchell's cigarette lighter!" she gasped. "How did you know—"

But he had dived at a brown and withered bush, at something white. It wasn't snow. He raked the ground all around, muttering, never hearing her questions. At last he straightened up, with a sigh.

"I guess the rest of this is gone," he conceded. "But we've got all we need of it, I think. . . . Look!"

He held out a slip of paper, something written on it in a distinctive hand—the same handwriting she had seen in Mitchell's notebook.

"Part of the missing sheet!" she said. Then—reading— "'Without the help of the woman I love—' Why, that's from King Edward's broadcast!"

"But look at the heading, Carol!"

On the torn fragment, it was clear, in indelible pencil: "Dear Mr. Corb—"

"Writing to Mr. Corbett, Les? Quoting the broadcast?"

He nodded. "The broadcast that so impressed him,

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according to Mrs. Fenley. He knew exactly how Edward felt. . . . She thought at first he'd shot himself."

"He was writing a suicide note!" she elucidated. "But then he tore it up and threw it away. And—But where does the hitchhiker come in?"

"Your friend Miller tried a reconstruction," he said, "and it didn't hold water. Let's see if we can't do better. Mitchell was right on the verge of a nervous breakdown—in money trouble, couldn't get the woman he wanted. He drove off—drove a couple of miles, and then stopped by the roadside to figure it out. He decided to kill himself. He started a suicide note, explaining to the man who was closest to him— And then he thought better of it, tore it up and threw it away. He got a new idea.

"He took out his money and threw it away—he wasn't going to have any more use for fifty dollars. The bills might have blown away—so he wrapped them around his cigarette lighter, so that they'd carry into these bushes, where they might never have been found if, by pure bad luck, our hitchhiker hadn't dodged into cover when that motorcycle came past. Men who found Mitchell dead, with his pocketbook empty, would call it murder, not suicide. The school bus coming along interrupted him—he may not have wanted a batch of school children to see what whoever found him was going to see—so he drove into the side road and finished the job there."

"But why should he want to make it look like murder?"

"Mrs. Fenley says he was in money trouble. If he had any recent insurance policies that wouldn't have been good yet in case of suicide—"

"Mr. Corbett would know that," she mused. "Or Fred Fuller; he was Mitchell's lawyer. . . But you can't use what Irma told me!"

"Of course not. And we won't use this note, either, unless we have to. I think maybe we can clear this up without bringing her name in at all."

"But, Les, what Mitchell wrote in his notebook— He wouldn't have wanted to get an innocent man in trouble. And he knew there was a hitchhiker around; Orval Harris had told him so!"

"Precisely. They didn't go into details, at the hearing, about Harris' conversation with Mitchell; the flashlights started popping and everybody wanted to get into the pictures. But I went around to see Orval W. Harris this morning before I came to see you. He said Mitchell was annoyed when he heard about a transient who looked like a hitchhiker, and said he must remember to tell the sheriff about him. And how would he aid his memory? Why, by writing in his notebook, 'Ev Wilks—hitchhiker.'"

CAROL stared in slow comprehension. "That," he said with a grin, "is about my only contribution to an explanation which is due mostly to you and Mrs. Fenley. It isn't what your aunt would call mathematical truth—But all this depends on a motive for his wanting to make it look like murder."

"Wouldn't you think he'd know they'd suspect Frank Fenley?"

"Fenley was expected home any minute; Mitchell may have thought he'd got there. Or he may not have thought of him at all. God knows—and God forbid that I should ever know—just how a man's mind works under pressure like that. . . . Anyway, to be sure of the motive we'll have to see Mr. Corbett. But perhaps you'd rather keep out of that end of it; you live here—"

"Don't be silly, Les. We've worked together on this all the way through and we'll work together to the finish." She looked at her wrist watch. "But it's only ten past eleven; probably Mr. Corbett's at church." . . .

That morning, however, he hadn't gone to church; he was at home—and Fred Fuller, the lawyer, was with him.

Les offered his reconstruction. Without mention of the note or of Irma's story, it was only a theory.

"And the track of the bullet," Les finished, "looks as if a left-handed man had shot himself. But he wanted his suicide to look like a murder. . . . Do you happen to know why, Mr. Corbett?"

Corbett was silent awhile. "I expect it's my fault," he said wearily, "that they didn't take the suicide theory more seriously right at the start. I was afraid— But now we know the bank's all right. Fred, do you feel like saying anything?"

The lawyer threw up his hands in resignation.

"Hell, might as well; they could find out from his brokers. . . . Roy had used fifteen, twenty thousand dollars of his sister's share of that estate to keep up his margins; and he had a policy that wouldn't have been valid in case of suicide till next August. Whatever made him feel that it was no use going on, that suicide was the only way out, is none of our business. But call it suicide and I won't give you any argument."

"I guess nobody will," said Mr. Corbett. "Jud Miller's still sticking to his story, but you couldn't get a jury in this county that would doubt Ada Mallory's word. I'd better tell Jud—"

"Let me tell him, Mr. Corbett," Les interrupted. Carol felt a stab of bitterness; was he mean enough to gloat over his—his rival? "After all," he said, "this discovery has been made exclusively by Times reporters; I think we have a right to decide how to make it public."

"All right, all right. And that boy in jail—" said Mr. Corbett. "If he'll tell us his right name and where he lives I'll give him carfare home. We've been proud of ourselves in Branchville for taking care of our own; it wouldn't hurt us to do a little more for strangers."

So Les and Carol went out to their car.

"Going to tell Jud now?" she asked, still bitter.

"No hurry. Didn't you say I was invited to dinner?"

"Yes; but—Les, you won't rub it in on Jud, will you?"

"No. In fact— But let's wait till we get indoors."

PRESENTLY they sat by the fire—alone, for Aunt Ada was still at church.

"So you were afraid I was going to rub it in?" he asked, smiling.

"Jud's given you plenty of reason," she admitted. "But I hope—"

"Thank you. I wasn't going to rub it in. In fact, I thought that after dinner we might tell him the story, let him look over the ground himself if he wanted to—and then announce the solution, as discovered by County Prosecutor A. Judson Miller."

"You'd give it to him—a big beat that you might have kept for yourself? Why, Les?" The answer to that was terribly important.

"Partly because I don't deserve it. You put me on the right track, and his sister put you on the right track. It's no exclusive story of mine—and I've had enough big beats so that I won't lose my job if I let him have the credit for this one. . . . Also," he said, "Miller has been playing in hard luck on this story. It looked as if it was going to make his reputation, send him to Congress. Then he made mistakes, began to look foolish. Let's give him a break—send him to Congress."

"Les Foltz, are you doing this because—because you think I'm going to marry him?"

"No. I haven't the faintest idea that you're going to marry him. . . . Are you?" Before his suddenly insistent eyes she felt warm, confused.

"No . . . no. . . . Do you—do you think I could get a job on the Times, Les? I know I'm not a very good reporter, but—"

"You're a swell reporter—but you'd be still better as a reporter's wife." He was coming toward her. "How does that idea strike you?"

"Well—" she temporized. There was a good deal that she wanted to make clear, to him and to herself, about the way she felt. But then he kissed her, and everything made itself clear. . . .

Miss Ada Mallory, returning from church, found them still in each other's arms, and not in the least embarrassed when she walked in on them.

"Is it all right with you, Aunt Ada," Carol asked her, "if I marry Les and go to live in the city?"

"A lot of difference it would make if it wasn't all right with me," Miss Ada sniffed. "But I must say—" She regarded Les gravely through her rimless nose glasses. "I must say I like this young man, Carol. He's got a mathematical mind. He'll never be fool enough to think that two can live as cheaply as one."

THE END

N.B.C.'s Newest Star

IS HIS NOSE RED? Inside Facts About the Great Fields-McCarthy Vendetta • BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Back in health despite that doctor's bill, W. C. Dukenfield and his dummy antagonist have set a nation roaring with laughter

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

"WILLIAM CLAUDIUS FIELDS to you," says the comedian, when any one asks his complete cognomen.

Actually it is Claude William Dukenfield.

W. C. Fields has been in the limelight a lot recently. A California doctor sued him for $12,000 for twenty-five days' medical treatment. The comedian responded with a countersuit asking damages of $25,000 and charging that the physician retarded his recovery.

The Riverside, California, judge decided against Fields. "I'll appeal," sputtered the comic. "Twelve thousand bucks might have been a fair charge if I'd been quintuplets!"

The other and pleasanter publicity came with W. C. Fields' astonishing hit on the radio. Bill Fields went on as a guest star in May. The intended stars of the program were Edgar Bergen, the ventriloquist, and his dummy, the famous Charlie McCarthy. After Fields had exchanged repartee with Charlie for a few minutes the air moguls knew that they had a big radio bet. Now Fields is a permanent feature on the hour—at $3,000 a week. Moreover, he is looked upon as the ether find of 1937.

The radio feud with Charlie McCarthy is now world-famous. Everybody chuckles over Charlie's references to Bill Fields' ruddy proboscis, at Fields' description of McCarthy as a termite flophouse and over his threat to sick a woodpecker on Charlie. "For the nonce I've become straight man to a dummy," laments the comedian. "The ignominy of it all!"

Up to his recent burst into the headlines, Fields had been absent from any sort of activity for almost two years. Double pneumonia came just after he had finished a film comedy, Poppy. Later there were complications of polyneuritis and a bone disease. For weeks Fields barely held on to life in an oxygen tent at Riverside Hospital. Then he was shifted to Las Encinas Sanitarium, east of Pasadena. It was not until March of this year that he could even receive visitors. The illness developed a curious dislike of doctors in the comedian's heart.

You ask Fields what was the matter, and he roars, "Everything from arthritis to leaping zymosis. Terrible—but now I'm full of *joie la vie*—in spite of Charlie McCarthy."

Once recovered, Fields got back his sense of humor. "I've been in the clutches of science. Marvelous thing, science, marvelous! It has not only put the old chassis back in the used-car market but it has actually stepped up the motor. You may quote me as saying I'm amazed, actually amazed, at the improvement. I can now stop or start on a dime."

But Fields does not need to worry over the dime start. He has a lot of money put away, thanks to pictures. But he earned every cent of it during the past three years. He came from the bottom. Fields was born in Philadelphia in 1880, he says. He had little schooling. At the age of eleven he ran away from home to become an actor. Actually he became a boy hobo. Then came years of hand-to-mouth existence in Eastern cities. He did all sorts of odd jobs, even sold newspapers. But all the time he was practicing juggling.

Fields' first real job was in an Atlantic City beer garden at five dollars a week. His next was ten dollars a week and "cakes," or board. Then he played museums and cheap vaudeville. He kept getting into better and better vaudeville, and finally moved up to headlining.

He toured the world. His act, entirely in pantomime, was popular abroad. Then Bill Fields began developing novelties. His most famous was a burlesque golf game. Flo Ziegfeld saw him in vaudeville and featured him in the Follies for nine years. An interesting story is told of how Fields came first to use dialogue on the stage.

Will Rogers was to follow his turn; but when his cue to appear came, the cowboy comedian failed to materialize. Fields did a few more tricks. Still no Rogers. Bill Fields was exasperated by this time, and began talking indignantly to the audience, which instantly burst into hilarious laughter. Fields discovered he was funny in a new way. Rogers, incidentally, had delayed deliberately, in order to force speech from the silent juggler.

There is another Follies story, concerning Fields and Ed Wynn. Wynn used to sneak out on the stage, hide under the pool table used in Fields' famous billiard routine, and make grimaces at the audience. The laughter, coming at unexpected spots, would disconcert Fields.

One night Fields discovered Wynn in the very act of making a comic face. Wham! The billiard cue came down on Ed's skull, and he rolled over, unconscious. The audience roared, thinking it was part of the act.

It was David Wark Griffith, then directing for Paramount, who first saw film possibilities in Fields. In 1925 he signed him to play the sideshow faker, Eustace McCargle, in Sally of the Sawdust.

But Fields didn't get over definitely. He did seven pictures and then went back to the stage. In 1931 he returned to pictures, and was again unsuccessful.

Then William Le Baron, at Para-

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EVER-READY RAZORS

mount, offered Fields a part in Million Dollar Legs. He began to get across. Loaned to Metro for David Copperfield, he scored as Micawber. At last the future looked rosy.

Then came the illness that nearly ended his career. "I went to the sanitarium, removed my habiliments—and almost stayed two years!" is the way he puts it. There are two things he doesn't like about hospitals, Fields says. Three, if you include doctors. But the two pet grievances are beds and ceilings.

"I am a connoisseur of beds," he says. "I consider myself an outstanding savant on the bed and its numerous benefits to mankind. This is largely due to the fact that, as a youngster, I didn't have a bed to sleep in; and in my more virile years (now, for example) I am troubled with insomnia. So I know about beds. I have slept on everything from park benches to barber chairs, and from Louis XV specials to a bunk in my trailer. I would place the hospital bed somewhere in the middle. And somebody other than Mr. Fields in the middle of the hospital bed.

"The second point is the ceilings. Why must hospital ceilings be bare? There I lay, for countless hours, observing a blank ceiling. Pretty soon I would find my mind going blank, and I would start thinking that my checkbook would look pretty much the same when the doctors got through with me, and the first thing you know I was leaping out of the bed in a towering rage (as well as my purple pajamas), and then there were relapses and complications.

"Hospital ceilings should be generously decorated with intricate lines. Something on the order of a mystic maze, possibly, that would keep the patient's mind off his discomfort."

The stories of Fields' old-time love for Scotch must be exaggerated. The consumption estimate runs all the way to two quarts a day.

Maybe this is one of those Fieldsian legends. But it concerns a young doctor who used to take Fields out to an adjoining golf course. The doctor was learning to play golf and Fields volunteered to help. "Keep your eye on the ball," he would advise. "Count ten before you swing." When the two got back to the sanitarium, Fields was pleasantly high. Yet the doctor insisted that the comedian had had no opportunity to drink.

THIS went on for several days. Then the sanitarium sent out an observer to watch. Each time the doctor was keeping his eye on the ball, Fields was seen to take a nip from a bottle secreted in one of his pockets. Anyway, that's the story—and I doubt it. Fields declares himself a teetotaler. He hasn't had anything save water—and gallons of medicine—for many months.

"Lost my taste for it," he sighs. "What a pity!"

Fields is five feet eight, his hair is blond, his eyes blue. He insists, despite the many stories to the contrary, that he is unmarried.

We asked him about his radio success. "I'm a radio star, eh?" responds Fields. "Yes, yes, so it seems, so it seems. But it's all news to me. Amos and Andy have been on the air seven years, Jack Benny five years, Rudy Vallée eight years, and I've been on a few weeks or so. A star? Well, maybe I might be classed as a passing planetoid, but I'm no Betelgeuse yet."

As to screen plans—"Why, I've got enough motion-picture ideas to keep me busy for the next twenty years!" says Fields. "While I lay there on my bed of comparative pain I had nothing else to do but dream up a few little dandies for my future appearances. I was thinking of starting on I Prefer Caddies to Doctors. After that comes a spectacle I have called Ignorance Abroad. This probably we'll do in color, to give my delectable proboscis a chance to blossom in all its manly beauty. Redwood for a nose, eh? I'll show Charlie McCarthy a thing or two!"

SERIOUSLY, Fields' affection for the films remains intact, despite any fame he has achieved on the air. You will see him soon in Paramount's Big Broadcast of 1938.

The comedian, by the way, works on his own scripts. Under the pseudonym of Charles Bogle, he gets screen credit.

Fields has a trailer that is famous around Hollywood. It is an elaborate affair built to order. In the observation portion is a downy couch—his favorite item of furniture. There is a bath, a kitchen, and a radio capable of getting world-wide reception. In this trailer Fields makes the trips between his San Fernando Valley home and the Paramount studios.

Probably you visualize Fields in the radio studio as an active, boisterous comic. Actually, he sits quietly at a table. He keeps his hat on and chews a toothpick at rehearsals. Both disappear for the broadcast itself. His famous cane hangs on a special hook outside the studio door.

While he completely memorizes his script, Fields keeps his glasses on and watches the pages closely as he speaks into the microphone. Sometimes he appears to shift his written script, even to talk extemporaneously during the dialogue of others. But the comments—unplanned as they sound—are mostly from the prepared manuscript.

Fields has tried every form of entertainment, from burlesque to radio. Now he is actually looking forward to television.

"I'll never go back on the stage," he says. "I don't want to go backward, but forward. Television—ah, that'll be interesting. And it will be the only time doctors will be able to see me. They can yell, 'Say ah-h!' but I'll never hear a word. Let 'em listen to Charley McCarthy's pulse! Twelve thousand dollars! Huh!"

THE END

The Wasp

BY BARBARA SHAW MACLAREN

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IT wasn't the sticky mugginess of the heavy August day, nor the heat from the oven, where a berry pie was slowly turning golden, that made Sylvia lean for a moment against the open kitchen door and look out at the village street basking in its Sunday smugness. It was an inner fire that left her breathless, excited, passionate, and a little fearful.

Her suitcase was packed and she was ready. Fifteen minutes, at least, must elapse before Gram and little Teddy would get home from church. She had sent big Ted, her husband, on an errand that would take even longer.

After living twenty-nine years on the same street, nine of them married ones, only fifteen minutes in which to change her entire life!

She had telephoned Ralph as soon as Ted had left—so quickly she had made up her mind. Yes, she was going—she was leaving Ted and little Teddy and Gram and everything the little village had given her. She was going after something entirely different from anything she had ever known.

This feeling that left her dizzy and helpless, that made her catch her breath just at the thought of being with Ralph alone—forever—was a strange, new ecstasy.

She tried to still the accusations hammering in her brain.

"It isn't as if I were leaving Teddy alone. Gram will take care of him, and when Ted divorces me, I can have him with me again—him and Gram."

She had noticed her mother's eyes—eyes that saw more than the mouth spoke. Her mother knew, she was sure of that, but had made no attempt to interfere. She knew what Ralph had begun to mean to her. She knew that her daughter was restless and discontented—tired of her husband, his unromantic matter-of-factness, his plodding walk, his steady mind.

But she hadn't known that today was to be *the* day—that Sylvia was really going. Sylvia hadn't known it herself until she had watched Ted's back disappearing down the street, and the church bells were ringing through the sultry air—pulsating through her body.

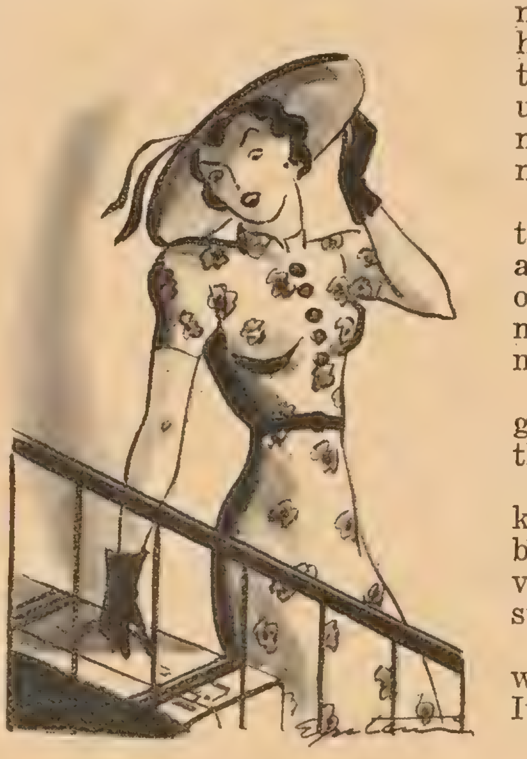
Automatically her trained housewife's nose caught the pungency of cooking fruit, and automatically she opened the oven door and removed the pie.

As she glanced at the clock, she untied her apron and ran up the stairs to get her bag. Ralph should be here at any moment. There was no time to lose.

Downstairs the kitchen door banged. Bag in hand, she started down, when a child's voice stopped her. Teddy! Dropping the bag, she ran down. Sure enough, there was Gram coming in the door. What had happened? Why hadn't Ralph come? The clock still showed ten minutes to spare. Her mind was twisted in confusion.

As Gram came in, she took her hat off.

"Sylvia, that kitchen clock of yours is ten minutes slow. We missed the first hymn. It was a dandy sermon, though. I'd hate to have missed that." She started upstairs. "Tell your mother what the sermon was about."



Teddy wiggled on to the kitchen table and dangled his feet off the edge. His mind was evidently not on sermons.

"We saw the biggest wasp, mom—this big!"

"Now, Teddy, you know it couldn't have been that big." Sylvia tied the apron strings again.

"Well, anyway, it was a big, big one. It was taking a nap."

"A nap?"

"Uh-huh! Right on the sidewalk. I was going to step on him, but Grammy wouldn't let me."

"I should say not," said Gram, coming downstairs. "Bloodthirsty little monkey." She patted him affectionately.

"You should've let me kill him, Gram. They sting, and it hurts like everything. Remember, mom, when we went picking berries and that big one bit me on the arm?"

"There he'd been listening to a sermon all about how everything that God made was good for *something*, and then he wants to kill one of God's creatures as soon as he gets outside."

"Wasps aren't God's creatures, are they, mom? They are bad things. They couldn't do any good to anybody. Mr. Walters, he said that everything God made had some use and did some good, but wasps can't do anything but sting people." Teddy rubbed his arm reminiscently.

"You never can tell," said his grandmother. "Lots of good gets done in this world without any one knowing who did it."

"Can we eat now, mom?" Teddy's eyes had caught sight of the pie.

"When your daddy gets back. He'll be here any minute. Go wash your hands and comb your hair."

"Buzz-buzz-z-z." Teddy was running around the room in circles. "This's the way the wasp did, mom. He woke up and buzzed all around Gram and me and flew away—z-z-z!" Teddy's voice continued buzzing up the stairs.

"Here's Ted now." With a start Sylvia remembered the bag. She started for the stairs.

"I put the bag under the bed." Her mother's voice was soft.

Sylvia looked at her in alarm as Ted came in, but the sweetness of her mother's gaze reassured her.

"M-m, smells good—huckleberry." Ted was sniffing at the pie. "Nobody in this whole town's going to have pie like that for Sunday dinner, I'll bet."

"Teddy! Teddy!" Gram was calling. "What on earth are you doing? Dinner's on the table. Come on down. Hurry!"

"Coming." Down the banisters buzzed Teddy.

"I'm a wasp, daddy. I'm going to sting you." He ran behind his father's chair and kissed him on the neck. His father hugged him affectionately.

"H'm. Sure would be nice if all stings felt like that. That reminds me. Accident up the road. Awful wreck. That fellow, Ralph Weldon, that was staying with the Rogerses. Banged smack into a telephone pole. Deader than a doornail. Doc Meader said one of those wasps had flown in his car and stung him on the face. The bump was still there."

He didn't notice his wife's face.

"Well, Teddy, my son," he went on, "what was the sermon about?"

Teddy shook his head, his mouth too full for utterance.

Gram answered him:

"It was a good sermon and a good text: 'God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.'"

THE END

POOR BLOODY OBSERVERS

Wings over Gontrode, a guardian angel, and hell's own dogfight—New thrills in a stirring saga of battle in the sky

BY ARCH WHITEHOUSE

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

ON April 13, 1917, near Monchy, Mr. Whitehouse and Captain Bush were shot down by a red German plane, and just managed to land on their own side of the trenches. Not until 1927, when Floyd Gibbons' The Red Knight of Germany appeared in Liberty, did Mr. Whitehouse learn that their victorious foeman had been Baron von Richthofen.

Meanwhile, later in the same month, No. 22 Squadron was shifted from field to field, and its personnel was swiftly changed by casualties. Captain Clement brought a young cousin of his, Ward Clement, from a Canadian regiment to become an aerial gunner, and asked young Whitehouse to show Ward the ropes. The two boys were soon pals.

On May 11, Mr. Whitehouse and his pilot dived at an enemy balloon, which burst. As they zoomed up out of the flames he tried to cover his face—and found one of his arms so numbed that he couldn't move it.

PART THREE—THE CAPTAIN GOES WEST

I TRIED to look myself over, but my pilot was throwing our bus all over the sky. I wagged my head at him.

"What's the matter?" he yelled. "You hit?"

I pulled my heavy glove off. Blood spilled out of it.

"I am, I guess," I said, "but I don't feel anything."

We got in O. K., and rolled up to the cab rank.

"The major's stopped one, too," the flight sergeant said. "It came up through 'is tank and spoiled 'is trousers. You ought to 'ear 'im a-swearin'!"

We watched them helping Major Learmont out of his cockpit. Suddenly he stopped and glared at me.

"Where the devil were you, Whitehouse?" he asked. Then he saw my mess. "Are you all right?"

"I think so, sir," I said. "I won't have to go down to the base . . . off strength, will I?"

"We'll see. Come along with me."

They took us both to the M. O. hut and went to work on us. He had to lie on his stomach with his breeches down, and what he said about Jerry was a classic.

"What was that about not wanting to go down to the base, Whitehouse?" he asked me between probes.

"I mean it, sir. I want to stick on and get in my time so that I can go to Farnborough and become a pilot."

"Now I understand! Give him a few days' light duty, doc. He'll be all right, won't he?" . . .

By the time I was back on duty the squadron was fully equipped with Bristol Fighters. Captain Bush, Mr. Youl, and Captain McKelvie were particularly good Bristol pilots. It was McKelvie who really taught the outfit to use the ship as an offensive weapon.

But the Bristols' long-range tanks and high speed caused us to be saddled with bombing-raid protection.

Gontrode was forty miles inside the German lines, near Bruges. It was from Gontrode that the Gotha bombers flew to bomb the east coast of England. The first time I went, I swore never to go again. No one told me we were going. It was the old story about picking up some British bombers over Houthulst Forest. There were about twelve of them, and we cut in across the line to put the enemy off. By the time we were over Meulebeke, I made an inquiry of Captain Bush. "Gontrode! Near Bruges!" he yelled. "Bombing show!"

I grabbed a map. A minute later a bullet went through it, and I saw three Fokkers nosing down at me.

We fought out of that for ten minutes and then I discovered that three of our planes were missing. In another fifteen minutes we could see the blue of the North Sea. The bombers hurtled earthward. For the first time I saw Gontrode! We opened fire on a line of small machines that were being drawn out of a hangar. Then the defense ships came out of the sky and the fight was really on.

Back and forth below us the D. Hs. were skimming across the field, dropping their bombs, while we fought off the Jerry single-seaters. Our Bristol Fighters charged about like enraged gulls. Bush went down and cleaned out a wagon-wheel gun mounting. I saw the men roll away like silly dolls and clutch at the earth. The gun hung on its mounting like a blue corpse on a gibbet.

I think four of us got back, out of the six that went.

It was still light when we got back, and Ward and I went into our bell tent, both furious because we hadn't been told where we were going—in daylight, too. The flap opened and the orderly-room corporal stuck his head in. "Ho, Whitehouse! You leave by tender for St. Omer at eight o'clock in the morning, you lucky dog. Fourteen days!"

Ward grabbed both my shoulders.

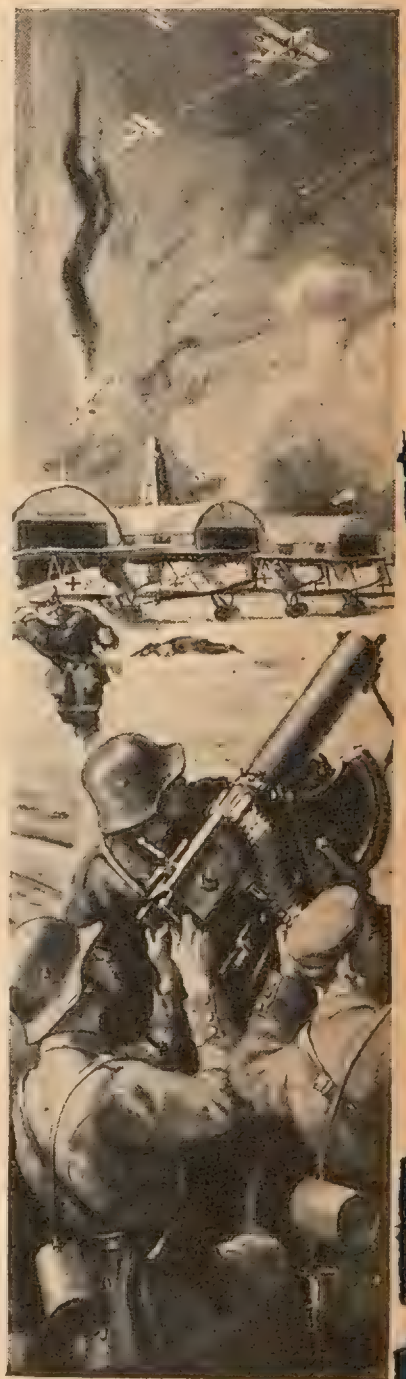
"Listen, you!" he hissed. "You go on leave at eight o'clock, remember! No early-morning patrol, either. Understand? They're not going to get you on that game!"

"Thanks, Ward," I replied. "They won't. But listen. Do me a favor while I'm away. Keep your eye on Captain Bush for me. I'd hate to see anything happen to him."

Ward nodded. I played safe the next morning. I regret to this day that I dodged that patrol. But Ward was adamant about it and shoved me out of the way until he had to go and climb in himself.

. . . . . .

I arrived in England the next day. I still have a newspaper clipping that caught my eye that morning in London: "2nd Class Air Mechanic (Aerial Gunner) A. G. Whitehouse destroyed a two-engined German Gotha while on a raid into enemy



We charged about like enraged gulls. Bush went down and cleaned out a gun mounting. I saw the men roll away.

territory." There was also something about my being due to arrive on leave. I could remember nothing about a Gotha!

I looked up some relatives in Northampton, then went back to finish out my leave in London. At the Northampton Castle station's booking-office window I met the White Heather Girl.

She stood near the window when I said, "First for Euston, please." She echoed my request for a first. A delicious Scottish lilt in her voice caught my ear at once.

She was fairly tall, pink and white, and wore a neat blue-flannel outfit. Her honey-colored hair curled out from under an Edinburgh version of a tam.

As I glanced around I knew that she was following me. I realized that I had noticed her several times in and around Northampton. This promised to be interesting.

I sauntered out to the express platform. She followed me openly now, smiling as she approached.

"I was wondering when you would be going back," she said. "I was getting tired of that place."

BY the time she sat down in a first-class compartment with me, I had discovered—to my amazement—that she knew who I was and where I came from.

"What's the game?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm just looking after you," she smiled.

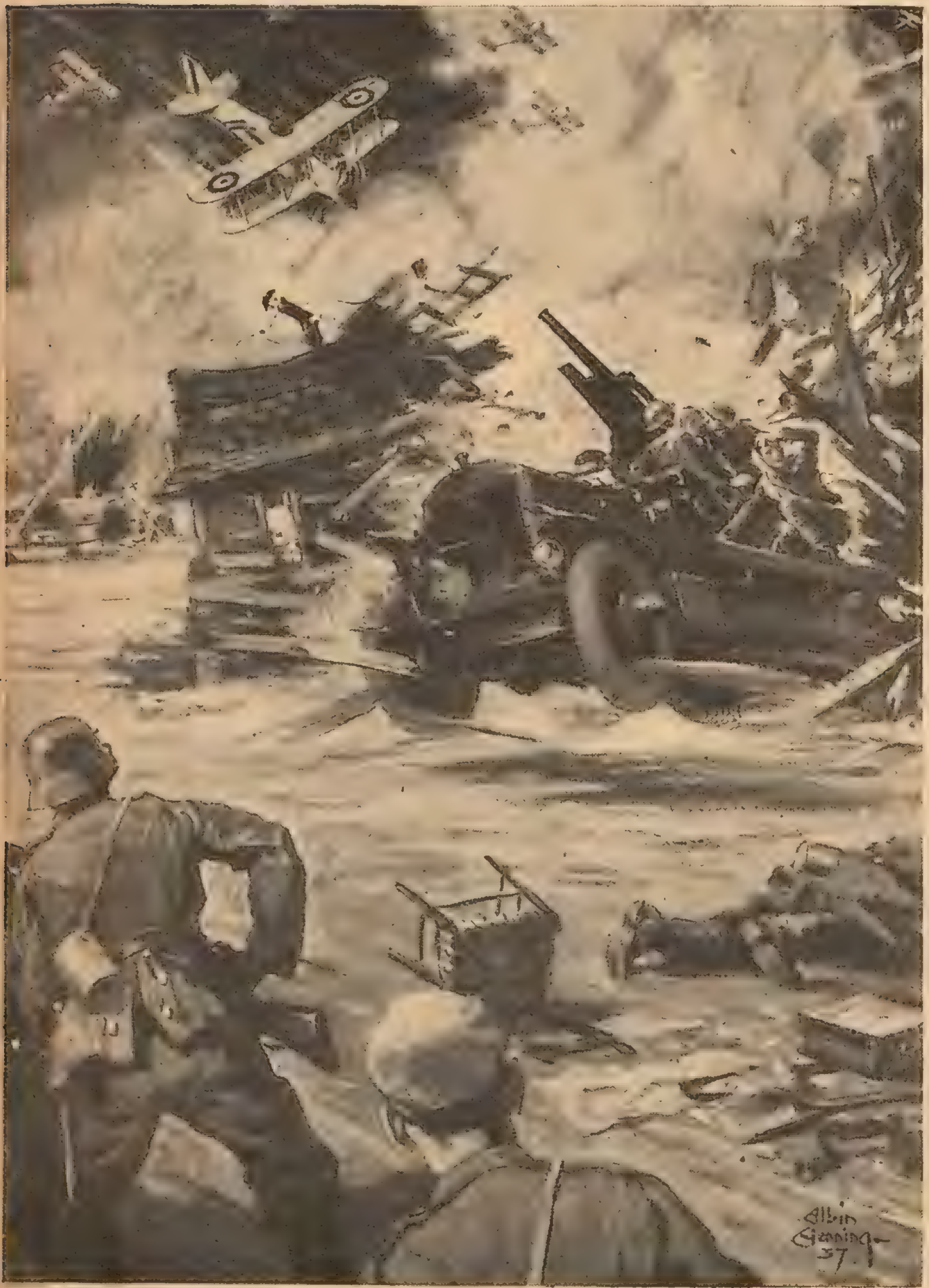
"I don't need any looking after," I said manfully. "I can take care of myself."

"That's what they all think. You went on a long-distance raid to Gontrode the other night, didn't you?"

"No!" I lied. "I've never heard of such a place."

"Well spoken, laddie. If I could be sure you'd say that to every one who asks you in the next ten days, I could let you give me the slip. But you won't."

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING



"Oh, I'm not going to try to give you the slip. But I am going to cut loose in town. . . ."

"You are? What are your plans for today?"

I told her. They included a call upon some friends.

"Are these friends of yours Americans? They're not, eh? You don't really know any Americans in London at the present time, do you?"

"No, but I hope to run into some."

"I can understand that, but I'm advising you that it is dangerous!" she said thoughtfully. "Don't you realize that you are one of the few men who have ever been on and returned from such a raid—who know what methods made it a success?"

I laughed uproariously. "I didn't even know where the place was until we got back and some one told me—"

Then I suddenly clamped my hand over my mouth.

She laughed this time. "You see, you *are* telling me about it! I might be a German spy for all you know."

I did not say another word all the way to London. She got out and walked through the gate with me and again warned me about strange Americans.

"Look here," I snapped. "If you interfere with me in any way, I'll have you turned over to the police!"

"Come on," she said. She went up to a policeman. "Constable, this young man wishes to get to Sloane Square. Can you direct him?"

The policeman was looking at a sprig of white heather pinned under the lapel of her coat. He clicked his heels, saluted her, and smiled. "You go along with her, my lad. You'll be all right," he said.

I was thunderstruck. I could only gasp, "You win!"

. . . . . .

I really tried to evade her, and once I missed her for several hours. She turned up as I was strolling down Villiers Street toward the Embankment.

Some one spoke to me—a girl in a uniform, with the badge of an American social service organization.

"Where you going, kid?" she said.

"I'm out getting some air. Where you from, sister?"

"Texas. I just got over. What you doing tonight? I have a little place down here. What do you say? You're from the States, aren't you?"

Before I could answer, there was a scurry of blue and silver. A long arm with a constable's amulet on the sleeve reached over and grabbed her—and I found myself pushed into a taxicab with the White Heather Girl.

"Thanks!" said she. "We've been looking for her. I told you to watch out for Americans you didn't know."

"But I don't understand. She's not an American?"

"Don't be silly. Of course not. . . . On Villiers Street? You'd better go home with me."

She never left me after that until she waved good-by at Victoria Station.

I am still wondering who she was, or who employed her. The last of several times I saw her was a few weeks after the armistice, in Trafalgar Square. She handed me a sprig of white heather, waved her hand, and slipped away into the theater crowd.

I RETURNED to my squadron little refreshed and more than glad to get back. Ward met me, a pitiful look in his eye. "I'm sorry," he said. "I tried . . . but it was no use. He went that morning."

"Who? Captain Clement?"

"No; your guy, Captain Bush."

"That morning . . . that morning I went on leave? If I'd been here to go with him—"

"If you had, you might not be here now. Forget it!"

The next day we started in on Gontrode again. Lieutenant Youl was my pilot now. Captain Clement and Ward carried the leader's streamers and we carried the single streamer of the subleader. We picked up the bombers over Ypres as usual.

Suddenly our motor began to splutter—something wrong with the feed line. I tried the air pump, and at last told Mr. Youl to swing over on the emergency tank and see if that helped any. There was no percentage in trying to go forty miles over with a doubtful engine.

Presently we were left behind, between Dixmude and Langemarck. I turned around, startled at the sound of motors. Six Belgian Spads were close behind us.

Acidity Makes Women Look Older
Kidneys Often to Blame

Women, more than men, are the victims of excess Acid in the system, due to poor Kidney functions, which may undermine health and vitality, dry and coarsen the skin or cause Bladder distress, Getting Up Nights, Burning and Itching, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Headaches, Lumbago, Swollen Ankles, Puffy Eyes, or Rheumatic Pains. Help your Kidneys filter 3 pints of Acids and Wastes from your system each day for just one week with the Doctor's prescription Cystex. Guaranteed to fix you up and make you feel and look years younger or money back. See results in 48 hours. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) today.

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Have your parents show approval by signing here:
....

"Try your main tank again," I said. He did so, and the motor was soon hitting on all twelve. Over the line we went, with the Spads following us. Then a flight of S. E. 5s joined our procession, and then six silver Nieuports.

"We've got nineteen planes in this formation now," I yelled. "Let's do something!"

Mr. Youl nodded pleasantly. When I looked back again, another flight of Spads had joined, and a group of Camels was coming toward us. Their leader was blowing off red Very lights. Well above them glinted the wings of a German formation, probably larger than ours.

Because of our single streamer, they had selected us as their leader. I tapped Mr. Youl on the shoulder. "Climb like hell!" I advised.

We all climbed. Before the Germans could figure out just what we were up to, I had led the pack of twenty-five fighting devils smack into their formation.

They tell me, those who should know, that there were only three real dogfights—fights with at least fifty planes engaged—during the whole war. This was one of the three. The first smash was terrible. The Belgian Spads took the worst of it and two collided in mid-air with a red Fokker. Mr. Youl literally blasted his way through, then zoomed up so that I was firing almost directly down over our rudder into the cockpits of six Fokkers. Then he ripped her over, and let me hand them another burst that split them up.

How it all ended or when, I'll never know. They gave me credit for two enemy planes. I had fired fully six drums of ammunition; we had had almost as much hammered into us. We learned that thirty planes had been shot down, eleven of them Allied.

THAT evening Ward and Ottey and I went in and looked up the girls at Madame Beaussart's.

"We saw you this morning," Marie smiled. Then she pouted. "You have been away, Archee!"

"Yes," I said. "And look what I've brought you!"

It was a small rhinestone brooch made to represent the R. F. C. pilot wings. It pleased her a lot, and her young sister, Babette, gurgled when I gave her one representing the R. F. C. cap badge. Madame Beaussart invited us to join them in their living room. Ward bought chocolates, Ottey some wine.

"You girls wait till *I* get back!" Ward said. "I'm going tomorrow. You won't have to look out for N ship for fourteen days, Marie!"

"Why did R ship come back first today?"

As I was explaining about the dogfight, a formation of Bristols roared over. Babette ran to the window.

"Your plane, Clem—wiz the N on it! It is in front! You not go?"

We all looked out and saw that she was right. That was Captain Clement's ship. The rest of the machines were drawn from A and B flights. Ward was white, and he reached for his cap.

"He knew I was going on leave in the morning, and he let me leave the field! He knew he'd have to go on another show tonight! What are they going for?"

"He's taking A Flight," Ottey explained quietly. "They lost their skipper this morning."

"All right. What about B Flight's skipper taking them? We just came back an hour or so ago!"

"B Flight's skipper went west just before noon."

"Oh, the devil!" Ward fumed. "Come on, Arch. I'm going back and sit on that tarmac until Carl gets back. He shouldn't have done this to me! I could have gone!"

"You kept me from going, remember," I reminded him.

Corporal Symes was outside the hangar with Captain Clement's fox-terrier pup on a string. "He wants you to take care of his dog till he comes back," he said.

WE both wondered why the captain had not had Symes take the pup to the officers' mess. Corporal Barker came over. "Who went with my cousin?" Ward asked him.

"Mr. McClenaghan, I think. He'll be back, don't you worry. Go and get your tea. I'll mind t' dog."

But Ward never moved.

At last, as it was getting dusk, we caught the glints of exhaust flame. But there were only three ships. Then we saw them circling the field, but no letter N appeared. One landed, and the observer and the pilot climbed out. They both stared at Ward and then hurried away. Another came in, and we went over, the pup yipping gaily at our heels. The observer crawled out, holding one arm. His face was white and pitted with cordite. The pilot started toward me, but saw Ward and turned away.

The third pilot did not get away. Ward stopped him.

"Where's my cousin — Captain Clement?"

"He went down the other side of Lille, I think."

"Did he land all right?"

"I don't know."

Ward closed his eyes and walked slowly away. Mr. Youl was standing near by. He caught my eye, wagged his head, and snapped a match with his fingernail. He didn't have a cigarette in his mouth, and I knew Captain Clement had gone down in flames.

Three flight commanders in one day!

But I never told Ward. We sat in our tent figuring how long it would take Carl to escape.

I helped Ward pack his haversack for leave the next morning. As he climbed into the tender, some one tapped me on the shoulder. It was the orderly-room corporal. He grinned and grabbed my hand: "Let me be the first to tell you and to congratulate you! You've been awarded the Military Medal!"

"Me? . . . The Military Medal? What for?"

"What for?" the corporal repeated, amazed. "Well, it says on the medal, "'For Bravery in the Field.'"

Ward let out a roar of pretended derision. "See you in two weeks, you war hero!"

. . . . . .

We continued to go to Gontrode. Mr. Youl was flight commander and I was back in a ship carrying two streamers. We were to lose machine after machine and men were to come back bullet-riddled and screaming during the two weeks that Ward was away. Still, Mr. Youl—Captain Youl now—and I hung on, and we put over one or two really fine shows without losing a ship or a man. He was really enjoying himself and was turning out to be a smart leader. He never went into an attack without giving me a chance to object or suggest.

Ward came back—a day or two late, I believe—and roused me out of bed one night. "No news of Carl," he muttered, "but he's probably had to lie low a few days. He'll get through. He's got a good man, Red McClenaghan, with him—if they're not hurt."

"Have a good time?" I asked, to change the subject.

"Glorious! Listen. I can tell you a story that would make your hair curl, only you wouldn't believe me. I ran into the darnedest girl I've ever met in my life."

"Did she wear a blue suit and a little hat?" I inquired. "And did the bobbies all salute her?"

"Did you meet one, too?" Ward asked in a whisper. "White heather under her coat lapel?"

"That's it!"

"Well," he said, "I sure had a swell time while it lasted. I'll tell you about it in the morning."

BUT in the morning we were routed out early for an offensive patrol. Ward was to fly with a Lieutenant Robinson, a newcomer. "I'm back in a bus marked N. The one on the end of the line," he said. "We'll keep an eye on each other, eh?"

We climbed in, and in a minute all the ships were in position. I could see Ward, standing up, making derogatory signals to Corporal Barker, who was grinning at him.

Out beyond the field we turned when we had reached 500 feet and raced back over the airdrome, climbing, and to get the "Go ahead" signal. Over the village we started to turn again, and I heard a terrific crash.

Captain Youl whipped around in his seat. I was staring speechless at two Bristol Fighters that had locked wings on the turn. Youl went white and tried to turn into the clear so that he could see what had happened.

With a blazing sequence of aerial combats over the big Cambrai "show" that might—airmen maintain—have ended the war in 1917, Mr. Whitehouse will conclude his epic of the P. B. O. in Liberty next week.

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FOOLS IN LOVE—*How Marriage*

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

The amazing results of two years in Connecticut, where the law enables every couple to start life clean

by ALICE LIGHT

I WAS in the marriage-license office when this young couple came in. He was about twenty or twenty-one. He looked like a college boy. She—well, that kind of girl would distract the attention of anybody. Pretty as a dogwood tree in blossom. And smart too. Beautifully dressed. Both were very much in love. You could tell.

"I—we want a marriage license," the boy said.

Al, the senior clerk, shoved forward a blank.

"From New York, I take it," he said.

They said they were. The boy took the blank.

"Got doctors' certificates?"

They looked puzzled.

"You got to have a statement signed by a doctor before I can give you a license," Al explained. "You got to have a blood test. Both of you. Then, if there's no venereal disease—"

Al was smiling. He was kindly. He was just explaining things. But the girl flushed, and the boy looked suddenly angry.

"That's the law of Connecticut," Al said. "Act passed in 1935."

The boy tore up the blank. He turned to the girl.

"Come on," he said. "It's not far to Rhode Island. People aren't insulted there when they want to marry."

"Look here, young fellow," Al said. He was a bit nettled. "This law is the most civilized law ever enacted to protect people getting married. Yes, and to protect their children too."

"Disgusting," the boy said.

"Are we cattle?" the girl asked hotly. You could see she was close to tears.

The boy took her hand. "I'm sorry, darling," he said, as they walked out. "I didn't know. I wouldn't have exposed you to this for anything in the world."

"Kids," Al said when they were gone. "Marriage is all romance to them. They don't get the practical side of it. Can't. Too much moonshine. Never think of things like venereal disease. Or, if they do, they think it's something too dirty to talk about."

"Are there many like that?" I asked.

"Hundreds," Al said. "Sensitive kids. Romantic boys. Girls a little too refined and modest—prudes, even. Wouldn't hear of such a thing as getting a doctor to examine them and see if they're fit to marry. Some of them would rather not get married.

"Fellow came in here yesterday, asking questions. About thirty, I'd say. Looked rich. Intelligent, too. When I told him he and the girl would both have to produce certificates, he went up in the air.

"'For myself, I don't mind,' he said. 'A man is always suspect. But to ask a girl like Harriet to submit to such a thing—why, it's barbarous! To suspect her of having syphilis! If any man made such an imputation to me, I'd—I'd— Killing would be too good for him.'

"'Mister,' I said, 'don't get excited. Look at this thing calmly. When the State of Connecticut licenses two people to marry, it intends that each of them shall be absolutely healthy.'

"He gave me a kind of funny laugh.

"'The State of Connecticut looks on every couple wanting to marry as possibly damaged goods,' he said. 'Well, the state is discouraging marriage.'

"And with that he walked out. Of course he took the wrong attitude. He didn't get the idea at all—that we are protecting every prospective bride and groom; that we are protecting kids not yet born, insuring them against being born blind and all that.

"You know, people used to flock into Connecticut to be married by some open-all-night justice of the peace. They'd sit up drinking all night in some New York dive, say. They'd get into a car and drive like the dickens into Greenwich or Hartford, or some other city, maybe taking a couple of drunken pals along. And then they'd get married. It was a joke. It was a thrill. Connecticut was the greatest Gretna Green in the East.

"Most of those marriages didn't last, of course. How could they last? Many of them were tragedies. Suppose your sister went on a party, got drinking, met a strange man, and woke up the next day married to him! How would she feel about it? How would you feel?

"Well, that's how most people in Connecticut felt."

"So they don't come speeding over the border to the marriage shops in Greenwich any more," I said.

"Oh, they do," Al said. "But they go home again, still single; or they drive on to some other state. And by the time they get there they're cold sober, I guess.

"We used to marry about ten or eleven thousand couples a year. About twenty-five or twenty-six per cent of those people came from other states. Last year we issued licenses for about eight thousand marriages. About fourteen per cent of the brides and grooms lived outside Connecticut."

"A decline in marriage licenses of two to three thousand a year," I said.

"About that," Al admitted. "But that's all right. The people who do marry here get their money's worth. They know they're both starting out their married life clean, and that they'll have fine healthy babies."

He looked up some statistics.

"Here you are," he said. "In the first eleven months of the law's existence, there were 7,347 marriages. That means 14,694 people who married in Connecticut needn't fear venereal infection. We haven't figures for the twelfth month, but they should bring the total to about eight thousand. In five years, say, forty thousand marriages will have been licensed. Eighty thousand people will be happily married in this state. And, at a conservative estimate, sixty thousand healthy children will be born. There will be a marked decrease in the number of stillborn babies, premature deaths, and deformities of many kinds. No other disease known to mankind works such havoc in children as does syphilis.

"In examining candidates for marriage we found forty-four who had positive indications of that disease. And more than thirty of these people didn't dream that they were in any way infected. About ten did know—but they would have married just the same, and would have infected their partners and their children.

"The big thing to think about is that eighty per cent of those who had syphilis didn't know it. That may apply to all the syphilitics in the world. It probably does. The public in general isn't acquainted with the early manifestation of the disease. Sometimes even a doctor cannot detect it except with a blood test."

"Were these forty-four people all men?" I asked.

Al shook his head solemnly. "No. Twenty were women. That would seem to indicate that almost as many women as men have it, whether they know it or not.

"Connecticut was wise in requiring both parties to submit to a blood test. There are several states that require a medical certificate from the man only, and in some cases this means merely a cursory examination. A blood test isn't always required.

"Perhaps the men who framed the laws in those states believed that women contract syphilis only through sin—that to require a medical certificate of a woman was to brand her as sinful. Why, hundreds of fine, blameless, virtuous women have contracted syphilis through no fault of their own. It's so terribly contagious that any one may be infected—even a child."

Al took a little red book from his back pocket, and leafed through it to find a newspaper clipping.

"When one state's Supreme Court was passing on the constitutionality of a one-sided certification law, two of the five justices wrote an opinion. Here's what they said:

"'The act unduly casts suspicion of immorality and criminality of most serious nature upon every male candidate for the marriage state.'"

Al put the clipping back.

"The law was declared constitutional," he said, "but only by a three-to-two vote. The two who opposed it were intelligent, humane men, Christians. They just didn't know anything about medicine. They honestly thought a blood-test requirement imputed immorality."

"What can be done about it—where that idea still prevails?" I asked.

"Wage a campaign of education," Al said. "Prove to people that a premarital examination is essential; that it is of supreme importance; that there's nothing about it from which any man or woman should shrink.

"You go to a doctor. You bare your right arm. The doctor pricks it with a needle, takes a sample of blood. That's all. It's done in a few minutes. The examination is conducted in a scientific laboratory. The report comes to the individual in a day or two. Either he has syphilis, or he hasn't. If he has it—well, he should thank God he knows he has it. For he can be cured. When he's cured he can marry with safety."

"By the way," I said, "just as many people are getting married this year as last. Maybe more. Connecticut is licensing fewer than it did in 1936. I suppose that means that the marriage business is better in the neighboring states. Have you any figures on that?"

"I have," Al said. "We're losing not only the fly-by-nights who used to come speeding up from New York, but also some of our own citizens. In New York State's four counties that border on Connecticut, 1,274 licenses were issued in the first nine months of last year to Connecticut boys and girls.

"Now New York has a law that requires both parties to declare, under oath, that they are free from venereal disease. That seems ridiculous—and even pathetic—to me. Kids afraid of a scientific, truth-telling, definite examination in this state go to New York, swear they haven't anything the matter with them, and marry. How do they know they haven't syphilis?"

Al sighed. "Well, you can't help people who won't let you help them," he said. "But if every state in the Union had the Connecticut law—"

HE took the little red book from his pocket again, and selected another clipping from it.

"Here's a statement by Dr. Stanley H. Osborn, the state's Commissioner of Health:

"'To decide the course of any legislation in its first year of operation is a difficult problem. But this we do know: persons who have had syphilis in a communicable stage have not married in Connecticut. Further, many people who felt they might marry have resumed treatment which they had allowed to lapse. Any law which has such a widespread guaranty of freedom from the most dangerous of diseases should not only be continued in Connecticut but should be enacted in other states.'

"Here's another thought," Al said. "Setting aside venereal disease, a premarital examination sometimes saves a couple from other kinds of grief. You know how girls are. A lot of them have some sort of trouble. They don't like to talk about it, especially to a man. They think it's nothing serious, maybe. So they marry—and life is just one doctor bill after another, and endless worry and grief.

"I was in a hospital the other day, and a nurse was telling me about a young woman. She'd had a heart condition. Nothing alarming, she thought. She'd never mentioned it to the man she married. She hadn't been examined before marriage. Now, facing motherhood, her heart was acting up. It was all they could do to save her. The baby died, of course. Well, that girl should never have been allowed to become pregnant. She'll never have a baby. It's tough on her, and on her husband. But don't you think both of them should have known that fact before they were married?"

I was just going out when a crowd of people came in—beaming, laughing, hearty people. Three men and three women. The youngest couple came forward.

"We want a marriage license," the young man said.

Al shoved him a blank. "Got doctors' certificates?"

"You bet," the boy said.

Al smiled. "Connecticut residents?"

"Yes," the radiant girl said, and she said it proudly. "All of us."

I got it then. The older people were their fathers and mothers. I took one of the men aside.

"Are you the bride's father?"

"I certainly am," he said. He straightened up and threw out his chest.

"How do you feel about the blood-test law?" I asked him.

"Swell," he said. "I know there'll be no damaged goods in my family. Say, honestly, did you ever see a better-looking couple?"

THE END

MARRIAGE LICENSES

You could see she was close to tears.

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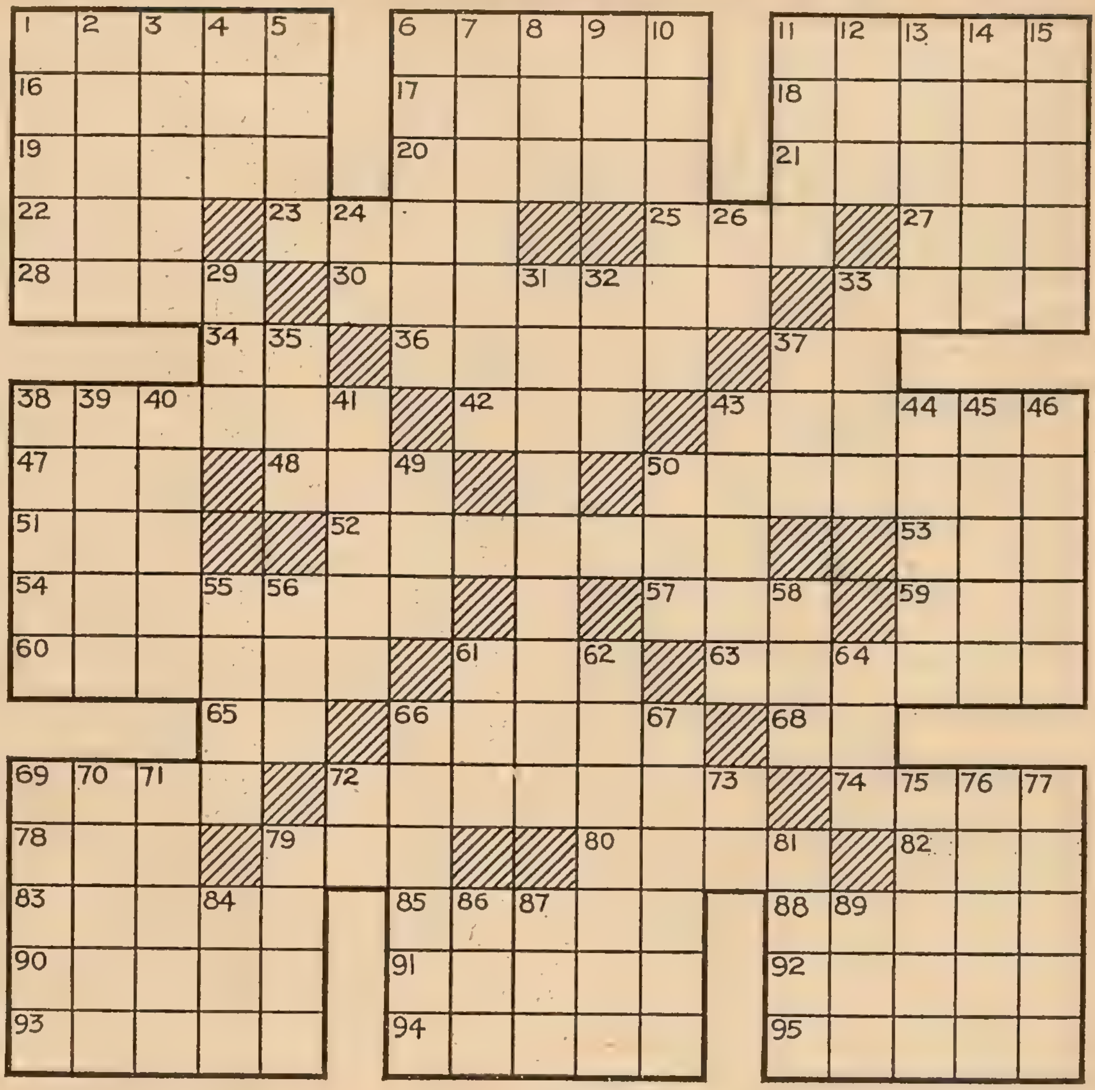
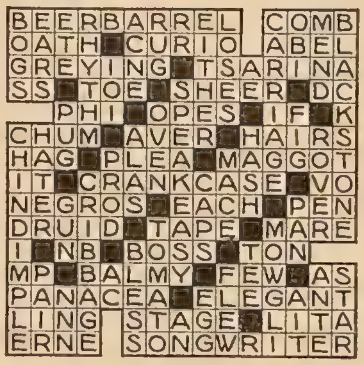


HORIZONTAL
1 Man's name
6 Molded mass (pl.)
11 Card (Fr.)
16 Over
17 Similar
18 Mountain nymph
19 Talked irrationally
20 Saltpeter
21 Vapid from age
22 Consumed
23 Glut
25 Witty saying
27 Put on
28 Trial
30 Species of lizard
33 Part of a camera
34 While
36 Type of automobile
37 Part of to be
38 Vassals
42 Numeral (German)
43 Cremation formerly practiced by Hindus
47 Label
48 Greek letter
50 Heavy coats
51 Monkey
52 Monk
53 No
54 Prickling feeling (pl.)
57 Lamprey
59 Compass point
60 Necessitate
61 And so forth (abbr.)
63 Walk unsteadily
65 Pronoun
66 Glides
68 Depart
69 Substance used in brewing
72 Cotton fabric
74 Conflicts
78 Woman's name
79 A cereal grain



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OATH■CURIO ABEL
GREYING■TSARINA
SS■TOE■SHEER■DC
PHI■OPES■IF■K
CHUM■AVER■HAIRS
HAG■PLEA■MAGGOT
IT■CRANKCASE■VO
NEGROS■EACH■PEN
DRUID■TAPE■MARE
I■NB■BOSS■TON
MP■BALMY■FEW■AS
PANACEA■ELEGANT
LING STAGE■LITA
ERNE SONGWRITER

Answer to last week's puzzle

80 Supplies with a crew
82 Regret
83 Wanderer
85 Giant
88 Oar fulcrum
90 Eradicate
91 An occurrence
92 Pointed
93 Article of furniture (pl.)
94 Torn places
95 Peruses

VERTICAL
1 Unit of weight
2 Lessen
3 Adores
4 Woman's name
5 Plants
6 Division of a poem (pl.)
7 One to whom title of property is transferred
8 Outfit
9 To piece out
10 Discourse
11 Price
12 Craftsmanship
13 English writer
14 Claw
15 Paradise (pl.)
24 Exist
26 Conjunction
29 Hebrew letter
31 Pertaining to the cast of a language
32 Color shade
33 Native of Latvia
35 Comprehend
37 Conveyance
38 Declare
39 Kind of fur
40 Deputy
41 Make obdurate
43 Icy particles
44 Belief
45 Toothed
46 Ethereal salt
49 Measures of area
50 American Indian
55 Manner of walking
56 Alighted
58 Ship's diary
61 Attention
62 Clamorous
64 Pull
66 Kind of dog
67 Slopes
69 Having a mane
70 Worship
71 Tibetan monks
72 Parent
73 Printer's measure
75 Scent
76 Governed
77 Ovules
79 Poems
81 Chief character
84 Inquire
86 I have (contraction)
87 Cardinal number
89 To hasten

WE *Can* PREVENT CRIME: The American Program

THE *Scandal* OF OUR JAILS

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

MOST of us associate jails with crime punishment. We never think of them as instruments of crime prevention or as obstacles to that goal. The federal prison system is now the largest single correctional system in the world. In the nineteen federal penal institutions there are now almost 17,000 prisoners. In addition, we have about 5,000 federal prisoners in state and local institutions, and approximately another 1,000 persons on the United States narcotic farms, which come under the jurisdiction of the United States Public Health Service. There are also about 25,000 men and women under probation supervision, and some 5,000 former inmates of our federal institutions under parole supervision. In all, there is today an army of 53,000 prisoners, former prisoners, and probationers under the control of the Department of Justice.

The administrative job of guarding, feeding, employing, educating, and supervising so vast an army is a staggering one. Almost 25 per cent of all the funds expended by the Department of Justice goes to this work.

Under the direction of the former director of the Bureau of Prisons, Mr. Sanford Bates, and his successor, Mr. James V. Bennett, great progress has been made recently in dealing with the problems that comprise the science of penology. The federal government during the last few years has completely reorganized its prison system and has provided facilities geared to handling scientifically the men and women who are committed there by our courts. Perhaps the worst blot on the American penal picture is the county jail. And yet the average citizen knows nothing about this institution in his midst.

In the United States there are over 3,000 county jails, each one operating independently and for the most part under the jurisdiction of officials elected without consideration as to their qualifications or experience in prison work. In many instances these officials have other remunerative interests and responsibilities and give little of their time to the management and control of the jail. They delegate authority to the lowest bidder in the community, who acts more or less as a janitor, with the result that the actual management of the jail is left to the prisoners.

A typical example of a sheriff's practice of forgetting the jail for more personal interests is clearly shown in the following epistle to the Federal Bureau of Prisons, which came in reply to letters calling his attention to the necessity for correcting conditions in the county jail:

> My failure to reply to these letters is due to the fact, as you know, that this State during the months from September to April was involved in a campaign. For your information I was also in that campaign which campaign I started the latter part of September and did not finish until about the 3rd of April. We were reelected by a very handsome majority. I am out of the campaign now and can give these matters my personal attention.

What do you suppose happened to the prisoners in this jail during the seven months from September to April?

On my desk, as I write, is a report showing that in other jails favored prisoners have been allowed to leave and go to the race track, attend county fairs, and, in at least one instance, to attend one of the games of the World Series. In another case prisoners were allowed to leave a jail and to work at a gasoline station and on a farm owned and operated by the jailer. Liquor and drugs have been trafficked into jails and drunken parties permitted. Escape, under such circumstances, is so easy as to be ridiculous.

Do prisons put an end to lawbreaking? Here's a liberal, common-sense plan to make the men inside fit to live outside

BY ATTORNEY GENERAL

HOMER S. CUMMINGS

There is another type of jail—all too common in our supposedly progressive land—in which the moral and sanitary conditions are so appalling that they would scarcely have been tolerated in the Dark Ages. No attempt is made in these offending institutions to separate male criminals from female criminals, adult criminals from youthful ones, or even to segregate prisoners with contagious diseases. Immorality of the grossest sort rages unchecked. Cells are vermin-infested. Fire hazards are ignored.

In fairness to the group of officials directly in charge of these institutions, it should be stated that there are some who are willing and anxious to maintain proper standards, but are unable to do so because of lack of funds or lack of co-operation on the part of other local officials having a joint responsibility.

The fee system which prevailed generally in America during the colonial days still survives in a large number of our present-day counties and is responsible for many of the evils surrounding the county jail. Local sheriffs receive a fee for the support of prisoners committed to their care and are permitted to put in their own pockets any amount they can save. There is a strong temptation to run the jail in a sloppy manner in order to make a profit.

Over 600,000 persons are committed to these county jails every year under sentences ranging from a few days to death. If you add to this stupendous total the number of persons committed to await trial, the prison population would probably fall not very far short of 1,000,000 persons passing through the jails in the course of a year.

A prison population of 1,000,000—a large mark for any crime-prevention program to aim at! Here is a chance to work with a great sector of the standing army of crime. If it is not possible to rehabilitate the more hardened criminals, we can at least send them out at the end of their terms with a wholesome respect for the principles of law and order, and a fear of offending further against those principles.

The Department of Justice went to work on this problem just as vigorously as it had on the problem of detection and arrest.

First of all, it held the keepers of its federal prisons to the highest standard of efficiency, to serve as an example to all jails and prisons.

The overcrowded condition of our federal penitentiaries, which necessitates housing in local jails the less dangerous federal prisoners and arrested persons who are being held for trial, has turned out to be a blessing in disguise, so far as setting an example was concerned—*and* enforcing it.

The federal government has no right to dictate to the local officials how the county jails should be operated. But it is entirely within its province to refuse to make use of jails which do not meet its standard.

This was our opportunity. Before a local penal institution could qualify for a government contract, involving remunerative payment for the care of each federal prisoner, it was obliged to satisfy the Department of Justice as to its physical equipment, its moral standards, its breakproof qualities, and its all-round efficiency of management. To stimulate still further the efforts of local authorities, to whom the income from the government was of importance, the Department arranged a comparative merit system for the jails that passed the official test, and paid a sliding scale, dependent on its degree of excellence.

As a result of the conditions which our inspectors reported, 1,600 county jails out of a total of 3,000 were condemned as unsuitable for federal prisoners; and 748 others may be used only in an emergency.

These are not comforting figures. They show conclusively the need of a wholesale clean-up of jail conditions.

The ancient county-jail system which was inherited from England three hundred years ago is an anachronism in our social order. We can now consolidate the small local county jails into area or regional institutions administered by expertly trained officers and, at no additional cost to the taxpayers, provide sentenced prisoners with reasonably decent care and treatment. We can get rid of the indiscriminate mixing of the young with the old, of the first offender with the hardened, and of the healthy with the diseased. In the long run the savings under such a system would be manifested not only in an actual decrease in the money cost of maintaining prisoners but also in the larger and more important saving of the great human suffering caused by crime.

It is too early, of course, to pass final judgment as to the results of the Department's prison program in decreasing the prevalence of crime; but there has already been one important change for the better: the number of federal prisoners escaping from these carefully investigated county jails is now less than one fifth of 1 per cent.

A well regulated parole system, whereby deserving prisoners may be permitted to leave their cells before the expiration of their terms and get permanent work outside the jail under the supervision of honest parole officers, has its proper place in any program of crime prevention. Parole is not a means of shortening the sentence of a prisoner or an easy way out. A system of parole which is really properly organized and administered is looked upon by the prisoners as a burden and not a boon. They do not want to be under the constant supervision of a federal parole officer.

The Department of Justice rejects the idea that parole should be used for clemency, as an opportunity to review the sentence meted out by the trial justice, or for any purpose except to provide a scientific and helpful means of rehabilitating those cases where experts agree that reformation is possible. Release without supervision is not parole. If parole is used by the venal or the unprincipled for shortening the sentence of a prisoner, it certainly ought to be condemned.

We know from two hundred years of experience that long sentences do not cure crime. If that were so, all we would need to do would be to construct more prisons. Certainly no one has been able to suggest a substitute for the parole system, or to evolve a plan which precludes the possibility that criminals will again resort to their criminal ways.

I do not mean to say that much cannot be done to improve the parole system. Since crime is now a nation-wide problem, and it can be controlled only when all of the states work together, the Department of Justice is trying to foster a middle-of-the-road program relating to parole. We allow for parole but seek to improve its administration. But again, as in the case of jails, the Department of Justice has no authority over the parole systems of the various states.

What the Department can do—and is now doing, is to conduct a thoroughgoing survey of the methods of releasing prisoners in the various states, and to give the widest possible publicity to the findings of this survey.

We must remember that the problem of crime control falls into two broad fields—one repressive and punitive in nature, and the other preventive and reformative. The Department of Justice strives to give equal consideration to each field.

Our jails and prisons must be considered as places where men go *as* punishment and not *for* punishment. President Roosevelt once said, in commenting on a biography of Thomas Mott Osborne, that "his [Osborne's] deep principle was wholly sound—that human beings who are . . . punished by the State for sins against society can, in a very large percentage of cases, be restored to society as law-abiding citizens. It is in the prison itself where the greatest opportunity lies in turning men who have sinned into men who will sin no more."

How can crime be prevented before the jail stage is reached? Attorney General Cummings will take up this important phase of the Department's program in an early issue of Liberty.

THE BEST WAY TO PREVENT CRIME

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

To stamp out crime, we must begin with children.

The greatest need in America today is for character education.

Listen to a few words of wisdom from our ablest police officer, Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, Chief of the Federal Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice:

"*It is time for America to resurrect that standard of discipline which did much to give this country its rugged, stalwart honesty of purpose, its determination, its achievements. I refer to that parental discipline and guidance which did so much to create law-abiding, successful, and forward-looking citizens. Today, however, that old-fashioned standard has been transformed into the wine card of the cocktail bar; into the belief that an immature mind can be granted utter freedom of action without disastrous results. Its lesson has been supplanted by the dangerous one of the roadside tavern, the parked automobile upon a lonely road; by the constant apathy-engendered desire to have everything which youth wants, inevitably leading to a desire on the part of youth to get what it wants by fair means or foul.*"

To which I can add only the one word: AMEN!

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. D. S. T.
Tune in at home or on your car radio.

Will these *Mysterious Crimes* ever be *Solved?*

VANISHED BRIDE: WHAT HAPPENED TO AGNES TUFVERSON?

Agnes Colonia Tufverson

Why did Poderjay buy 200 razor blades? New, inside facts on what the police admit is "the perfect mystery"

BY FRED ALLHOFF

Ivan Ivanovitch Poderjay

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IT might be interesting—were this a medical journal—to attempt to explore the phenomenon that was curly-haired Captain Ivan Ivanovitch (Sonja) Poderjay.

His background was irreproachable. His parents, Ivan and Maria Poderzaj, were well respected in Ljubljana, in what is now Yugoslavia, where he was born May 12, 1899. His father was an official of a railroad company. A brother was a Jesuit missionary in India.

Captain Poderjay is credited with two explanations of his own for the singular and unmentionable habits he later acquired. Both may be false. One blames a Frenchwoman. The other blames the World War.

He came by his military rank honestly under fire that, he freely admitted, scared him as badly as any other man. He enlisted when he could not have been more than sixteen. Women who followed the army were drawn by his youth and freshness. Too many and too easy conquests surfeited, repelled him.

Early in the summer of 1933, Agnes Colonia Tuferson of Grand Rapids and New York City boarded the London-to-Southampton boat train. Thereupon, out of the pages of Krafft-Ebing into the presumably virginal life of Miss Tufverson, stepped the bland and brilliant Captain Ivan Iv. Poderjay of the blue-gray hypnotic eyes.

Low in funds, he must immediately have looked upon her as fine prey. One of his many young women friends was on the boat train to see him off. He glibly explained to Miss Tufverson that this was his sister.

Agnes Tufverson had foregone romance for money and a career. From Grand Rapids she had gone to Washington, then Paris, to become part-time secretary to Ambassador Myron T. Herrick. Later, via Columbia University, she had stepped, as a woman attorney, into the corporate division of the Electric Bond and Share Company.

She was forty-two, intelligent, presumably worldly-wise. But all this was to prove thin armor against the assault of the dapper Poderjay, eight years her junior.

They soon met again on the decks of the Ile de France, which, one day out, was carrying them both to America. Miss Tufverson was suffering from seasickness and lack of powder and rouge. She told friends, later, that it was a most "depressive" journey—up to that point. He was gentle and solicitous, an interesting conversationalist, full of heel clicks and hip bows without overdoing them. He was firm and sure, yet not arrogant. He spoke five languages with amazing fluency.

He had features that were pleasant, a voice nicely modulated, and the kind of hair that invites feminine fingers. If also he had the soul of a krait, it was well cloaked and hidden. They got along famously.

On the third day out, he took his lips from her hand and pleaded with her to marry him. She refused.

They arrived in Manhattan on July 4, and he moved into a hotel not far from the apartment building in which she lived at 235 East Twenty-second Street. He was quite busy, the next few weeks, trying to find some one to finance a lock he claimed to have invented. Failing, he returned to Europe late in August.

Within a month he sent Agnes Tufverson five cables and four letters. In his first cable he demanded that she send him $2,500 at once. He got a stinging refusal, whereupon he threatened, by letter, to sue her for breach of promise and subject her to publicity.

Agnes Tufverson was furious—and frightened. To a friend, Addie Smith, she stormed, "He's nothing but a fortune hunter, a gigolo. He's after my money. Well, let him try to get it! I'll show him up. I have his letter. I've got it on him in black and white if he tries anything funny."

BUT, confiding in another close chum, Tena Rowan, she said worriedly, "Oh, Tena, I'm in a tight spot. I don't know what to do."

What she did do was to write Captain Poderjay that unfortunate investments had left her penniless.

Poderjay never received the letter; for at the moment she posted it he was on the high seas, en route back to America and her. He landed on November 13, and telephoned her at her office on the 17th, as records show. Apparently he managed to smooth over their differences, for he became a constant visitor at the apartment building, and employees there later recalled that nearly every evening he brought her home, and that at the elevator he would kiss her hand, bow gallantly, and leave her.

One night late in November, an elevator operator and a night switchboard operator saw the Captain and Miss Tufverson talking in the lobby for nearly an hour. She seemed to be crying bitterly. Poderjay, they said, seemed to be making "improper advances," which she refused. Finally she let him go up to her apartment with her. Thereafter, when calling, he went directly to the apartment.

Miss Tufverson, by now, was asking her intimate friends whether they thought she should marry the gallant Captain Poderjay. One told her to go ahead. Another, a woman doctor who had been a classmate of hers at Columbia, did not share this view. Treating Miss Tufverson for an eye infection, she had met Captain Poderjay in the apartment, and had instantly disliked him. She described him as "demoniacal" and "diabolical."

"That man," she told police afterward, "was capable of anything, in my opinion. I'd not be surprised to know that he had hypnotized Agnes. Her conduct, while I was there, was giddy and euphoric. I told Agnes a few things about him."

Her words were of little avail against his blandishments. On December 4 Agnes Tufverson and Captain Poderjay were quietly married by the Rev. Randolph Roy at the Little Church Around the Corner. Clerks at the church were witnesses. Miss Tufverson—within a week of her forty-third birthday—gave her age as thirty-five. Not to be outdone, Captain Poderjay added five months to his own age and put down thirty-five.

Everything that happened thereafter is important to any study of what Captain John H. Ayers, former commanding officer of New York's Missing Persons Bureau, was to pronounce "the most interesting case I ever had; a disappearance without a trace—a perfect mystery."

On the afternoon of their marriage Captain Poderjay checked out of his hotel. He explained to the clerk at the desk that he was going to "board with a woman," since it was much cheaper. As forwarding address he left the number of his wife's apartment house.

On December 6 Agnes Tufverson Poderjay closed a personal account of her own and a trust account for her sister Olive, combining them and obtaining a draft for $5,000 payable to Captain Poderjay.

On December 7 she authorized another bank to let Poderjay have access to her safe-deposit box. The authorization lasted until December 19 when she gave up the lockbox. Bank officials were unable to say, later, whether or not Poderjay had visited it.

ON December 14 she wrote a long letter to two of her four younger sisters, Selma and Olive, who roomed and worked together in Detroit. She was quite devoted to them, sent them gifts and money regularly, and wrote them nearly every week. She told them now of her marriage and of honeymoon plans: Captain Poderjay had reserved passage on the Hamburg, sailing from New York at 10 P. M. on December 20.

Their plans, she wrote, included a trip to India, where they were to be remarried by Captain Poderjay's missionary brother. She was considering giving up her career and living permanently in London, where, her husband had told her, he owned two apartment buildings. However, she would return to America in April to handle an important legal matter for her firm. She would write Selma and Olive often. She was very happy.

Between December 16 and 19 she bought about $700 worth of clothes, including some costume jewelry and a pair of satin lounging pajamas consisting of a rose jacket and white, rose-striped trousers.

Dressed conservatively and plainly, she was accompanied on these shopping expeditions by Captain Poderjay. She wished to buy plain things. He persuaded her to buy all manner of frivolous, frilly things.

The incident is worth mention, as will be seen.

On Sunday, December 17, Agnes took her new husband for a visit to the apartment of Julia Tillinghast, a friend she had known for fourteen years. Poderjay, amiable and entertaining, dominated the conversation, while Agnes watched him with beaming happiness and affection in her face. During a moment they had alone, she told Miss Tillinghast that he was an international banker, was also in the importing and exporting business, and was worth a cool million dollars. She said that in two days they would sail for London—from Montreal.

"Ivan has two apartment buildings in London, Julia," Agnes confided. "He has a housekeeper in one of them who acts as a spy and informer for him. He was a captain in the army, you know."

Miss Tillinghast was duly impressed, and she was genuinely glad of the joy that had come to her friend. When they had gone, she said to her housekeeper:

"Agnes looks so happy. Why, she's simply radiant!"

Then occurred the first of a series of strange premonitions. The housekeeper shook her head.

"I don't like the looks of it," she said. "He has her hypnotized or something. I don't like it."

Miss Tillinghast was amazed. "What do you mean?"

"I don't know. I just don't like it."

LATER that same day, Addie Smith telephoned the Tufverson apartment. Agnes answered the telephone. Her voice seemed weak. She seemed unable to believe that it was her friend Addie Smith who was calling. She mumbled something about the Captain being ill—though Poderjay had been in excellent health that morning when visiting Miss Tillinghast. Afterward, Miss Smith said she got the impression that Agnes did not wish to speak with her at that moment. She told her, "I'll call you later." Agnes, she said, responded bewilderedly and nonsensically, "Oh, will you?"

On the following day Agnes took her husband to visit friends of twelve years' standing, Carl and Harriet Wentzel, in the Bronx. They were guests at dinner. Agnes looked very tired, but the Wentzels were agreed that her face was beamingly happy. They were not greatly impressed by Poderjay, though they found him agreeable company. He said he had an income of $1,000 a year, upon which, as citizens of England, he and Agnes could live comfortably.

They did not remain long after dinner. Though Agnes' eyes were noticeably bright, she did seem tired, and Poderjay offered early to take her home.

Before they left, Agnes and Harriet got together for some woman talk in the bedroom.

"I feel queer all over, Harriet. Do you suppose I could be . . . already? No, it's too soon to know."

(Two days earlier, she had told her secretary at the Electric Bond and Share Company the same thing: She felt "queer." She wondered if she could be pregnant.)

When they had gone, Mrs. Wentzel told her husband she did hope Agnes would be happy, and agreed with him that she looked happy enough now. Then the Wentzels' colored maid came in. "My!" she exclaimed. "Miss Tufverson looks unhappy! I sure think she looks unhappy!"

On the following night Agnes phoned the Wentzels that she would write to them from England. Then she phoned Selma and Olive, in Detroit, and talked with them for an hour, introducing the Captain over the wire.

The next day was December 20—the day that Agnes Tufverson Poderjay vanished.

At noon she appeared at a downtown beauty shop. The eye infection for which she had been treated the month before had, she claimed, been suffered during a beauty treatment in this shop, and she went to the office of an adjuster, where, after some squabbling, she accepted a check for fifty dollars.

At 3 P. M. she returned to the beauty parlor, where she took treatments until five o'clock. She said she was married to a wealthy man and they were sailing that night on the Hamburg. She seemed genuinely excited and elated. She signed an index card: "Mrs. Ivan Iv. Poderjay, 31 Westbourne Grove, Bayswater, London, W 2." She told attendants, "I have a new career now. I have nothing to do except make my husband happy."

She returned to her apartment, and just before six o'clock she and Poderjay left the apartment house with three trunks and a number of pieces of hand luggage. It was raining quite hard. They took a taxi, driven by Clement Rice, to the Hamburg-American Line docks.

Around seven o'clock that evening she returned with all the luggage. She ordered the small pieces taken to her apartment, the larger pieces stored in the trunk room. She explained to employees that the Captain had been detained at the last minute by business and that they were changing their sailing plans.

At nine Poderjay came, and went up to the apartment.

At ten Agnes' colored maid, Flora Miller, came to the apartment to clean it. She was surprised to find it occupied—Captain Poderjay seated in an armchair, Agnes sitting on the arm of the chair. The latter explained the change of plans and said, " Come back tomorrow, Flora."

Poderjay interrupted. " Don't come back tomorrow," he said. " Come day after tomorrow."

The maid nodded, puzzled, and went away. Except Poderjay, she was the last person ever to see Agnes.

That evening Poderjay had thoughtfully collected and signed for bon-voyage baskets and going-away gifts sent by friends to the dock. No friends had come down to the ship, because Agnes had phoned and urged them, quite insistently, not to come in the rain.

The next day, December 21, Poderjay made reservation (a single) to sail on the Olympic at 10 P. M. the following night.

He called the apartment-house office and asked where he could buy a trunk. Told there were stores along Third Avenue, he went out, returning after an hour or two with a large and strong, if inexpensive, trunk.

Later, at the drugstore of Simon Finegold, on Second Avenue, he made purchases totaling eighteen dollars. These included shaving cream, tooth paste, tissue cream, and two boxes of double-edged razor blades—more than two hundred blades. He did not, as has been published, buy large quantities of sleeping potions.

He explained his big purchase of razor blades by saying he was sailing for Europe tomorrow. He told where he lived, and he seemed in a hurry—so much so that Finegold short-changed himself two dollars and did not notice it until the customer had gone. Then the druggist rushed to the apartment house, and was taken up to the Tufverson apartment to see the man who was "sailing for Europe." He found Poderjay alone and busily packing. The new trunk stood in one corner of the room. Finegold got his two dollars and left.

The following day Flora Miller returned as Poderjay had instructed her to do. He was alone. " Madame has gone to Philadelphia," he told her. " Don't clean the place now. Come back tomorrow."

That afternoon Poderjay arranged with a trucking concern to transfer luggage from the apartment to the White Star Line dock. He inspected the loading of four trunks and six smaller pieces on the truck, and then rode on it to the dock, where he carefully watched the unloading of his trunks. He returned for a brief visit to the apartment.

AT ten o'clock the Olympic sailed. Poderjay occupied Cabin 86 on C Deck. His cabin had a porthole big enough to permit passage through it of a body larger than Agnes Tufverson's. Not once in the entire crossing did he leave his cabin.

Back in Grand Rapids a man of seventy had a dream. He saw a green field. In the field stood two women. They waved to him, smiled at him, beckoned him.

He felt uneasy about that dream. The older woman had been his wife; the younger, his daughter Agnes.

And Agnes Tufverson's father could not understand how she could be standing, in the dream, beside her mother, who had been dead these twenty years.

On January 2 Selma and Olive Tufverson, in Detroit, received the following cablegram from London:

BAD CROSSING CANNOT STAND FOG SAILING INDIA ACROSS FRANCE FROM MARSEILLE EYES BETTER HAPPINESS TO YOU ALL THROUGH THE YEAR AGNES

Months later, no further word having come, Amelia, a third sister, visited the old home. She found aged Olaf Tufverson, her father, worried and depressed. She

Have GOOD HEALTHY HAIR

DO THIS EVERY WEEK: Massage in 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to wake up circulation, remove loose dandruff. . . . Shampoo.

DO THIS EVERY DAY: Comb a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic into the hair to keep it good looking and in place.

Young men everywhere are finding that the easy way to have good looking, healthy hair is to do these two simple things: Each morning, shake on a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. . . Every week before shampooing, massage plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic into the scalp. These Tonic treatments speed up the circulation . . . loosen tight scalp muscles . . . tend to stop excessive shedding. Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State Street, New York.

40¢ and 70¢

Vaseline
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
HAIR TONIC

Copr. 1937, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

herself had a dark premonition. "Something," she told Selma and Olive, "has happened to Agnes."

They laughed, but as more months passed they too became alarmed. Selma finally came to New York. Inquiry at Agnes' office revealed that her professional associates had had no word from her. As for her apartment, she had asked that it be held for her, but she had not sent checks covering the rent.

Selma went to the office of Captain Ayers. He assigned the able Detective Jacob von Weisenstein to the case, along with others, including Sergeant Hugh Sheridan and Detective William Copeland.

Von Weisenstein, checking with the Yugoslavian consul's office, learned that, while Poderjay had never been convicted of any crime, an Englishwoman had claimed he had defrauded her of considerable money. Other persons had also claimed to have been swindled by him.

Evidence turned up to indicate that he had married a Seifka Bradaritch in Yugoslavia in 1926, and more recently had been intimate with a French saleswoman, one Marguerite Ferrand.

Scotland Yard reported: "Marriage of Marguerite Ferrand to Ivan Poderjay recorded Paddington Register Office, London, Twenty-second March 1933."

Poderjay and Marguerite were traced to Vienna and, at New York's request, were kept under surveillance.

The steward of the Olympic informed police that he had served Poderjay all his meals in his cabin, which had contained some hand luggage, a typewriter, and one large trunk. Poderjay's other trunks had been stored in the ship's hold. At the end of the voyage the steward had helped Poderjay through the customs, where Poderjay met an Englishwoman whom he introduced as his wife.

On this side of the Atlantic police dug up the record of Agnes' marriage and complete data concerning her financial holdings. They interviewed every one in any way connected with her, and traced every phone call made by Poderjay in America. They checked at all ports from which Agnes might have sailed. Poderjay never had made reservations for the honeymoon trip on the Hamburg.

On the theory that the trunk in his stateroom on the Olympic might have contained the dismembered body of Agnes, London police were asked to check upon abandoned trunks at Southampton and at other baggage rooms. Scotland Yard found two trunks containing female torsos. Neither had the distinctive scar that an appendicitis operation had left upon her abdomen.

The Technical Laboratory Research Bureau of the New York Police Department went to work on the Tufverson apartment. The most minute, scientific examination was made, and the same was done to the Olympic's Cabin 86. All tests for blood were negative. Six months, it must be remembered, had elapsed.

THERE was not a jot of legal evidence of foul play. Unless they found the body, the police were stopped. And they could find no body.

In Vienna, Captain Poderjay said it was all very mysterious and he didn't know what could have become of Agnes Tufverson. He denied having married her, but later admitted he had entered into an agreement to do so to "relieve her of the onus of spinsterhood."

She had wanted to return to Europe with him, he said; but how could he bring her back—with a wife waiting for him? Maybe she had committed suicide.

New York refused to swallow this theory, and suggested a raid on the apartment occupied by Poderjay and his mannish French bride. Vienna police found Mme. Poderjay, née Ferrand, clad in pajamas—rose jacket and striped trousers—that answered, even to the Fifth Avenue label, the description of the lounging pajamas in Agnes Tufverson's trousseau. They found Agnes' other wearing apparel, much of it cut down to fit the more slender Marguerite.

They found Agnes' cherished briefcase. It contained two books: The Art of Love, and Birth Control.

Her luggage was there, her trunks were there, her costume jewelry was there.

In one room of the apartment Vienna police found paraphernalia of torture—leather straps, chains, pinch plates, harnesses, whips of feather and wood, leather and metal, and an ancient chastity belt.

They found a picture of the slim hard-faced Marguerite in male attire, also correspondence between her and Ivan during his visit to America. Most of the letters consisted of obscene recollections; but in one Poderjay had written: "I have met an old wagon of an American business woman, but she has money."

Marguerite had answered: "You marry her. Then, if anything wonderful should happen, we have money."

Poderjay's reply to that was dated December 19, the day before Agnes Tufverson vanished. He wrote:

"A miracle will happen soon, making us both rich."

These finds offered no clue to the whereabouts of Agnes or her body. However, her sisters were bent upon bringing back to America—and punishing—the brother-in-law they had never seen. Her firm became actively interested in the case. So did the National Association of Women Lawyers. There was a cry for justice.

How to answer it was a poser. There was no body to prove that murder had been done. An indictment for larceny could not be found, for she had purchased the trousseau through the buying account of a professional buyer—and had not, since she had vanished, been able to pay for the clothes. Any indictment would have to be brought against Miss Tufverson herself.

PODERJAY had sworn that his marriage to Miss Tufverson was his first, and English marriage records gave the lie to this. But, after a perjury indictment had been found, New York police learned that Vienna authorities did not recognize perjury as an extraditable crime unless it was committed in open court or in the presence of a judge.

Bigamy was the one remaining dodge by which Poderjay might be returned to America and punished. Captain John G. Stein, capable successor to Captain Ayers, dispatched Detective von Weisenstein to extradite him.

Poderjay was on board the President Polk, which was to return him to America, when von Weisenstein boarded it. He stood at attention, clicked his heels, smiled. "Ah!" he exclaimed. "I know the American detective from his pictures in the paper."

"Put him in the brig," said von Weisenstein.

Captain Ivan Iv. Poderjay was very unhappy in the brig. He refused to eat. When the ship ran into rough weather, the captain came to the detective.

"We can't get food to him up there. Too rough. I'll not be responsible for him."

And so Captain Poderjay was assigned a specially locked cabin adjoining that of the detective. He was much happier. He wrote poetry. But of Agnes Tufverson about all he would say was, "She ran away with another man. These American women are all silly."

Caught in impossible lies, he merely shrugged. "That is all," became his stock phrase.

He was ready constantly to discuss any other topic, including his own sexual aberrations, or to make ribald cracks about or in the presence of other passengers.

Back in New York, he willingly appeared at Bellevue Hospital, where hundreds of psychiatrists had gathered to view him. But even now no one learned anything concerning the whereabouts of the woman who had been last seen sitting on the arm of his chair.

In March, 1935, Poderjay was convicted of bigamy and given two and a half to five years. The New York State Parole Commission has refused to cut his sentence, and it is likely that he'll serve it up to the hilt.

Perhaps after that, with the sanction of the Austrian government, he'll be tried for perjury.

Certainly the moment he is free he'll be deported. Where to is something of a problem. Neither England nor France wants him, he's in bad odor in Vienna, and he has been demoted by the Yugoslavian army.

THE END

More of these Mysterious Crimes Still Unsolved, as well as more stories of famous crimes told by the Headquarters Old-Timer, will be found frequently in Liberty's future issues.

ANTICS in the ARCTIC—à la RITZ

Mr. Zanuck's musical-film formula reaches farthest north yet: Charlie Ruggles goes dramatic—successfully—and Bulldog Drummond returns

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

4 STARS — EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS — EXCELLENT 2 STARS — GOOD
1 STAR — POOR 0 STAR — VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ½ YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING

THE PLAYERS: Alice Faye, the Ritz Brothers Don Ameche, Charles Winninger, Louise Hovick, Rubinoff, Tony Martin, Arthur Treacher, Phyllis Brooks, Tip, Tap, and Toe, Louis Prima and his orchestra, Tyler Brooke, George Humbert, Jed Prouty, Wally Vernon, Robert Murphy, Dorothy Christy, Paul McVey, Clara Blandick. Screen play by Harry Tugend, Jack Yellen, and Karl Tunberg from a story by Gregory Ratoff. Directed by Norman Taurog. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 99 minutes.

DARRYL ZANUCK, the guiding spirit of the Twentieth Century-Fox studios, has developed a highly successful musical-film formula. This is another neat, lively, and amusing variation of the Zanuck plan, which usually involves three items: a big theater backstage, the Ritz Brothers, and Alice Faye.

This time Miss Faye is a serious-minded young playwright who attracts the sentimental interest of Broadway's most successful librettist, otherwise Don Ameche. He gets a big producer to buy one of her highbrow efforts, a psychological study of reactions at the North Pole, and he transforms it into a musical-comedy hit. Thus the scholarly Judith Poe Wells finds herself a sensation in a different way than she anticipated.

The plot can't stand up long under the combined attack of the Ritz Brothers. You probably have looked upon them as mad in the past. There's no holding them here. They turn the plot upside down, make the show stand on its hind legs and beg. They sing a ballad called something like Long Underwear, I Love You, pose as scrubwomen in a Y. W. C. A., try arctic exploration—in general tear the film to shreds.

You will like Miss Faye, who steadily improves, and you will find Don Ameche ingratiating. A lot of curiosity will center in the film debut of the strip-tease belle of burlesque, Gypsy Rose Lee, under the name of Louise Hovick. She wears more clothes than any other member of the cast, and her first try at acting, we regret to report, is almost as diverting as the Ritz Brothers'. There is a highly promising young singer, Tony Martin, who will bear watching. The Gordon and Revel music is tuneful, brisk, and low-down.

But those Ritz boys! My! My!

From You Can't Have Everything—wherein the riotous Ritz Brothers are most everything—even scrubwomen.

VITAL STATISTICS: Imported to Hollywood by the mitey Zanuck at the height of the strip-tease heat wave, Mr. Hays forbade Gypsy Rose Lee the use of the screen unless she change her name, forget her past, keep her shirt on. It was a blow to Mr. Zanuck, but he's valiantly trying to make Miss Lee a Garbo. Otherwise Miss Hovick is a Pole, was born in Seattle twenty-three years ago. Started on stage with her mother's act, called Daisy Jane and Her Newsboy Songsters. The act finally folded, and Louise hopped aboard the burlesque wheel, at the ripe old age of fourteen, as chorus girl. In time her dancing and undressing ability netted her seventy-five dollars a week, and the more she took off the higher her salary grew. Soon she was making all of $350 a week, doing the early edition of the strip tease. The money went to her ambition and she gave it all up to become a show girl at sixty dollars a week in Ziggie's Ha Cha. When that folded she got the legit bug, built a home on Long Island, got nicked in the stock market, went back to burlesque. The strip tease was boosted to where it belongs: national prominence. Gypsy Rose Lee became an unsartorial sensation until the movies beckoned. She's a quiet girl with a taste for home life. Doesn't like night clubs or fashionable ha-cha, and doesn't like dancing. Her idea of an evening is to take in a movie or a show. She's hail-fellow-well-met. All men like her but women don't. Her figure is ridiculed by the gals, but ask any gent about it. She's had little time for play in her day and is somewhat plump. California flowers enchanted her; preferred the wild flowers to the orchids. Ran a 16-mm. camera on set; willingly did a strip tease which Alice Faye filmed on it. . . . Picture was budgeted at a million; $200,000 for costumes. . . . David Rubinoff is of Grodno, Rahshia; was always musical; got to play violin in the local garrison symphony, parents sacrificing to get him a fiddle. Studied at Warsaw Conservatory on scholarships. After family emigrated to Pittsburgh, Rubinoff got to be a movie-house orchestra leader before he could speak English. Studied music for ten years. First fiddle cost $1.50; when he left Rahshia had one given him costing $500; he bought one here for several thousand; now owns a genuine 206-year-old Stradivarius insured for $100,000 and containing the Romanoff crest. This fiddle has a stand-in because studio lights would do it no good and Rubinoff played it for this off-scene, faking those movements and sounds before cameras. . . . Speeding to Palm Springs, Song-ostrich Gordon of Gordon & Revel saw a sign, Danger—Men at Work, along the road, which gave him the flash which resulted in knocking out Danger—Love at Work. It almost became title of the picture, too. . . . Don Ameche can lift 250 pounds, is no collar ad, but is thankful about it. He was a collegiate bum; attended four universities a year apiece; got no degree out of it. Don worked in a mattress factory one summer; loaded 100-pound cement bags; and had a job in Kenosha, Wisconsin, once, rounding square street corners—an early form of boondoggling. Is a scratch below 6 feet, 170 pounds. Has known poverty. . . . Alice Faye's never taken a music lesson in her life. Is a New Yorker. She's a George White Scandal, and surely you remember how she and Rudy Vallée sang romantically and really to each other on his program. That of course has cooled, and now it's Tony Martin, who sings Please Pardon Us, We're in Love, in this, a song inspired by their offstage cooings together, Tony gave her a diamond-and-platinum wrist watch for her twenty-second birthday, which took place during this. . . . Charles Winninger has researched showboats. Says they came into being on the Mississippi about 1825, all because a visiting English actor wanted to fish. Found one-night stands interfered with his fishing; got him a flatboat, put a miniature theater on it, combined Thespis and Izaak Walton. The idea caught on—hence the showboat. . . . Tony Martin, orchestra leader, crooner, football player, gentleman scholar, and boy friend of Alice Faye, gets lots of letters berating him for trying to take Gracie Allen away from George Burns. He does sing beautifully, however. . . . Aside to the Ritz Brothers, otherwise the Joachims of Brooklyn: How about those golf shoes you donated as my prize in that Twentieth Century-Fox tournament but failed to come up with?

★ ★ ½ EXCLUSIVE

THE PLAYERS: Fred MacMurray, Frances Farmer, Charles Ruggles, Lloyd Nolan, Fay Holden, Edward H. Robins, Gaylord Pendleton, Ralph Morgan, Harlan Briggs, William Mansell, Horace MacMahon, Frank Bruno, Willard Robertson, Chester Clute. Screen play by John C. Moffitt, Sidney Salkow, and Rian James from a drama by Mr. Moffitt. Directed by Alexander Hall. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 74 minutes.

A MELODRAMA of murder and newspaper reporting. Some of it has much merit. Two portraits of small-city news men—honest, sacrificing, rattlebrained, badly paid, but guided by a curiously fine set of ethics—are finely done by Charles Ruggles and Fred MacMurray. It is the first time your Beverly Hills has observed the screen catch even a fleeting shadow of the real average down-to-earth reporter.

These two honest scribes are dropped into an unreal lurid melodrama. A big-shot racketeer, almost sent to prison by the ethical World, starts a rival paper, terrorizes the town, finally cuts the elevator cables of a department store which refused to advertise.

You will like Ruggles as a tippling, sentimental, ink-stained old reporter, and MacMurray as the shabby ethical city editor. You will like the interlude where, slightly alcoholic, they investigate the working of an electric refrigerator. You will be won, too, by Frances Farmer as the former's pretty daughter who doesn't quite understand newspaper standards.

VITAL STATISTICS: Author John C. Moffitt is a Kansas Cityan. Learned news grabbing at the U. of Mo. and Columbia. Was leg man for the New York Sun; got to be movie critic of the Kansas City Star. Mastered playwriting in Hollywood while doing Hollywood gossipiffle. Wrote Roaring Girl, from which this after a lukewarm seven-weeks stage run of same. Moffitt swears the stuff in this is the McCoy; he was trying to write no fable of the cub reporter who scoops the World, wins the publisher's dotter, and he avoided characterizing the fourth estate as soused rattlebrains who care only for a front-page story with a by-line. Why not? He includes a big-shot racketeer, a reform mayor, a high-minded sob sister, a newspaper war between rival rags, gangsters à la capone, a high-minded public that smashes newspaper offices run by racketeers, strange coincidences, suicides: everyday newspaper office realities. . . . Stuff: When the extras playing irate citizens of Mountain City in the picture wrecked the scandalmongering Sentinel twenty got hurt. Four good autos were wrecked and burned during the action. It's cheaper to buy new or used ones than to perform such in miniature. The elevator crash was done in a Los Angeles department store, which doesn't seem to mind such publicity. Eighteen tons of newsprint were used in turning out the screen rags. Pic's hardest problem: Difficult to find a Hollywood house without a palm or citrus near to play a Midwestern home. . . . After ten years of screen clowning, Charlie Ruggles does his first tragic piece. Hopes you'll like him without laughs. Ruggles started his screen career as the lushing newshound in Gentlemen of the Press; has done plenty of tear-letting on the stage. He's a Friscoan, brother to Wes Ruggles the director but no relation to the Red Gap Ruggles. He dodged the druggist's mortar to act. . . . Lloyd Nolan's Hollywood's most likable villain and audiences usually are most loath to see him die. A San Franciscan, he was born on August 11, refuses to divulge his age; has whitish-gray hair; crashed B'way via the Pasadenas; has played on stage with Hel Hayes, Pat O'Brien, and the Lunts—or is it the Fontannes? . . . Fay Holden was Gaby Fay on the stage; used to play sophistikaties. She's Andy Clyde's sister-in-law, married to stage mogul David Clyde. Has been acting since nine. . . . Frances Farmer is her real name. She decided to act when she was fourteen; nothing's really ever got in her way. Studied journalism at Washington U., won a contest, was sent on a roving commission to Russia. Got a movie contract, not a big-league news job, on the boat back. Brother's a newspaper editor in California. . . . Fred MacMurray, the curly-haired he-man from Wisconsin's Beaver Dam, was really born in Kankakee but stayed there only a few hours. Sprung into stardom at a leap from a jazz band, he's done sixteen leads in his short three years. Keeps his head, is a hard worker. Says he'd work just as hard had the breaks made him young factory executive. Marriage to Lillian La Monte, childhood sweetheart, has failed to tone him down because he needed no toning down. . . . Gaylord Pendleton is Nat P.'s brother, but doesn't tear phone books in half, wrestle, or act dumb. Trained in New York's Pro Children's School, he once punched classmate Gene Raymond in the nose. Is married to Maxine Storey, writer. . . . There are more ex-lawyers working in Hollywood than exes of any other profesh: in this Willard Robertson, one-time attorney for the Interstate Commerce Commish & Nat'l. R.R. Administration, also playwright on the side; Ralph Morgan, a Columbia grad and Frank Morgan's brother; and push-nosed Horace MacMahon of South Norwalk, Connecticut, and Fordham Law. The MacMahon schnozz got squashed in amateur boxing.

★ BULLDOG DRUMMOND AT BAY

THE PLAYERS: John Lodge, Dorothy Mackaill, Victor Jory, Claud Allister, Hugh Miller, Leslie Perrins, Richard Bird, Brian Buchel, Jim Gerald, Annie Esmond, Maire O'Neill, William Dewhurst, Frank Cochrane. Screen play by James Parrish and Patric Kirwan from a novel by H. C. McNeile ("Sapper"). Directed by Norman Lee. Produced by Republic. Running time, 61 minutes.

RONALD COLMAN, when he played the resourceful, redoubtable amateur sleuth, Hugh Drummond, made it hard going for future portrayers of the Bulldog. Colman painted the nonprofessional Sherlock Holmes as at once romantic, inscrutable, dashing.

This time John Lodge, young English actor, has the role of Drummond. There is a long battle with a sinister ring to obtain plans for a secret new airplane. The bad boys kidnap the inventor. Drummond goes to the rescue—and loses his heart to a striking member of the gang.

Lodge is pleasant enough, but he never suggests the poised and debonair Bulldog Drummond done so easily by Colman. Dorothy Mackaill, who used to be one of our favorite screen charmers, is the siren member of the bloody ring. The melodrama itself is loosely knit, lacking punch and tenseness. This is more the fault of the adaptation and the direction than the acting.

VITAL STATISTICS: A British quickie, this cost about $97,000; will probably show more profit than many a British biggie. . . . One of the genuine Cabot Lodges, John Lodge got a gold-plated education here and abroad; hung out a law shingle in New York till the call to Thespis came. So he reformed, went on the stage, and in time to Hollywood, where he started to out-Gable Gable. Gable wouldn't be out-Gabled, Lodge cooled toward Hollywood, Hollywood cooled right back, so Lodge picked up his handsomeness and took it abroad. He's been fairly successful in English talkers, gets about $1,000 a week when he works, and Hollywood is reported by his press agents as gnashing its teeth because Lodge slipped through its fingers. . . . Victor Jory has one of the most uncompromisingly tough pusses on the screen; is said to be able to break a hero in two with a dirty look. Probably gets that icy look because he was born in Dawson City, son of Alaskan Klondike pioneers, his mother editing a newspaper, his paw picking for gold. Jory started as a boxer; at eighteen got to be light-heavyweight champ of B. C.; made enough money with his fists to fill his head at the U. of California, where it was but a step to the Pasadena Players, from where it was a step to Broadway. He debutted on stage in Berkeley Square. . . . Claud Allister's been Algy in all the Drummond opera. Was a Cambridge blue at the harf mile; ran it with a pipe in his mouth; has been steadily married for well-nigh twenty yeahs; keeps fit by walking ten miles a day, insisting this will keep him alive 125 years. . . . Dorothy Mackaill used to be a Follies gal. English born, Dorothy was a revue sensation in England and Paris before Ziegfeld built a Follies around her here. Her blinding beauty landed her opposite John (Ariel) Barrymore in The Lotus Eater and for a time she starred in Hollywood. Money and marriages followed, then came the Thespian depression. She's done most of her recent work in England, scoots over here for our big derbies, being nuts about hoss-racing and other kingly sports. Despite her advancing years—she's in her late twenties, she's still the flower the boys went off their conks about when she slayed them in the B'way aisles.

0 star ON AGAIN, OFF AGAIN

THE PLAYERS: Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Marjorie Lord, Patricia Wilder, Esther Muir, Paul Harvey, Russell Hicks, George Meeker, Maxine Jennings, Kitty McHugh, Hal K. Dawson, Alec Hartford, Pat Flaherty, Alan Bruce. Screen play by Nat Perrin and Benny Rubin. Directed by Edward Cline. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 68 minutes.

EXPLOITING those smudgy-humored comics, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. This time they play bickering partners who own a pink-pill company. Partner Wheeler loses a bet and has to become Partner Woolsey's valet for a year.

The comedy has a burlesque tinge, despite all the powerful benign influence of Czar Will Hays. The boys like to cast a blue aura over their antics, we fear. Here they are under wraps most of the time, restrained and, to be frank, rather dull.

Sometimes the boys and girls in the pink-pill foundry burst into song and dance. This, you see, is one of those comedies with music. Don't say you weren't warned.

VITAL STATISTICS: R. Wooly Woolsey's of Cincinnati. Almost became a tumbler; took to jockeying instead; booted them home for six years till a bad spill broke seventeen bones, retired him from what he calls a turf life, and deposited him in stock and vodvil. He tank-towned for years. Says he deliberately became a manufactured comedian to live. Ziggie yanked him from obscurity for Rio Rita, teamed him with Wheeler. Woolsey's the business man of the pair; does all the price bickering, story arguing. Slight and wiry, he beats Wheeler at golf, is as spry on his feet as a buzz saw. Has built a modest $75,000 home down to Palm Springs; commutes by plane to Hollywood. Uses about seventy boxes of cigars a pic; never smokes one—just gestures till hot studio lights dry and crumble it. Can't work without those glasses; blew his lines during this when prop man handed him a wrong pair. Otherwise he superstitiously shakes hands with entire company when starting a new pic, insists that Wheeler be in first scene, and he always wears that twelve-year-old pair of checkered pants he screen debutted in. . . . Bert Wheeler went from prop boy to stock-bitten player to vodvil. His practice of singing a song lying among the footlights and eating a sandwich, and getting into a fight with some one else trying to sing a sentimental ballad, made him a top-flight comedian at $3,000 a week, landed him in the Follies. He's an Irish Catholic, married, has a little girl, hopes she'll be a comic some day. Hates to be alone; never misses lunch at the Brown Derby or dinner at the Troc; flies East every year for all six days and nights of the six-day bike race. . . . Wife to songsmith Sam Coslow, Esther (Dreadnaught) Muir's of Andes, New York. Debutted at fourteen without experience with Joe E. Brown in Listen, Lester; went to high school mornings; has been kicked around stage and screen since by most of the leading comedians. . . . Patricia Honey Chile Wilder has become official coach fo' those actors seekin' to acquiah a real Suth'n accent. . . . This is Wheeler and Woolsey No. 20. Cost this side of $300,000.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola, A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous, Lost Horizon, The Good Earth.

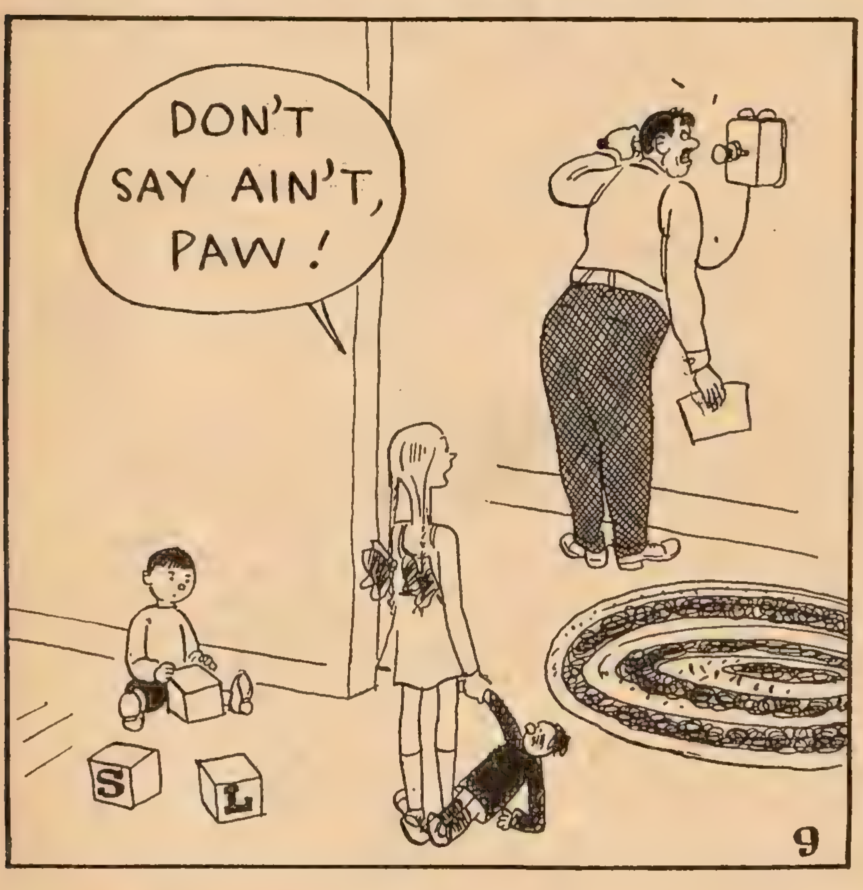
★★★½—They Won't Forget, Disney's Academy Award Revue, Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live, Maytime, The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy, On the Avenue.

★★★—Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie, The Road Back, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair, Café Metropole, Night Must Fall, Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day, History Is Made at Night, The Soldier and the Lady, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, You Only Live Once.

LIBERTY'S GAME OF CITIES

$1,000

IN CASH PRIZES FOR 63 BEST ENTRIES!



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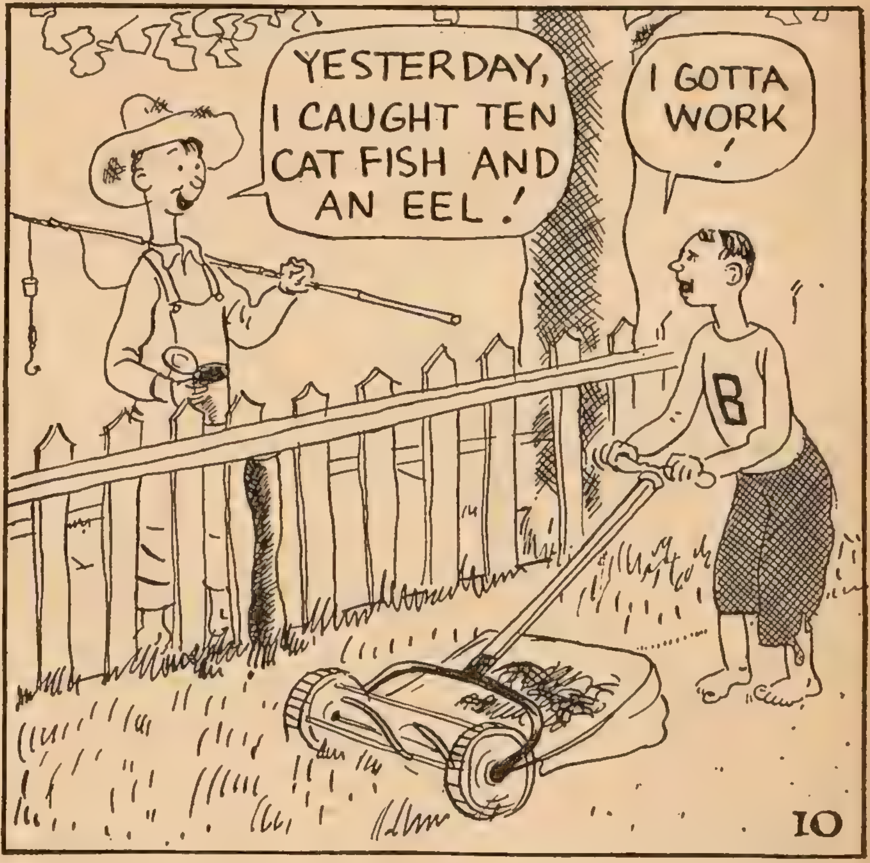
NAME OF CITY....................................


YESTERDAY, I CAUGHT TEN CAT FISH AND AN EEL!
I GOTTA WORK!
B

10

NAME OF CITY....................................

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	100
THIRD PRIZE	50
TEN PRIZES, Each $10	100
FIFTY PRIZES, Each $5	250

THE RULES

1. Each week for six weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures, each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of an American city.
2. To compete, clip and paste down or trace the pictures, and under each write the name of the city it suggests to you.
3. When you have a complete set of twelve pictures each titled with the name of a town or city, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Why I Read Liberty."
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names and accompanied by the best statement will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Friday, September 17, 1937, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF CITIES EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

WHEN you have solved the two problems on this page your Game of Cities entry for one of the sixty-three cash prizes will be well on the way toward completion. Only two more solutions, the answers to next week's problems, will be required to complete your set of twelve identifications. Perhaps now, after you have finished solutions 9 and 10 to your satisfaction, would be a good time to check back over your earlier work to make sure that it is as accurate as you can make it.

Have you given consideration to the brief statement required by Rule 3? This statement becomes an integral part of your entry, and no entry will be considered if the statement is not submitted. A rough draft of your statement now will save you time later on, when you are preparing your entry for mailing.

CALLING "TALL STORY" TELLERS!

LIBERTY'S $1,000 CASH PRIZE

PETE SMITH—M-G-M

WHOPPER CONTEST

See Details in Next Week's Liberty

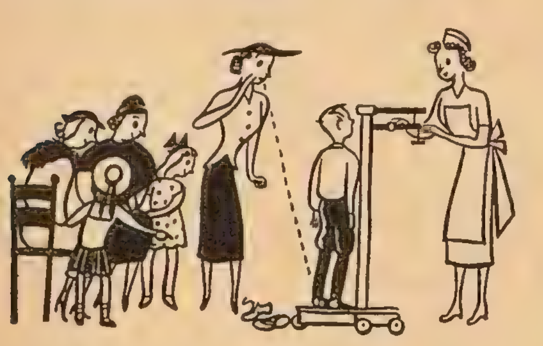
WATCH FOR THE FINAL PUZZLES NEXT WEEK!

Vox Pop

European Diplomats Copied Ideas Off Sonny

PORTLAND, ME.—A small boy's the fastest thinkin critter I ever see. The seven-year-old that calls me daddy's so danged quick I give him up long ago. Then I jest set back to watch him and his mother go to it. I figgered that by lettin 'em wear each other down, maybe some day I'd have a chance when it come to defendin my title agin the winner.

"Sonny," she says to him the other day, "this is the afternoon you and me's got to go to the doctor's and git examined so's ye kin take swimmin lessons down to the Boys' Club."



"Yes, ma," he says, so humble that butter wouldn't melt in his mouth.

"Well, then," she says, "go take a bath right off," she says. As he ducked outa the room and hit the stairs two licks at a jump, she yells after him, "Now do a first-class scrubbin job; and be sure to put on clean underwear and a clean shirt," she says.

"O. K.," he yells back through the sound of runnin water.

When they was ready to git into the family ash can, she give his cap a tug and his hair a lick with one hand, and flicked a bit of invisible dust off'n his shoulder with the other. "Sonny, are ye sure ye put on clean clothes like mother told ye to?"

"Yep. Sure. Certain. Let's go," he says, duckin under her detainin arm and stampedin towards the chariot.

When at last they'd lined up in the doctor's office with a lotta other candidates, and when it come their turn, the doc says with a smile, "Now, sonny, jest take off yer shoes so's the nurse kin take yer height and weight on that scale over there."

Sonny obeyed a lot quicker than he done most times at home. As he stepped on the scale his ma near lost an eye when she see a big hole in the heel of each stockin. A half dozen other women and their snickerin offspring see it too. And did the missus' face turn red!

But it didn't disturb sonny none. Not on yer life! Takin in his mother's horrified expression with one quick glance, he grinned back through two rows o' teeth that looked like a coupla slightly damaged saws. Then he called out to her a triumphant "Ye said clean *underwear* and *shirt*, ma. Ye didn't say *stockins*."

Seems to me there's a lotta these big European diplomats that have copied their political ideas off of sonny. We kin take their word for the underwear and shirts. But if we could only make 'em take off their shoes and show the heels of their socks, maybe we might learn somethin interestin.—*URB.*

HAVEN'T DENTISTS A SENSE OF HUMOR?

WAR, W. VA.—On the cover of July 17 Liberty is a drawing by Russell Sambrook picturing the fear a policeman has of a dental chair. I wonder whether Mr. Sambrook has visited a dentist in the last six months, or has he been pinched by some "cop"?

This drawing is a reflection upon the dental profession as well as a reflection upon a policeman, and if this is the only means Mr. Sambrook has of getting even with a policeman, or testing his nerve—well, for my part, he can leave the dental chair out of the picture.—*C. S. Brown, D. D. S.*

MORE POWER TO MR. MACFADDEN!

WICHITA, KAN.—Just a few lines of appreciation for the forceful and timely editorials in Liberty.

The shades of Washington, Lincoln, and Jefferson must be grieved to the heart at the spectacle today of a land dedicated to liberty and freedom which is aimlessly drifting hither and yon in a welter of confusion and perplexity, in the hands of self-seeking and time-serving politicians.

More power to Mr. Macfadden and others who are trying to awaken the sleeping people to the dangers toward which we are drifting! Pour it on. Maybe a little of it will stick and do some good.—*J. V. Lintner.*

JUST LOOK AT THE REDS!

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Mr. Dressen states (July 17 Liberty), "I Gambled My Way to Glory." But I can't see what he calls glory—it's more like "I love me." Just look at the Reds since he has been there! If it is that easy—well, I think I will be a candidate for manager next year.

Look at the record after more than two years as manager of the Reds. Last in 1934 with a 344 percentage of the season, and still in last place. What is wrong? Either the manager or twenty-three ballplayers.

It might be glory for you, Charlie, but what have the Cincinnati fans got? I have never been near being a ballplayer or a manager, yet I will take any club in either league and finish in seventh or eighth place, but I wouldn't call it glory!—*A Cincinnati Fan.*

THINGS TO DO WITH A SCRAPBOOK

BLACKWOOD, N. J.—In reply to A. C. Libby, asking for suggestions on the uses of a scrapbook (July 24 Vox Pop):

This may not be the best advice you get for the use of a scrapbook, but it may be worthy of serious thought: Take an ordinary straight pin and push a neat hole through the scrapbook, then gently push your head through the pinhole. Find a mirror and take a look at the result, and see if you are reminded of anything you have seen in a barroom, the Smithsonian Institution, or the Corcoran Art Gallery.—*T. E. Smith.*

DETROIT, MICH.—This is what you do with a scrapbook, A. C. Libby of Washington, D. C.:

You write to Vox Pop, and every time a letter of yours is published, you cut it out with a scissors, nice and neat, then you put some paste or glue on the back and paste it in your nice new scrapbook. Understand?

I'm sure your scrapbook will take a long, long time to fill.—*Rae Kendler.*

NO SUCH THING AS FIFTY-FIFTY MARRIAGES

HONOLULU, T. H.—People cannot live together and get along unless there is one who dominates all others. This applies especially to the family, where the husband should be lord and master. There is no such thing as fifty-fifty marriages.

If the women would spend more time at home making a pleasant place for their husbands to live in, instead of painting their fingernails, buying clothes, and visiting beauty parlors to make themselves attractive to men other than their husbands, there would be fewer divorces in the land.

But the woman of today is not content to do this. She paints her fingernails, curls her hair, plucks her eyebrows, paints her face, puts on stilts, and eventually attracts some other dolt. Then she cries out cruelty on the part of her husband, who has been paying her way to some other harebrained man's heart, and a simple judge grants her a divorce.—*John Bunyan Atkins.*

BACK TO THE NIGHTSHIRT

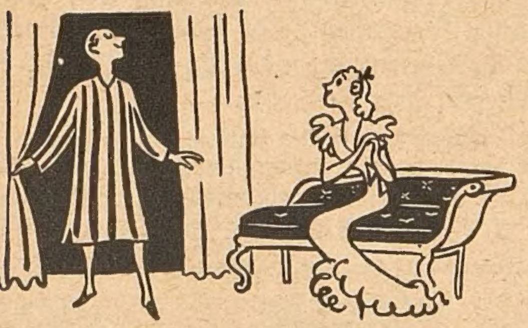
North Providence, R. I.—Your Princess in July 24 Liberty attempts to make merry over those males who prefer nightshirts. Not being a man, she can only judge from a woman's viewpoint. I just can't wear those pesky pajamas. They strangle me.

Pajamas were originally created some fifty years ago by some bright brain to sell to women whose desire was to wear pants. Then some sissy male put on a pair and said, "Oh, aren't they just lovely!"

Pajamas have no place in a real happy bedroom.—*Seldome Wright.*

Philadelphia, Pa.—Believe it or not, Princess Kropotkin, my husband has worn nightshirts for years. They had to be made to order, but now can be bought in most department stores. In winter they can be purchased made of a very fine flannel, in pale blue or yellow, and are really quite swanky.

I have always thought no one else in the country wore them. Evidently I am mistaken.—*M. M. P.*



DUMB ENOUGH TO BE SMART ENOUGH

Bradley Beach, N. J.—A. E. F. of Springfield, Illinois, claims (July 24 Vox Pop) that Vox Popper critics get hooked for three cents plus, due to their efforts to find flaws in Liberty's short stories. He says it's just to prove how smart they are. Well, A. E. F. got hooked for three cents plus to prove he was smart enough to perceive that they were trying to be smart.

And, alas! I am being "hooked" because I'm dumb enough to be smart enough to see through A. E. F. Next!—*Ed Shea.*

WHAT HEAVEN IS LIKE

Bellingham, Wash.—Thank you for your Short Short, Vagabond Heaven (July 24 Liberty). I like St. Peter a lot better since I read that—I feel like I know him now.

We need stories like that, for a number of reasons—for the things it makes one think as well as for its rarity.—*Nellie Browne Duff.*

Boston, Mass.—Have just been wondering what kind of hallucination Marion Short was having when she wrote Vagabond Heaven.

I appreciate the fact that fiction is written for entertainment rather than for the dissemination of facts; but when fiction is used to mislead people as to the purpose of Jehovah, it is time that writers should watch their step, as there is very apt to be a day of reckoning for them.

Nowhere does the Bible support her story in any respect. I challenge her to produce one scripture that shows that children ever go to heaven, that animals ever go there, that St. Peter has anything to say about who does or does not go there, or that heaven is any such place as she pictures it to be.—*H. W. Newcomb.*

SAILORS LOVE TO EAT

New York, N. Y.—For many years I was actively associated with United States sailors both as a naval Y. M. C. A. secretary and as a reporter of army and navy news.

These boys often are found in places occupied by drifters and bums, due to the fact that they are away from home, have not much money with which to go to the better places, and also due to the negligence of decent citizens in refusing to help entertain these lads.

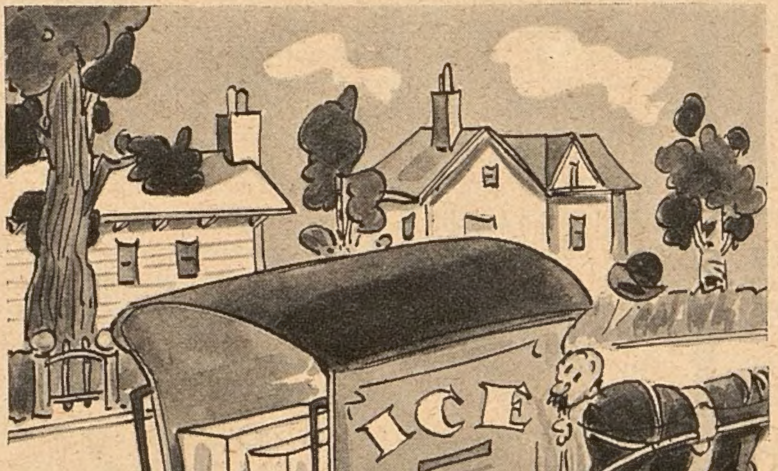
For honesty, politeness, neatness, and love of country, they are unsurpassed by any group of men in the world.

The next time you see a couple of these boys standing on the corner wondering which way to go, walk up to them, introduce yourself, and ask them to your house for supper.

Sailor lads always love to eat, and the yarns they will spin will more than compensate you for the trouble of entertaining them.—*Irving K. Woolfe.*

"HARDTACK"

By REAMER KELLER



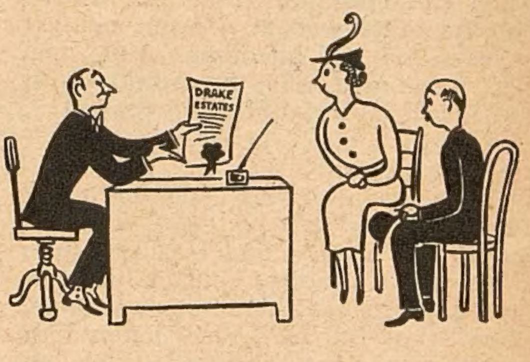
"I'm sorry—I just meant to take a chip."

RICH-RELATIVE SWINDLES

Casey, Ill.—That next-to-the-last paragraph in Perhaps You Have a Rich Relative, Too (July 24 Liberty) ought to make a great build-up for the sponsors of Sir Francis Drake Estates and kindred swindles.

I live in a town of 2,200 people, and personally know of twelve who have been contributing money they can ill afford to lose to these schemes.

Give those boys who are working these schemes an article like this one by Frederick L. Collins from a legitimate magazine to show their prospects, and they will have us all beating a path to their door.—*H. M. J.*



ATTENTION, DOROTHY COTTRELL: "BEST STORY IN SEVEN YEARS!"

Elyria, Ohio—Reformers howling about today's children should read your Villon stories. Poet indeed! It wasn't his fault if he didn't seduce every woman he met.

Stories like Wise Virgin and Emerald Annie are far superior.

For a while I thought authors could spell no name but Ann for heroines, but Jane Makes Up Her Mind (June 19 Liberty) proved differently. That was a good story.

But the masterpiece of all, the best story I've read in your magazine for seven years, is "I Hear You Calling Me" (July 3 Liberty).—*Steady Reader.*

WAS "THE END" AN OVERSIGHT?

San Antonio, Tex.—I have just finished reading, for the third time, your uninteresting article by Vittorio Suardi entitled How the Voice of Ginger Rogers Helped Turn Back Mussolini's Black Shirts in Spain (July 17 Liberty).

Now, Mr. Editor, when are you going to publish the article telling how the voice of Ginger Rogers *helped* turn back Mussolini's Black Shirts in Spain?

Perhaps there is to be another installment of the article in another issue of Liberty and THE END was put on there by an oversight.

There is nothing in the July 17 issue to even imply that Ginger Rogers' voice had anything to do with turning back Mussolini's Black Shirts, so I give up.—*F. J. Roybal.*

Two-Minute Stories

☆

HE NEVER KNEW

PRINCE PAVEL ORLOFF, as I knew him before the Russian revolution, was a simple man whose emotions could be tabulated with ease and precision and who, by the same token, was unable to plumb the depths of another human's emotions—for instance, his wife's.

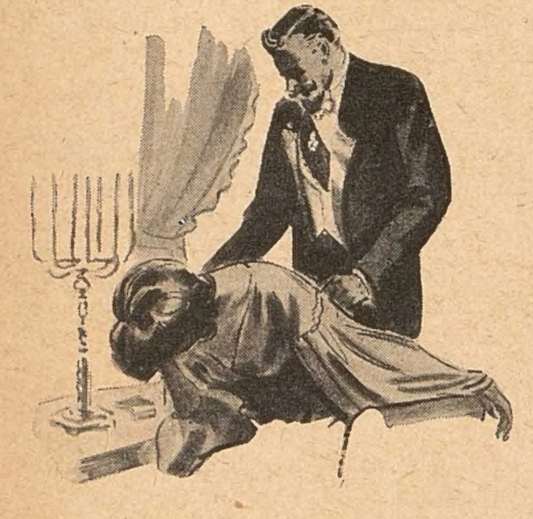
Of course he deceived her—deceived her as naturally as a child steals jam. When she upbraided him, he insisted that the other women did not matter; he loved her and her alone. And when Olga demanded what he would do if *she* should be unfaithful, he replied:

"I'd kill you. What else?"

"But you yourself . . ."

"There's a different code for men."

I never knew why he "got" religion. But he got it good and hard. In spite of his wife's prayers, he had his marriage annulled—without much trouble, being who he was. He entered a seminary of the Orthodox Russian Church, and after a while became a wandering monk, preaching the Gospel throughout Central Asia.



Years passed. His reputation as a holy man grew. He was sent to Moscow as father superior of his order. There, one day, a woman came to him to confess her sins.

He knew her at once, though she had aged. She was his former wife. But he called her "my daughter" and she called him "my father." She knelt before him. She confessed—various sins, mostly petty.

Then, at the very last, she said:

"I was married, a long time ago."

He made no comment; and she went on: "In the second year of our marriage I deceived my husband. I deceived him with Count Alexis Torloff . . ."

Quickly, without waiting for him to pronounce penance and absolution, she got up and hurried out.

He stared after her. Trembled a little. Olga—and Alexis Torloff, once his best friend. . . .

Had she confessed the truth—and thus revenged herself? Or had she lied—and tried to revenge herself?

He could not decide. So he sat there, staring into the void, the past—and wondered, wondered . . .

—*Achmed Abdullah.*

THE END

Have you a Two-Minute Story? Liberty will pay top rates for good ones. Address: Two-Minute Man, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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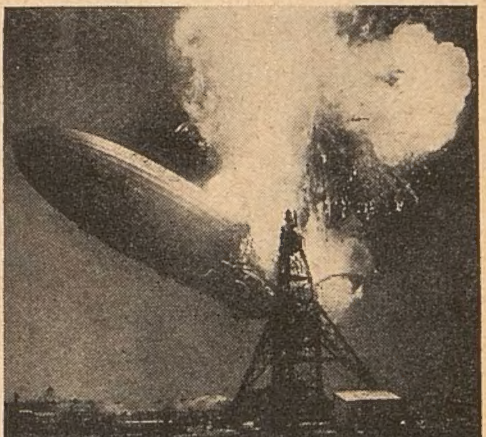
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

WHY ZEPPELINS EXPLODE



Have airships a future? Commander Rosendahl, U. S. N., reveals some surprising facts about past disasters to these mammoths of the sky and points out America's vital need of lighter-than-air craft for commerce and defense. Don't miss this vivid, compelling article in Liberty next week.

WHY THESE MURDERS WERE NEVER SOLVED

No. 1—Dot King

Who could have chloroformed the Broadway Butterfly? And with what motive? Suspects in this strange mysterious crime included a "sugar daddy," a "playboy" and a gigolo. Yet none of them was arrested for the crime. Why?

New York's District Attorney of course knows all the answers. He'll tell them in a stark, startling article in Liberty next week!

WHAT JESUS WOULD SAY TO ROOSEVELT NOW

With the world in turmoil—with war clouds threatening to engulf Asia and Europe—with labor and capital on the brink of open warfare—what would the Prince of Peace say at the capital? Would He counsel strict isolation, absolute neutrality, or would He urge offers of mediation? And would He stop there?

Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, noted author of the famous book, In His Steps, will again appear in Liberty next week with an article that is peculiarly pertinent at the present moment.

THE MAKING-OVER OF PRINCESS JULIANA

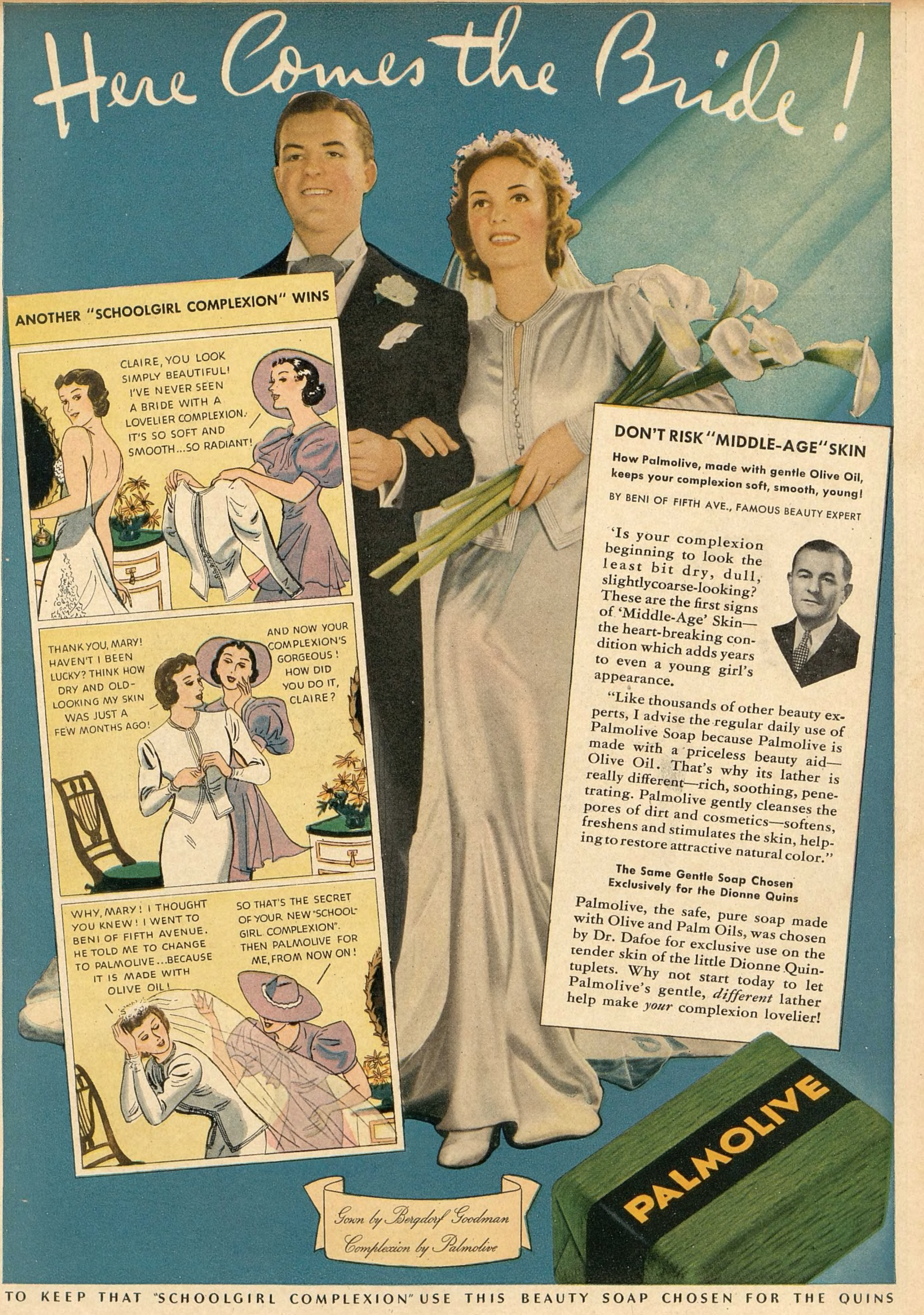
First: A plump, somewhat dowdy girl.
Second: Marriage and a royal honeymoon.
Third: A slim, lovely, fashionable Princess who has Holland beaming with pride, while the Queen Mother frowns.

What did it? Princess Catherine Radziwill, whose behind-the-scenes knowledge covers all of Europe, gives you a charming and intimate revelation of Holland's Crown Princess next Wednesday in Liberty.

Other stories and articles by Max Brand, Pierre Gendron, Burke Boyce, Elsie Christie, Umpire Bill McGowan, Attorney General Homer S. Cummings, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE SEPT. 1

A Magazine for Liberals with Common Sense



Here Comes the Bride!

ANOTHER "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" WINS

CLAIRE, YOU LOOK SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL! I'VE NEVER SEEN A BRIDE WITH A LOVELIER COMPLEXION. IT'S SO SOFT AND SMOOTH...SO RADIANT!
THANK YOU, MARY! HAVEN'T I BEEN LUCKY? THINK HOW DRY AND OLD-LOOKING MY SKIN WAS JUST A FEW MONTHS AGO!
AND NOW YOUR COMPLEXION'S GORGEOUS! HOW DID YOU DO IT, CLAIRE?
WHY, MARY! I THOUGHT YOU KNEW! I WENT TO BENI OF FIFTH AVENUE. HE TOLD ME TO CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE...BECAUSE IT IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!
SO THAT'S THE SECRET OF YOUR NEW "SCHOOL-GIRL COMPLEXION". THEN PALMOLIVE FOR ME, FROM NOW ON!

DON'T RISK "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN

How Palmolive, made with gentle Olive Oil, keeps your complexion soft, smooth, young!

BY BENI OF FIFTH AVE., FAMOUS BEAUTY EXPERT

'Is your complexion beginning to look the least bit dry, dull, slightlycoarse-looking? These are the first signs of 'Middle-Age' Skin—the heart-breaking condition which adds years to even a young girl's appearance.

"Like thousands of other beauty experts, I advise the regular daily use of Palmolive Soap because Palmolive is made with a priceless beauty aid—Olive Oil. That's why its lather is really different—rich, soothing, penetrating. Palmolive gently cleanses the pores of dirt and cosmetics—softens, freshens and stimulates the skin, helping to restore attractive natural color."

The Same Gentle Soap Chosen Exclusively for the Dionne Quins

Palmolive, the safe, pure soap made with Olive and Palm Oils, was chosen by Dr. Dafoe for exclusive use on the tender skin of the little Dionne Quintuplets. Why not start today to let Palmolive's gentle, *different* lather help make *your* complexion lovelier!

Gown by Bergdorf Goodman
Complexion by Palmolive

TO KEEP THAT "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS

right into the Stands
They Satisfy
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD
Chesterfields
Satisfy
Millions

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